SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

A MAGAZINE OF HUMAN INTEREST, MODERN FICTION, AND IMPARTIAL INTERPRETATION

VOL. XCV, NO. 6 1887 FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR 1934 JUNE 1934

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Notes from the Editorial Office

What's coming in the July number and later is announced on page 10 of the advertising section.

The August *Scribner's* will be something in the nature of a sensation. More about it will be told in the July number.

When the Wirt firecracker exploded in Washington, we had on our desk an article from David Cushman Coyle, who attended the famous dinner party where the "Kerensky" remark was supposed to have been made. His article is in "Straws in the Wind" of the July *Scribner's*.

Over a year ago, in *Scribner's* (March 1933) appeared "Road to Prosperity: An Engineer's Viewpoint" by Mr. Coyle. The first lines of its last paragraph may be significant:

"Between us and the New Deal there are lions in the way; they may or may not turn out to be stuffed."

Captain Liddell Hart, military expert, whose book on Lawrence of Arabia is reviewed in this issue, is doing an article for *Scribner's* on the true status of the armed forces of Europe.

The 100 best books of the year are listed by William Lyon Phelps for this issue. See page 432.

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Books for your Library

NEW BOOKS BY NORMAN THOMAS AND STUART CHASE

The Choice Before Us. By Norman Thomas. Macmillan. $2.50.

The Economy of Abundance. By Stuart Chase. Macmillan. $2.50.

Reviewed by John T. Flynn.

Stuart Chase and Norman Thomas have both written for us books which might have been called by the name of Thomas's book—*The Choice Before Us.* There the resemblance ends. One is the tract of a social leader. The other is a glowing picture of the living economic phenomena of our own times. One sets out a program of action. The other lists the human, technological, and economic forces which are spinning, weaving, pounding, pushing all about us and then propounds, not a program of political action, but a set of inescapable imperatives which are bearing down on us.

Stuart Chase's *Economy of Abundance* is perhaps his ablest book. It is a brilliant tapestry in vivid colors of our economic world woven in terms of those economic concepts which stem from Thorstein Veblen and flower in that collection of views about abundance and scarcity, the machine, technological re-arrangement of society, income and planning which we have come to know as the New Economics. Chase, for all the bright colors which come from his brush, is a realist. He has a perfectly sound scorn for the pure philosopher in economics. There can be little doubt that the lack of factual curiosity among the older economists is one of the amazing phenomena of history. The new school of economists bears the same relation to the old as the modern physician bears to those old pill-rollers of the pre-dissecting era who tried to describe what went on inside the human body without opening it up and having a look. Chase selects an apt example. Aristotle proclaimed the "law" that a body ten times as heavy as another would fall ten times as fast. After nearly two thousand years that "law" was repealed on the first occasion when it popped into a man's (Galileo's) head actually to drop two cannon balls of different weights and time their descent.

Chase, in a series of chapters of enormous liveliness despite their abundance, calling upon facts and even statistics, presents what amounts to the best, the ablest, the most dramatic popular brief for the new economics in terms of the problems in our troubled and confused American scene—abundance and scarcity, production, the machine, unemployment, income, the disintegration of capitalism, the farm, the state and the spectacle of a population rumbling through vague roads with wrong sign-posts in stage-coaches through the mazes of our modern technological civilization.

In his *The Choice Before Us* Norman Thomas alters the Stracheyan formula of the choice between Fascism and Communism to a choice between Catastrophe, Fascism, and Socialism. After an appraisal of the Old Deal to see what is worth saving, which he lists as tolerance and liberty, Mr. Thomas abandons some of his earlier gentleness with the New Deal. He is not so sure now about the possible social idealism behind the New Deal and thinks it "a concession to workers to keep them quiet."

Mr. Thomas' book ends by indicating the road he would take. Of course, he is for the Co-operative Commonwealth. He sees the difficulties of achieving it in a population "where men have become accustomed to their chains and the twilight" and while deploring the warfare between communist and socialist, decides that Socialism must press forward without being more than saddened by communist attacks.

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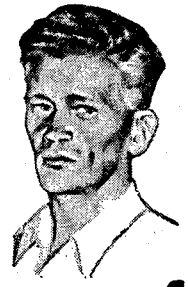

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ELI SIEGEL.

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est in military manœuvres, or incapable of using maps in close and continuous conjunction with a text. Luckily for me, I happen to like maps and to be interested in the technique of warfare; so, having read the military portion of Captain Hart's narrative with mounting enthusiasms, I am in a position to report that this part of his work has been superbly done.

Campaigning with Lawrence, through the kind and well-informed offices of his biographer, we come to know the quality of the man's mind, the strength of his character, the ideals that are his springs of conduct, and the extraordinary spell of his personality. We come to know them better than we ever have from Lawrence's own pages. And Captain Hart is the first commentator to make Lawrence's voluntary immurement in the Air Force appear a rational action rather than a mystery.

This is not a conventional biography (we are not even told the names of Lawrence's parents, and Captain Hart lists "Lawrence" with Ross and Shaw as one of T. E.'s "adopted surnames"); it is a military critique, and an appreciation and elucidation of a character. A character that grows in stature as one draws closer to it. Captain Hart unhesitatingly places Lawrence the soldier among the Great Captains of history, while his admiration of the whole man soars to an even higher plane when he writes: "No man has come closer to equal greatness in action and reflection." These are bold words by a writer who usually weighs words well. Whatever exaggeration they may contain, they are at least proof of the spell that Lawrence of Arabia casts over those who know him best.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

A RASCAL

SANTA ANNA: NAPOLEON OF THE WEST. By Frank C. Hanighen. Coward McCann. $3.50.

Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, his army destroyed at San Jacinto Bayou, himself a captive, wearing the poor pantaloons and cotton jacket of a common soldier, and standing in well-justified fear of his life, had yet the assurance to name himself to his buck-skin conqueror as The Napoleon of the West. Mr. Hanighen employs the phrase as the sub-title of his biography, although no other authorities have indorsed it in connection with that small-time Caligula. Yet the fact that Santa Anna, under such stress, could so designate himself, is the key to his character.

Santa Anna was, in his own dark and narrow soul, unconquerable. Early accustomed to the vicissitudes of fortune, he overrode them all; or he bent before his frequent adversities, and after they had stamped over him, sprang up again, brash as ever.

He had a genius for treacheries; and if he ever kept the faith with man or woman or government beyond the exact point indicated by his personal interest, the event is not recorded. He was as thorough a rascal as we have in history. Frequently exiled, and invariably recalled, his Mexico was unable to get along with him or without him. Finally

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Mr. Hanighen tells his tale with fluent ease, and the narrative is informed with humor. A few more maps would help the casual reader, and some clearer definition of the great tracts of country which were affected by the Dictator's whims and necessities. The map of the San Jacinto region is so limited that one cannot trace out upon it the decisive influence which the terrain exercised upon the combat. Yet San Jacinto is rated among the fifteen important battles in history.

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WAR AND ITS PROFITS

NAZI MEANS WAR. By Leland Stowe. Whittlesey House. $1.50.

GERMANY PREPARES FOR WAR. By Ewald Banse. Harcourt. $3.

IRON, BLOOD AND PROFITS. By George Seldes. Harper & Bros. $2.50.

MERCHANTS OF DEATH. By H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

THE PEACE MAKERS. By J. G. Lockhart. Putnam. $3.50.

Stowe was in Germany for two months and has set down his conclusions at white heat. The book is immensely impressive because of the quantity of facts crammed into its 142 pages. In brief, Mr. Stowe reports that the German people are being subjected to one of the most extraordinary experiments in indoctrination in history. On every hand, by every possible method, they are being taught that force is the way to solve all problems and that the highest and most desirable kind of force is war. Mr. Stowe found Germany a marching nation, for the favorite physical exercise under Hitler is military drill whether the males be six or sixty. Moreover, machine-gun practice, grenade throwing, and trench digging are equally popular sports. The universities and high schools have installed courses in military science; the press is full of idealizations of war; the public bulletin boards are vehicles of military propaganda. Yet in spite of the tone of Nazi life and the extremely obvious effort to destroy the individual impulse in favor of absolute subservience to the state, the Nazi officials refuse to admit that all this activity looks toward actual war. To them it is still sport and so it seems that the next war will be prepared for on the playing fields of the German high schools and universities.

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● **Father Goes to Mother's Reunion**

The girls of '04 may be having a gay old time and not care what the pirate costumes do to their figures, but Father's ordeal is a test of real manhood. Mary Ellen Chase in the July Scribner's.

● **Wirt Victim Writes**

David Cushman Coyle suddenly found his picture spread all over newspaper pages. All on account of the famous "Kerensky of the American Revolution" phrase which set the country agog. You can find out how dangerous Mr. Coyle is by reading his "Recovery Not-so-Versus Reform."

● **The Emperor's Funeral; John L. Sullivan, Saloon-Keeper**

"Heyday in a Vanished World" is Stephen Bonsal's title for his story of one of the busiest weeks a newspaperman ever put in. The first part is in this June issue (see page 412). The second part tells how, almost before he had written his story of the great fight, he was sent to Berlin to cover the funeral of Emperor William I.

Then he returns to the aftermath of the fight, and tells of a visit he and Arthur Brisbane paid to John L.'s saloon in New York, where the great fighter stood in terror of his wizened tyrant of a father. It is a fascinating record of the great days of individual journalism.

● **The 80's Come to Life in a Beautiful Novel**

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● **"I'd Like to Buy Groceries Intelligently —**

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● **Mickey Mouse and What He Means**

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Books for your Library

On pages 50 to 64 Mr. Stowe tells us much of importance about one Ewald Banse. Banse amounted to little in the pre-Nazi age but has now become a prophet whose followers are the most active agents among the instructors and professors of the science of war. His book, *Raum und Volk im Weltkrieg*, now presented to the American public under the hysterical title cited above, is a favorite text of this group. I approached it expecting to find the worst, but as a hardened old sinner in the matter of militaristic literature I cannot say I am awfully excited. Placed in the atmosphere so ably analyzed by Mr. Stowe it certainly is a dangerous work and I do not wish my subdued tone to be taken as an indication that I approve this nonsense, but hysteria is not the proper answer to hysteria. If we go off our heads about Banse we will forget that we too have militarists and navalists (*cf.* Hacker's "Mahan" in the April SCRIBNER'S) whose preachings are just as menacing to foreign peoples as those of Banse. The essential difference is that our government is not at present engaged in war-mongering in a public way, though I hope that the propaganda of the World War period has not been forgotten. We are pretty good at such tactics when once started off.

On cool examination the worst that can be said about Banse's book is that it is full of the racial and "blood" rubbish which is the hall-mark of the Nazi mind. When it comes to the geographical basis of military tactics it is very sound; its coldbloodedness about frightfulness is preferable, because it is more revolting, to the soapy dishonesty of non-German militarists; and its analysis of the faults and failures of Imperial Germany in the last war—the subject about which the book is integrated—is both excellent military criticism and also good political criticism. Banse is not a gibbering idiot unless you are prepared to call all militarists of all nations idiots, which is my personal position.

If militarists may be reckoned as idiots what are the munitions makers and dealers? The most cold-blooded connoisseur of human depravity has difficulty in speaking objectively of them and it is an unmitigated pleasure to see them exposed in all their horrible nakedness as they are in the books of Seldes and Engelbrecht and Hanighen. The latter is sounder on the interpretative side than the former but the Seldes book contains more facts. The books do not duplicate one another: they rather complement one another. Departing from the long-established and exceedingly silly practice of slighting the American phase of this nefarious business, both books contain much material about the munitions business in the United States, a subject which will be further illuminated by the Nye investigation now getting under way in Washington. A warning should be uttered: the munitions business is bad and should be put under as strict control as can be devised but it should be remembered that (1) even if the present manufactories for munitions were wiped out the technical ability to produce them would remain and (2) that since the drives toward war would still remain within our society when conflict became "inevitable" these tech-

(*Continued on page 21*)

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
VOL. XCV JUNE, 1934 NO. 6

The Collapse of Pacifism

By Paul Hutchinson

Peace societies have failed and the world has taken again to militarism. Mr. Hutchinson surveys other possible sources of resistance to war, including the Protestant churches and the radical political parties. Will the members of the churches stand by the declarations of their clergy?

Fifteen years ago the whole Western world seemed about to go pacifist. And why not? During four years of warfare ten million soldiers had been killed, three million more had passed into oblivion as "missing," twenty million more had been wounded, and thirteen million civilians had died from starvation, malnutrition, disease and other causes directly connected with the fighting. Two hundred billion dollars had been blown away in carrying on the struggle, and Professor Bogart estimates that if the indirect losses are added the total costs of the war reached 338 billions. That, be it noted, before the bills for pensions and bonuses and interest on bonds and reparations began to come in. Who wouldn't turn pacifist?

But a lot of memories can be dulled in fifteen years, and an even greater number of hopes washed away into cynicism. The process of disillusionment began even before the peace conference could assemble; it has proceeded at an accelerating tempo through every year since. As a result, nations that have not yet had time to replace either the biological or the economic ravages of the former conflict find themselves confronting the imminent prospect of another war, while the handful of pacifists who strive to keep alive their faith are so distracted by internal dissensions that pacifist societies are throwing out their officers for suspected militarism, while pacifist meetings are breaking up in front-page riots.

One is scarcely surprised that, at such a juncture, there should be heard from Munich the sombre voice of Oswald Spengler, adding to his earlier prophecies: "We have entered upon the age of world wars. It began in the nineteenth century and will outlast the present and probably the next."

II

It is not the purpose of this article to give a detailed account of the progress of events which has carried mankind from its revulsion against war in 1918 to its expectation of war in 1934. But there are certain broad movements to be held in view if one is to understand why the prospect of a pacifist world, unveiled by Woodrow Wilson when he proclaimed a war to end war, should have so swiftly disappeared. In these post-war years—which, Mr. Simonds points out, have now become pre-war years—certain governments have deliberately stigmatized pacifism as disloyalty, throwing the full weight of patriotic propaganda into the effort to make national welfare seem dependent on the cultivation of the military virtues. Elsewhere, a genuine popular inclination toward pacifism has been overwhelmed by an actual exposure to brutal events. And still elsewhere, efforts to

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substitute a new international order for the old anarchy —"law not war"—have failed because of unwillingness to face realistically the requirements of a lasting peace. It is these three causes which, in the main, have brought the collapse of mass pacifism. Consider them a little more closely.

To begin with, as I have said, pacifism's eclipse owes much to the fact that certain major governments have deliberately employed their enormous powers to convince their citizens that national security and well-being depend on a cultivation of military strength. Perhaps they have been right. One hesitates, for example, to condemn the Russian Government's opposition to pacifism when one ponders what the fate of that government would have been but for the Red army. But the course of events in Russia since 1917 does throw a flood of light on the question as to what has happened to one type of the pacifism of that period.

The Russian masses came out of the war sure of only one thing—they wanted peace. They not only wanted it; they meant to have it. They meant to have it even if it cost a Brest-Litovsk Treaty. Lenin and the Bolsheviks rode to power on their promise to end the fighting. Yet the rest of the nations so managed things as to convince the Russians that there was only one hope for the preservation of their revolution—to build up the Red army and to make the country capable of maintaining that army in action without recourse to outside supplies. Fifteen years have filled Russia with a generation of young zealots who believe to the marrow of their bones that the whole fate of their proletarian revolution is in the keeping of the Red army, and who accordingly harbor a scorn for the pacifism of a Tolstoy which is even deeper than that which they proclaim for tsarism.

Communist Russia is paralleled by fascist Italy, imperialist Japan, republican Turkey, and now nazi Germany. In every one of these nations the state has appealed to the events which have transpired since the close of the war as evidence that nothing except an army can insure the national welfare. And in each case there has responded a new generation whose enthusiasm for arms has obliterated the war-weariness of its fathers; a generation which believes that it has found its soul in a mystic dedication to a military ideal. In any one of these five great nations, it would have been safer to have been an avowed pacifist while the World War was actually going on than it is today.

Further cause for the disintegration of the world atmosphere of pacifism is to be found in the experience of certain great peoples, notably China and India. Between them these two countries contain nearly half the world's inhabitants, so that a change of sentiment among them is bound to exercise widespread influence. Theodore Roosevelt used to refer scornfully to the Chinese penchant for pacifism; India's readiness to seek *swaraj* through Gandhi's program of non-violence has been one of the marvels of history. But what is the outlook for pacifism in either of these lands now? Today there are few young Chinese who can see any hope for their country except through militarization, while the days of Gandhi's political leadership seem numbered. Who can blame a young Chinese, after looking at the smoking ruins of Shanghai, for concluding that the only answer to that sort of argument is the development of a force of air-bombers? Or why should there be surprise that a young Indian, after measuring the meagre concessions of the British White Paper, should turn impatiently from the prospect of serving another jail-term with the Mahatma to that of direct action under the generalship of the glamorous young Nehru?

Leaving out of account the native tribes of Africa—and what more reason will they have to account pacifism an effective political attitude than have the Chinese or Indians?—we are left with the nations that, since the end of the war, have persistently tried to build some kind of lasting pacifist order. Why are these also losing faith in their own handiwork? Why is there this prevalent disillusionment with Geneva and this resumption of feverish military preparations by London, Paris, and Washington? The answer is to be found in the increasing realization, even among peace workers, that the post-war pacific policy of these nations has been based on illusion.

Begin with the covenant of the League of Nations as written in 1919 and come down through the establishment of the World Court, the Washington treaties, the Locarno treaties, to the Kellogg Pact with its subsequent Stimson Doctrine. Two illusions underlie every one of these. What are they? First, the belief that the map can be "frozen" at a moment when it is—politically, economically and racially—completely out of balance. It was so much day-dreaming to believe, for instance, that the pledges of the league covenant could make unchangeable, in the face of awakening race consciousness, a world map on which approximately nine-tenths of the cultivable surface was under control of the whites, who, according to Professor East, constitute only four-tenths of the population. And second, there has been the belief that the world is sufficiently static and sufficiently disciplined to permit a general reign of pacifically administered law. This belief has rested on plain ignorance of facts.

"Law not war" makes an appealing slogan. Some day it may be a realizable fact. But a world run by law exacts, as a prerequisite, a competent and acknowledged sovereign authority throughout its borders. That is to say, there must not only be governments competent to appear before the bar of the court which is administering this world law, but the same governments must exercise a sovereignty competent to accept and enforce the

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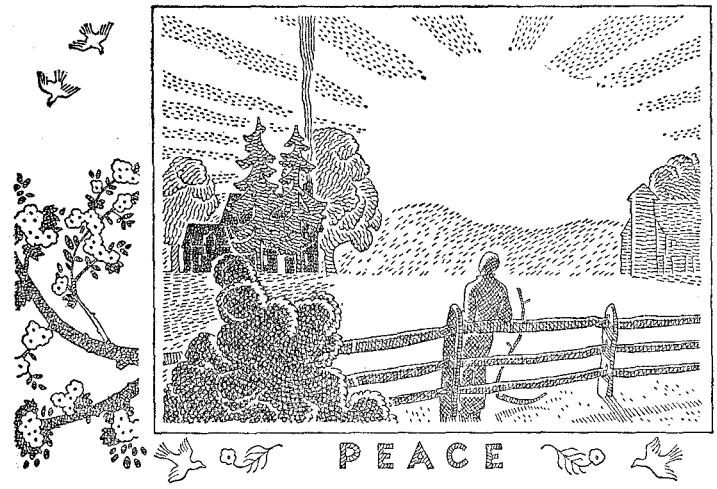
decisions of the court. But that is just what the experience of the post-war years has proved does not exist!

Note also that the fighting which has so undermined the prestige of the post-war pacifist order had occurred in such political no-man's-lands as Manchuria and the Chaco, where sovereignty—anybody's sovereignty!—has never been more than nominal. Moreover, in the case of Manchuria, when the league and the United States tried to bring into operation the peace machinery which they had contrived for dealing with such a situation, they discovered that the government which signed treaties for Japan had next to no control over the government which ordered the Japanese army and navy into action!



III

Such, in brief, has been the melancholy fate of the pacifist movement in other lands since the close of the war. What has happened in this country? Certainly the record here has not been much more inspiring. Despite the fact that the United States declared that it fought the war as an adventure in pacifism; that it came away from the peace conference without having assumed a single hostage for future trouble in the form of territorial acquisition; that it secured the pledge of the nations never to use other than "pacific means" in settling future difficulties; that it is still more than three thousand miles from the trouble zones of Europe and more than eight thousand miles from the trouble zones of Asia—despite all these things, here are the American newspapers once more frothing over the need of preparedness, the American Congress rushing through an unprecedented naval building bill, the American peace societies wracked by dissension and a sense of futility, and the American public dumbly assenting to the prospect of an approaching war, even while it wonders why.

The disintegration of what might be called the orthodox peace movement in the United States—by which I mean the long-established peace societies and the various foundations which have been endowed to promote international accord—began with the battle in the Senate over the treaty of Versailles. The defeat of the treaty did two things: it gave the opponents of the "peace movement" an undeserved moral advantage, and it started that movement out (so far as its post-war phase was concerned) wedded to a lost cause. The peace societies went down hook, line, and sinker on the treaty of Versailles. Who can blame them? Mr. Wilson assured them that the treaty contained—in the league covenant—the charter of a new world. And that was what the war was supposed to have been fought for. So the peace societies fought for the treaty. But the trouble was that the treaty actually was, as its opponents claimed, unworkable (*vide* "sanctions" and reparations) and immoral (*vide* the Shantung clauses).

Well, that was the unfortunate beginning, with the peace organizations giving away their moral advantage by battling for a treaty packed with immorality. Then came the years after the treaty had been defeated, but during which these peace bodies kept right on battling to take the United States into the league. There never was a day when the prospect of American membership was actual enough to make it a genuine fighting issue. Even had the league turned out to be an effective agency for securing justice between quarrelling nations and building a stable order of world peace—which it emphatically was not—it would have been at least ten years before the wounds of the treaty fight could have healed sufficiently to make league adherence a wise aim for the peace societies to espouse. As it was, they put in those ten years throwing all their resources into a futile propaganda, at the end of which period the only result was that the United States was farther out of the league than ever (in 1931 one of Mr. Roosevelt's first concerns, in getting ready to run for the presidency, was to reassure the country that he had no desire to join the league) while the various peace bodies had managed to identify themselves inescapably in the public mind with a tradition of well-meaning, impractical futility. Which, in this land of the success-hunters, is the most damning blight that can fall on man or movement.

Of course, it had to end. The time came when even the most infatuated of the leagueophiles had to realize that there was nothing to be gained by going on with an agitation for league adherence. With that realization there came a significant change in the orthodox peace movement. This is not, except in the loosest sense of the term, a pacifist movement. It has always supported the government in time of war; in time of peace it has promoted policies which, it has hoped, would preserve the peace, but it has had no interest in opposing recourse

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to fighting in case those policies failed to work. Its pacifism has never been that of a Tolstoy, a Gandhi, or a Thoreau. Accordingly, when it became clear that league membership was out of the question, this peace movement had to turn to other proposals.

It passed rapidly through three. First, it tried to drum up a campaign for American adherence to the World Court. Nothing like so much passion was stirred up over that as over the league, but this became for a period the principal goal of the American peace workers. Then, as time gave a practical demonstration of the rôle of the court, it became all too clear that, whatever its limited virtues, it could never be regarded as the key to world peace. From then on the court became more and more a side issue. After that came the Kellogg Pact. That was so worded as to offer promise of establishing a world peace order, and the peace societies revived a little to give it support. However, the nations proved so quick to sign and so quick to disregard their signatures that the campaign in behalf of the pact took on the aspect of a sham battle, and left most of those connected with it feeling vaguely foolish. And now finally, the American peace movement has tried to find a cause in supporting disarmament and trying to keep down military budgets. The principal success registered in this respect, so far, has been the London naval treaty, which provides for a species of disarmament that permits the leading naval powers to build up their fleets to a limit as yet unreached!

Is it any wonder that the man on the street, as he asks what is to protect him or his boy from the threat of having to answer the call to another war, places little importance on the activities of the peace organizations?

IV

There has been another post-war peace movement in the United States which cannot be discounted quite so heavily, now that the prospect of possible war comes above the horizon. This has taken form outside the old-line peace societies and foundations. The most important section of this non-endowed movement has been made up of the churches, particularly the Protestant churches.

Church opposition to war is an old story. But the opposition of the American churches took on a new intensity following the World War. Judge Ulman, of Maryland, declared in a decision last year that during this post-war period at least twenty-six Protestant denominations have been as completely committed to the pacifist position as their governing bodies can commit them. And when I use the word "pacifist" in this connection I refer to a refusal to engage in or support war, without regard to government policy. Twenty-six communions, said Judge Ulman, have lined up since the war shoulder to shoulder with the Quakers. Take a look at a few of these church declarations of pacifist independence.

Anti-war declarations began to issue from the various denominations early in the twenties. By 1925 the General Council of the Congregational Churches in the United States was ready to say: "We record our conviction that war is contrary to the mind of Christ; that the continuance of civilization demands its entire elimination and that it is the duty of all Christians and all churches to find a Christian way to meet international situations that threaten war." In the same year a smaller denomination, perhaps more quickly disillusioned because of its German background, the Evangelical Synod of North America, went on record officially in this fashion: "We will not as a Christian church ever again bless or sanction war. We make this declaration of abstention as a Christian communion and do not intend it to bind individuals unless and until they accept it personally. We do mean to commit our church to the fundamental proposition that to support war is to deny the gospel we profess to believe."

The Episcopalians also were sure they were against all war, but they could not quite see their way clear to find a diocese for the Right Reverend Paul Jones, who was forced to resign his Utah diocese during the war because of his pacifist views. That is one disquieting fact about these church pronouncements; there still seems to be considerable gap between church views on pacifism in general (sometimes very general) and on pacifists in particular.

The Methodists, however, have made a real effort to bridge this gap. They have been from the start the most outspoken of the large denominations in their opposition to war, but at their 1932 General Conference the Northern branch of this body went ahead to encourage individual Methodists to become conscientious objectors, and to promise them the support of their church in taking that position. "We believe it to be the duty of the churches to give support to those individuals who hold conscientious scruples against participation in military training or military service," said the official pronouncement. And it was voted to "petition the government of the United States to grant to members of the Methodist Episcopal church who may be conscientious objectors to war the same exemption from military service as has long been granted to members of the Society of Friends and other similar religious organizations."

Judging by what has happened to Methodist youngsters who have tried to plead their Methodist consciences as a cause for exemption from R. O. T. C. drill at several universities, it will be some time before this petition is granted. After all, there are a lot of Methodists, and if the government opens the door for them to escape military duties on the ground of conscience, it will involve itself—if ever another draft is required—in

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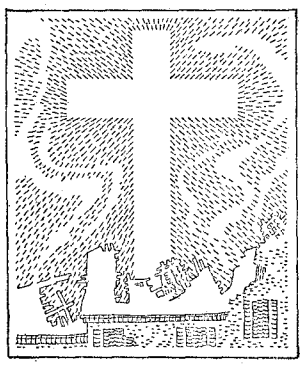
a practical problem far graver than has resulted from Quaker tenets.



To sum the whole thing up, consider a common declaration signed by the titular heads of thirty Protestant churches and given to the public late in January of the present year. This declaration, which dealt with all sorts of church matters, naturally represented a sort of greatest common divisor of church opinion, for heads of churches seldom risk their position by getting very far ahead of their own procession, and in this case thirty heads of thirty communions—liberal and conservative, north and south, white and black—had to agree. No very sensational announcement could be expected under such circumstances. Yet even these thirty rulers of the Protestant sanhedrin (I trust that the Most Reverend James DeWolf Perry, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, will forgive me for lumping him in among the Protestants) said this: "If others surrender to the necessity of war, we the more must see clearly and say boldly that the spirit of war and the spirit of Christ can never be reconciled and that we do not hesitate which to choose." That "never be reconciled" talk might require some explaining about the time that another Liberty Loan drive got under way.

But it isn't only the denominations that have been talking in this fashion. During the last few years there has grown up a practice, in several states, of forgetting denominational lines and holding an annual convention of pastors of all denominations. And these state interdenominational gatherings have proved even more pacifist than the denominational bodies when meeting by themselves! I could quote for pages, but here's a fair sample, adopted by the Ohio State Pastors' Convention five years ago: "War means everything that Jesus did not mean and means nothing that he did mean. We therefore hold that the churches should condemn resort to the war system as sin, and should henceforth refuse as institutions to sanction it or to be used as agencies in its support. . . . We hold that the churches should support and sustain with moral approval individuals who, in the exercise of their right of conscience, refuse to back up any war or military training."

There are a half-dozen young fellows who, as I write, are dusting off their clothes just outside the campus of the Ohio State University, and wondering what form the promised "support" in the pastors' resolution is going to take, if any. These ex-students tried to exercise their "right of conscience" with regard to compulsory military drill at the university this year; hence the "ex." But though the pastors may act somewhat flabbergasted when it comes to making good on their resolution in a specific instance, there can be no doubt that they were riding a swelling tide of pacifist determination when they adopted it. Thousands of other pastors in similar interdenominational conventions committed themselves to the same sort of resolutions.

Individual church leaders have been equally forthright in their pacifism. In 1930 a questionnaire distributed by *The World Tomorrow* drew 19,372 replies from Protestant ministers, of whom 62 per cent voted that the churches should refuse to sanction or support any future war. More than 10,000 of these parsons announced that they had adopted the complete pacifist position for themselves! Nor were these obscure men. It was Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick who said: "I hate war. I hate war because I have seen it. I hate war for what it does to our own men. . . . I hate war for what it forces us to do to our enemies. . . . I hate war for its consequences. . . . I hate war, and never again will I sanction or support another." Doctor Ernest Fremont Tittle, who probably ranks next to Doctor Fosdick as the nation's most influential Protestant preacher, puts it this way: "War is a crime against humanity. I am therefore determined not to support or take part in any war, international or civil."

Many will point out that, in all this ecclesiastical pacifism, the voice of the Roman Catholic Church is conspicuously silent.

V

This does not, of course, begin to exhaust the number of pacifist efforts that have sprung up in the United States since the war. But nothing would be gained by calling the roll, genuine as has been the idealism and devoted the effort that has gone into most of them. It is far more instructive, in appraising the present sorry state of American pacifism, to pick one or two of them out for a somewhat detailed examination.

Consider, for example, the recent eruption within the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The F. O. R. is a thoroughgoing pacifist body, born during the war and pledging its members to opposition to war. In practice it has drawn into its ranks those who would refuse to sanction the use of force under any circumstances. The fellowship has maintained branches in more than a dozen countries, and has had a religious background that has made its relations with the church peace movement very intimate. Although its pledged membership has been small, it has been made up of an extraordinarily influential group of persons. Norman Thomas and John Nevin Sayre, brother of the present Under Secretary of State, were the principal founders of the American branch, and its membership has always read like the

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distilled essence of liberal pacifist leadership in this country.

At the opening of 1934 the F. O. R. split open with a bang. What had happened? A good many things, but mainly the discovery by these pacifists of the class struggle. The Fellowship had long listed among its aims search for "a social order which will suffer no individual or group to be exploited for the profit or pleasure of another." Now in a world where power is surrendered only under compulsion, and where a lasting peace is obviously as dependent upon social justice as international treaties, many of these high-minded members of the F. O. R. found that the problem of pacifism had, for them, become suddenly all snarled up in the question as to how individuals or groups were to be freed from exploitation, and what they (the pacifists) would do when the exploited classes started out to end the exploitation by resort to direct action. Pacifism in terms of international war they had found comparatively easy to define as a moral imperative. But might not pacifism in terms of the class war turn out to be acquiescence in the injustices perpetuated by the possessing classes? The members of the F. O. R. were not the first idealists to be plagued by the ghost of Karl Marx.

The problem was intensified for the F. O. R. by the fact that several of those who had become convinced that the issue of social justice must be met before a pacifist world order is possible were among its most conspicuous leaders. Its executive secretary, J. B. Matthews, was in revolt both against the organization's religious background and its apparent lack of sensitivity to the class struggle. The chairman of its board of directors was that remarkable theological professor, Reinhold Niebuhr, whose recent books, *Moral Man and Immoral Society* and *Reflections on the End of an Era,* have so shattered the complacency of many thoughtful clergymen. Candidly admitting that, in his view, the class struggle narrowed down his choice to a decision between closing his eyes to the ways in which the possessing classes now use passive force to maintain their power (which he regarded as involving himself in hypocrisy) and throwing his support to the ways in which the working classes would inevitably use force to gain power, Niebuhr said:

"Recognizing that the world of politics is full of demonic forces we [he was speaking for those who resigned from the board of the F. O. R.] have chosen on the whole to support the devil of vengeance against the devil of hypocrisy. In the day in which we live a dying social system commits the hypocrisy of hiding its injustices behind the forms of justice and the victims of injustice express their politics in terms of resentment against this injustice. As Marxians we support this resentment against the hypocrisy. As Christians we know that there is a devil in the spirit of vengeance as well as in the spirit of hypocrisy. For that reason we respect those who try to have no traffic with devils at all. We cannot follow them because we believe that consistency would demand flight to the monastery if all the devils of man's collective life were to be avoided."

Faced by this revolt the F. O. R. resorted to a familiar method to try to find out where it was at. It sent out a questionnaire. In this, by means of a graduated series of tests, it asked its members to decide just how much of a pacifist with relation to class war a pacifist with relation to international war must be in order to be eligible for office in the organization. Although the result was somewhat clouded—as the results of questionnaires are likely to be—in general it can be said that this pacifist organization has determined that while its representatives can support the under-dog in class conflict when he resorts to coercion of a non-violent sort, this support must be withdrawn when the use of force becomes involved. The influence of Gandhi's technique is to be seen in this vote. But if the day ever comes when class struggle on a major scale becomes a vital issue in the United States it will be interesting to see how the F. O. R. fares in its attempt to encourage the workers to resist right up to the point where struggle passes into war—and to stop there!

VI

But what about the pacifism of those left-wing political groups which have always proclaimed their devotion to the ideal of a warless world? That story can be quickly told. Socialist pacifism came out of the war with its prestige sadly diminished. It had been proved that in the hour of national crisis Socialist support for government war plans could be commanded almost as easily as that of the old-line parties. The case was not quite as bad in the United States as in European countries, for distinguished American Socialists, such as Eugene Debs, Victor Berger, and Norman Thomas, did maintain a clear record of individual pacifism during the war. But the Socialist allegiance to the pacifist ideal—together with its allegiance to parliamentary and non-violent methods of all sorts—has recently suffered a series of terrific shocks. The progressive enfeeblement of Socialist governments in Italy, Great Britain, Austria, and Germany, and their helplessness when challenged by fascist or reactionary parties, has forced multitudes of Socialists to question the effectiveness of all democratic methods for bringing social revolution to pass. In this questioning, the effectiveness of the pacifist ideal has obviously become involved. When a Hitler strikes for power, what price pacifism?

It is this which has given the Communists their chance to promote their brand of pacifism among the left-wing groups. And promote it they have! Calling for a "united front" by all organizations opposed to war,

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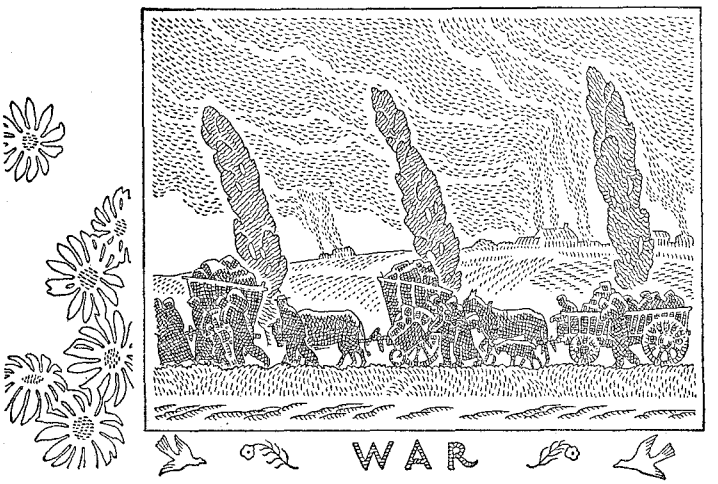
the Communists succeeded in organizing, last December, an American League against War and Fascism. Born at a convention in New York City, which was reproduced in miniature in other cities —generally with Henri Barbusse as chief speaker —this league started off with a surge of enthusiasm that promised to put new life into the pacifist movement in the United States.

But the trouble was that the non-Communist bodies which were induced to join the "united front" soon found that the uniting was to be on the well-known principle of the young lady who went tiger-riding in Niger. The pacifism which the Communists were promoting was pacifism against "imperialist" war. It hailed in Soviet Russia the knightly champion of a proletarian world order, and pledged all parties in the league (I quote from the official platform) "to support the peace policies of the Soviet Union . . . to oppose all attempts to weaken the Soviet Union, whether these take the form of misrepresentation and false propaganda, diplomatic manœuvring or intervention by imperialist governments." Where left-wing groups showed hesitation over joining the "united front" on these terms, the Communists have not hesitated to resort to exceedingly unpacifistic measures to express their resentment, as in the recent breaking up of the Madison Square Garden protest of the Socialists against the Dollfuss policy in Austria.

Just what American pacifism would amount to if it formed its "united front" on the platform of the American League against War and Fascism can best be understood by reflecting that the next war is almost certain to involve this Soviet Union to which the league promises complete support.



VII

The present position of pacifism in the United States, then, can be summed up somewhat in this fashion:

There is still a prevalent disillusionment with the results of American intervention in the World War.

There is a widespread skepticism, similar to that expressed thirty years ago by Norman Angell in his *Great Illusion,* of the effectiveness of *any* war as a means of obtaining lasting benefits.

The public believes that, as safeguards of peace, the league, the World Court, and the Geneva disarmament conference are dead letters. As a result, a widespread agitation for preparedness has broken out in the press, and it is likely that this has the approval—at least passive—of a majority of American citizens.

The government is officially committed to the pacifist position of the Kellogg Pact, but its naval-building program is sufficient indication of the lack of importance which it attaches to that document.

There is a considerable amount of individual pacifism in the nation, but this is of many sorts, ranging from the complete non-resistance of a very few to the Communist approval of ending "imperialist" war by building up the power of the Soviet Union. Because of this inner confusion, the influence of this pacifist portion of the population is greatly lessened.

Among all the elements and groups that have declared themselves in favor of peace, only one remains an incalculable factor of importance. No one can foretell with certainty what the Protestant churches would do in case the nation declared war in the near future. But certainly in the light of recent surprises encountered by Hitler in Germany, the possibility of church pacifism making a real resistance is not to be dismissed as negligible.

The official peace societies and foundations have never shown any stomach for pacifist martyrdom after the nation has declared for war. The social radicals are both inwardly divided and numerically so few as to be politically impotent. But there are in the neighborhood of twenty million members of those Protestant churches which have now officially declared their intention to oppose all war. Do these twenty million know what their own church bodies have voted? Will those church bodies stand by their resolutions in a crisis? Can the laity be induced to support a pacifism that has been largely a clerical declaration? And if the laity do not persist in refusing to sanction resort to arms, will the clergy face the issue alone?

If they don't, it is hard to see where there is a nucleus for a pacifist opposition which the government need take into account for a moment if this ominous world situation should so develop as to make war again seem a logical and patriotic policy.

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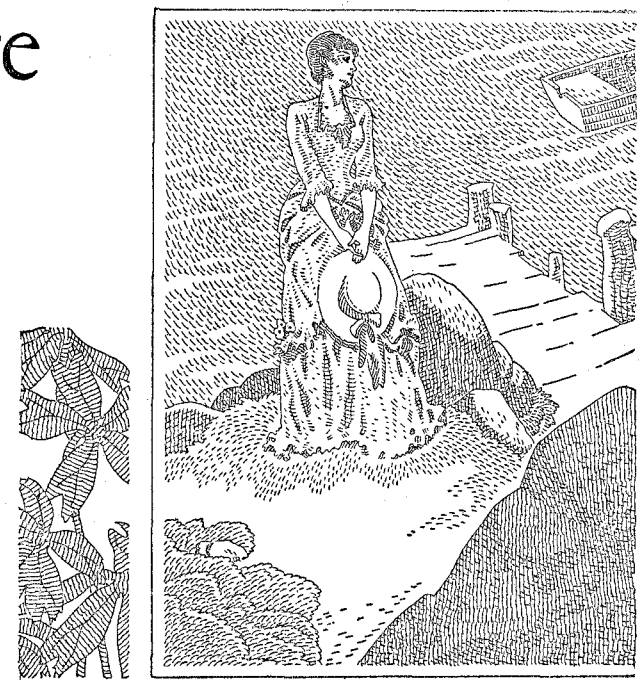
The Dark Shore

A Novel of the Eighties

By James Boyd

Author of DRUMS

PART II



Synopsis

THE FIRST PART of the novel paints in the background and sets the pace of the life of Midian, a Pennsylvania town on the banks of a great river. The reader first catches a glimpse of Clara Rand, blue-clad, slim and young, on the steps of her home, which is the most distinguished in the town. Of brick and brownstone with a stag on the lawn, it has the massive elegance of wealth in the '80's. Clara's father, John Rand, is an old Roman, blessed with a humorous mouth and a sharp eye. His family had followed the course of the river from the days of Indian massacres, when they stood siege in their own fort at the headwaters, down to the present. John Rand began his rise to fortune by floating coal down the river on barges.

Between John Rand and his daughter there is a great comradeship and affection. She prefers driving with him behind a good horse to the accomplishments of piano or the painting of china. To her father "she seemed, and really it was a tribute to her good sense, to feel that they were not important. She also seemed, less comprehensively, always to be waiting, with good nature but with reserve, for something that was going to happen that was important, but of whose nature she had no idea." A conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Rand reveals that a new young man from Philadelphia has come to town and seems about to be included in the social set centring around Clara and her brother, George, and his wife. Fitz-Greene Rankin is witty and attractive. He bestows his attentions upon Clara. Discreet inquiries reveal that his social qualifications are of the highest. Clara is attracted to him but resents the inquisitive attitude of the town. The reader follows the young people through their round of activities, a steamboat party on the river, picnics, coaching parties, and skating parties. Clara finds Fitz intelligent, amusing company and they "go together" more and more, but Clara gives only occasional thought to the possibility of marriage. Fitz-Greene begins driving with Clara in her spider in the afternoons, and finally invites her to drive with him. They drive along the river and stop at a grove, engaged in bantering conversation. He finally steals a kiss, saying "You are perfectly ridiculous. Are we going to love each other?" Clara replies "I don't know. It's hard to tell."

The people who are introduced in the first part of the story, in addition to Clara and Fitz and Clara's parents, are:

George Rand, married brother of Clara.
Ellen Rand, wife of George and sister of "Mun."
Mrs. Worrall, Ellen's mother.
Monroe Worrall, Ellen's brother.

Clara's group of friends includes Good Doggie Trimble, Big Sister, Meta Betts, Anna Lyle, Jeanne Balso.

VIII

IT was three nights later that she was walking home from supper at George's. George and Ellen had been kind. Over the fried chicken and stuffed tomatoes, they had managed to throw a feeling of solidarity and slightly heavy gaiety. There was a touch of the studious in the indifference with which they mentioned Fitz. So the news had spread. But what news was it? She was being tacitly congratulated. It was all too soon, too dubious. Matters were obscure enough, delicate enough, elusive and treacherous enough, without the intrusion of heavy, bland assumptions.

George had offered to walk home with her, but it was, after all, only three blocks, and those the most respectable in Midian. She was pleased to hear the heavy front door jar shut behind her and hurried down the wide brownstone steps without a look behind for fear that George, no doubt peering at her through the grille, might take it as a chance to join her. She jumped down the last three steps and passed the bulging bay-window of the drawing-room, wondering whether Ellen was observing her from there.

On River Street the new acetylene lights made quite a show. It was only when she reached the field of darkness that lay between them that the street seemed the same. Then on her right a warm glow filtered from curtained drawing-rooms, rich overflow of the elegance within; on her left, the trees were shrouded shadows, and beyond them the river flowed silent, swift, and barely touched with faint recollections of the stars. Far off, on the black shore, small lights of farm houses showed and behind her, from the darkness, she heard the rumble of a farm team on the covered wooden

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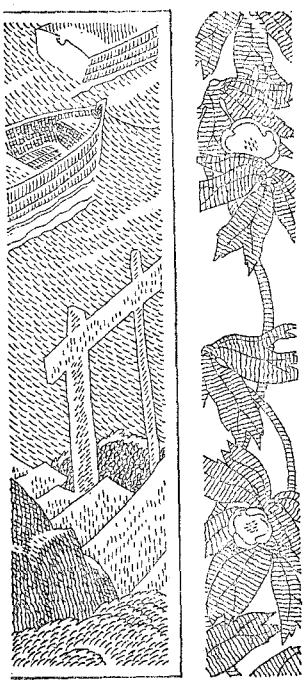

bridge. Here, beyond reach of the new street-lights' sputtering glare, the town was still the same, still at one with fields and farm teams, the river and the sky.

But then at the next street corner, another light swung to blind and blot out; paradoxical function. Now she was past it and beneath the sky again.

At first, it seemed impossible that it was he, then instantly it was inevitable, and what was going to happen, whatever it was, had been long foreseen. His black, slim shadow stood in front of her.

"Hello," she said. He did not answer. "Where are you going?"

"I'm waiting," he said.

He is waiting, she told herself. Waiting for me? For me. She felt the answer in his shadow.

"Who are you waiting for?" she said.

Again he did not answer.

"I am going home," she said. "From George's. Will you walk along with me?"

He did not move. "Clara," he said.

It was frightening; a voice from strange depths, clogged, shaken, not pleasant.

"Walk along with me," she said; then, "where have you been these last few days?" She was saying all the wrong things. He would think she meant to lead him on—while actually—and yet that tall shadow, near and graceful, waiting for her.

"I've kept away," he said. "I've kept away." His shadow was close, in the dim mask of his face his eyes were dark. His hands came to hers, gripped them, hung; the grip of a swimmer sinking in strange depths. Ah, he was trying to hurt her. Did he hate her? The dim mask was set and hostile, the eyes were black.

"Fitz," she said, "that's too hard."

He fell away.

"That hurts," her voice sounded cross.

"Yes," he said. "Do you love me?"

"Fitz," she was serious, "I don't know. I don't know at all."

"Yes," he said, "of course not."

"I like you, of course——"

"I know, I know. Tremendously." He was coming to himself. "You love me very dearly. Only you don't love me."

"Fitz," she said, "have I been unfair?"

"No," he said. He took her arm. "We'll take a walk."

"I can't, Fitz. Truly I can't. Mother would never forgive me."

"Never forgive me, either. That would be worse." He gave her arm a little shake. "Try to think of others, not always about yourself."

She laughed. "Now you are really sweet. I always like you like this."

"Yes," he turned gloomy. "Every one does."

"No, but truly," she said, "I want to be fair. I want to do the right thing. I just don't know. Honestly."

"I know," he said, "I know. Could I speak to your father?"

"Oh, no, not yet. It would just upset him."

"Not yet?" he said.

"Not now."

"Is there any one else?"

"No," she said, "there's no one." Here was the house.

He stopped. Still holding her arm, he looked across the river. It was black, except for the lights of farm houses on the farther shore.

"Will you come in?" she said.

"Oh, no," he said. "All this has been very foolish. Not like the books," he said. "But I never thought it would be. Are you disappointed? I suppose so."

"Fitz," she said, "can we wait? Can things be just as they were for a while?"

"Yes."

"How can I tell?" she said. "Yet, if I only——"

"Don't let's talk about it," he said. "We can take drives just the same." He took her hand. "It was just an idea of mine," he said. His hand closed on hers; was he going to grip her again? She was alert for that. But it relaxed. "And it always will be," he said. "Good night."

"Good night, Fitz," she said, and pressed his hand. He was a dear, really a dear. She withdrew her hand and started up the steps. Behind her, she heard his footfalls going down the street. It was incredible; she was unmoved. It had seemed unreal, nothing to do with her or anything. Except for a moment when he called her name. That had been disturbing; and unpleasant.

But in the dark vestibule, she fumbled at her pocketbook. The latch key fell tinkling to the floor. He would not follow her: but if he did and called her name again—She rang the bell. Samuel, always to be depended upon in every emergency, must have been passing through the hall, for the door opened instantly.

From the drawing-room, she caught the comfortable babble of ladies' voices and the word "wayward." She heard Mrs. Munkittrick, strident and assured, and little Mrs. Worrall's quiet voice, and old Miss Ba-ba Lamb

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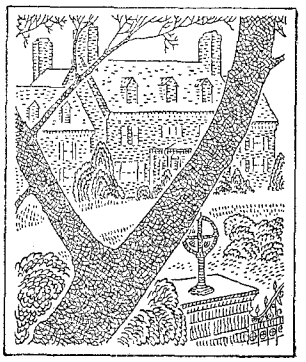

excitedly agreeing. And there were other voices of obscurer ladies who only came to the house as members of committees. What committee this was, the Ladies' Guild, the Home for the Friendless, the Light of Hope Mission, she could not tell. They were all much the same. But from the word "wayward" she guessed that the familiar band were at the moment functioning as the directors of the Florence Crittenden Home. She started past the door, not looking in, for fear a glance of recognition would oblige her to enter. But her mother had, as usual, taken up a position of surveillance.

"Clara, come in and say 'Good evening' to the ladies."

By the instant hush, she knew that it was, indeed, the Crittenden Home. She stepped through the door into a sort of uneasy vacuum, extemporized by worldly wisdom in honor of her virginity. There was nothing to do but begin methodically with the nearest chair. Mrs. Munkittrick stared at her from under her artificial bang, extended a brief, reluctant hand, and instantly replaced it among the many made-up, magenta bows that rakishly adorned her armored bosom. Dignity so touchy was exhilarating.

Miss Ba-ba Lamb pressed her hand between moist cushions.

"Dear child," she murmured. "Dear child." Poor Miss Ba-ba, fatuous, watery, kind, and sentimental.

There were other obscurer handshakes in obscurer recesses in the room, handshakes where she inspired a little flutter or a touch of beaming reverence. And at the last, Mrs. Worrall, tiny, neat, and brown, sitting, as always, a little apart, her pretty figure very straight in its plain brown velvet, and looking in the red plush chair, which seemed, as all chairs did, too big for her, like a little girl dressed up for a party. Her thick brown hair went down her temples in beautiful, even scallops. Her cheeks were bright and her bright brown eyes were alert, kindly, penetrating, yet ever so slightly wondering and detached. She was a director of the Crittenden Home as a matter of family policy. With great decorum she supported, when asked, this enterprise of the mother of her son-in-law, although convinced in her heart that moral irregularity was a constitutional privilege of the lower orders and that the only proper outside activity for a lady of quality was the Society of the Colonial Dames. Each year she pinned her medal on and went to Washington, where at the National Convention, with impeccable dignity, she performed prodigies of political chicanery behind the scenes.

"This is nice," she said, "to see a girl for whom I am not responsible."

Clara stopped beside her chair.

"But you are responsible. We are related by marriage."

Mrs. Worrall considered this, as she considered all remarks made to her. It was another facet of her charm.

"The secret of marriage—a secret of marriage," she said, "is responsibility on the part of the man and the woman, and irresponsibility on the part of the in-laws."

The rest had begun to look somewhat askance upon this Socratic dialog, and Clara was conscious of her mother's commanding glance.

"I didn't mean to interrupt," she said.

"Oh, no," they answered.

"Good night, Mother."

"Good night, my dear."

As she went down the hall, their murmur again was gathering momentum.

She passed beyond the staircase and down the narrow corridor to her father's office. The door was ajar, showing her father, immaculate in his broadcloth and his striped gray trousers. He sat in the upholstered leather chair bent over a book beside the green light of the reading lamp. To signalize the one informal hour of the day, his feet wore red morocco slippers and his hand held a stout glass of whiskey sour. At her step, he set the glass down. He glanced up slowly and picked up the glass again.

"Back early, eh?"

He cocked an ear for the murmur in the library.

"How are the ladies getting on?" he said. "If you shut the door," he said, "you can have some of my whiskey sour."

She shut the door and taking a cane-bottom footstool, sat down beside his knee. It was remarkable how neatly creased his trousers always were. One would think that a single bend of those great smooth joints would bag them irretrievably. The tinkling glass came toward her as though swung by a slow accurate crane.

"It is not very strong. You can have to there." His finger marked her portion on the glass. "If you hear your mother coming, give it back."

She threw her head around with a quick grin.

"I guess you can hear Mother coming as soon as I can."

"Well, you know," he said, "your mother has her notions, very good ones, too, I suppose they are. How do you like that lemonade?"

"I like it," she said. "It is much better than whiskey straight."

"Good Lord! When have you been drinking whiskey straight?"

"I tried it once," she said, "when I was a little girl."

"Oh, that must have been a long time ago."

"It made me sick," she said.

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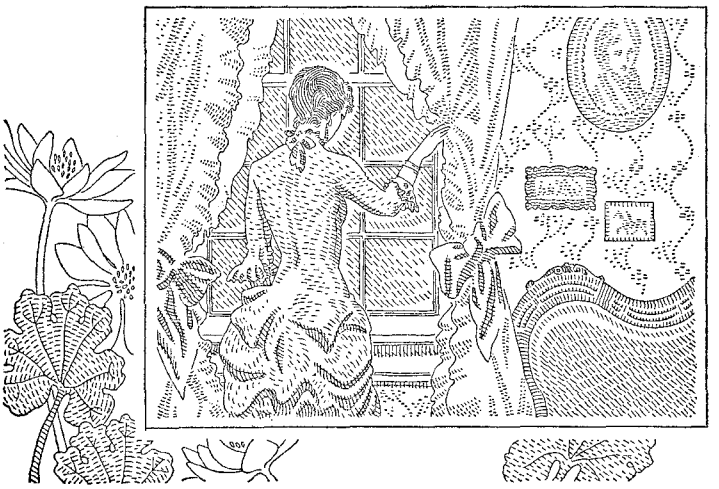

"Was it my whiskey?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm afraid it was. You forgot to lock it up."

"Well, never mind," he said. "A lady is not supposed to drink straight whiskey."

"I suppose if she does, they send her to the Crittenden Home."

"What's that? What do you know about the Crittenden Home? Is that what they are talking about in there? You shouldn't listen."

"I didn't listen. Everybody knows about the Crittenden Home."

He was not satisfied.

"They mean it well, no doubt, but there are all kinds of women in the world and the less one kind has to do with the other, the better."

"I don't think there is so much difference."

"What! Drink up your lemonade and don't talk nonsense."

She was uncrushed. She smiled to herself. In fact she felt like quite a person, like quite, she almost thought, a man. In a conspiracy she shared her father's manly toddy. "Don't talk nonsense." That was the way he would speak to another man. She buried her faint smile in the glass of whiskey sour.

And had she not just received an offer of marriage? She had often been conscious of possibilities in the past. They were not as frequent as her father or even her mother assumed. There had been many tentative explorations by young men who, while not desiring to risk failure, yet were certainly alert for signs of receptivity. This, then, had been the first.

She paused and stumbled in her thoughts. It had been the first. But now that it had happened she did not know what to make of it and of herself. She had been numb, passive, and unperturbed. Except for that one instant afterward, in which she had dropped the latch key in the vestibule, she had been unmoved, a sort of shrouded spectator. The moment had wiped out all her other radiant views of Fitz. He was a strange man erasing the man she knew.

She was elated; she could surmount a crisis with such ease. But was it to her credit? Was there a lack in her? She was old enough for all such matters. In Italy, for instance, she supposed she would by now be set down a spinster; and even here, she knew of girls who married younger. Were the attitudes of the Venus Capitolinus and other noted sirens of the past mere attitudes? Was that posing due, not as she had half delightedly expected, to an inner and somewhat disreputable flame, but to the absence of it? Was it only an effort, grotesque and childish, of substitution? She drank from the glass, cool, sharp, and faintly sour. She looked up at her father. His tufted eyebrows jutted forward, his trim thick beard was haloed in the light; with faint stertorous breathings he read slowly, carefully. She dropped her head to read the title on the book's thick back: *A Report of Geological Formations of Southern Indiana.* The moment of comradeship had passed; she was alone. She stood up and set the glass down on the table. He reached out for it mechanically. Standing behind his chair, she looked down on his head. It was round as a baby's; at the crown, the thick gray hair scrolled neatly in a curlicue like a little boy's. Surely she could not be wholly lacking in her womanhood to feel such things about him. She bent and kissed him on his crown.

"Good night," she said, "I liked the drink."

He rumbled deep inside his beard. Mechanically he reached a hand out and enfolded hers.

On the cavernous stairs, gas lamps, half turned down, burned dimly in their green fluted globes. She mounted past her father's monumental bedroom with its private bath and past the white door of her mother's boudoir. Across the hall, the New Jerusalem chamber slumbered in its eternal emptiness.

The third floor, especially at night, seemed nowadays somewhat vast and empty. At the back, the old playroom held a sewing-table and a rocking-horse that still appeared to her colossal. And at the front, across the wide hall from her door, George's room was, of course, deserted. Nothing remained there of all his odds and ends except a bamboo reclining chair with Yale pillows and on the wall a group—The Signet—in very high collars and flat, very broad-brimmed straw hats.

The matches hung in a pink glass holder just inside her doorway. Automatically, she took one, then put it back. Was he still waiting there beside his tree, waiting there, watching? If so, to turn on the light would be in some way to expose her. Her nightgown would be across the foot of her bed; for once, she could go without brushing her teeth.

She wondered, as she sat undressing on the bed, how she would pray when she kneeled down; blessing for

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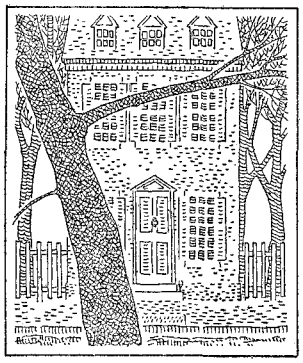

those she loved, of course, and thanks for benefits received; but what of herself and for herself? Was she good and fine, or was she cold, deficient? Was there after all in her a little dangerous flame or was what stirred her only fear of the unknown? She could not tell. She only knew that sitting here in the close dark with her stockings in her hand, she could see him under his tree, more sharply than she had seen him then, and clearer even than then, she could hear him say her name. It was not love, she knew, not love; but if she had her latch key in her hand, she would drop it once again.

IX

She was tinkling away at her scales, in the drawing-room. An awful business. Tink, tank, tunk, tonk. Tonk, tunk, tank, tink. If a key would stay down, when it was struck, there might be some satisfaction to it. Some sense of achievement, of finality, like knocking down a nasty little child. But the keys bobbed up again, imperturbably, ready to be struck again. She touched them as lightly as she could. No use to labor unduly at a hopeless task. Tink, tank, tunk, tonk. The faint notes wandered mournfully about the shrouded room. The yellow satin of the gilt chairs was covered with summer slips. The pictures were muffled in cheesecloth; only the yellow and silver wall paper and the black Numidian maid were left to represent the winter glories. The glories, however, such as they were, were not concealed from her. Just as she did in winter she studied, as she played, the dusty tumult of the Thief at the Fair, the sweet vacuity of Bougereau's peasant maid, Jacques' dim, steaming sheep fold, and the stern tumultuous ocean of Moran. "Love still has something of the sea from which her mother rose." I wonder if it has, she thought, and if so why couldn't he have gone on and really written about it. The Moran was the one her father had bought. Her mother had got the others, also the Numidian maid and the Swedish wedding picture with every pin hole painted in the lace; and upstairs, the mother-of-pearl inlaid black furniture, in the guest room, had been her first adventure in beauty and luxury, when they began to be rich. The New Jerusalem chamber, Mun Worrall called it. He said it would be a nice place for God to sleep, after the Day of Judgment. Certainly, no one else slept there. Somehow they never had guests. When one of her father's old canal or railroad cronies came by, he made an excuse to take him out to the farm. Her mother suspected that they put their feet up on chairs and drank whiskey there. She never could get anything out of her father or out of Mr. Heisdick though; men always stuck together. And well they might, thought Clara; she herself would like to stick together with the men. Drink whiskey, too, except that the time she tried it, it made her seasick. Through the wall of the drawing-room she could hear her father, moving about in his office. Soft yet ponderous sounds, the sounds of a big benign bear, in his den.

And all the while, behind the tinkle of the keys, behind the wandering thoughts, behind the sense of the shrouded room, the house, the river, and the town, behind the sense of the great bear, of friends, family, and the world she knew, lay the presence of Fitz-Greene Rankin. In no special moment, a mere tender radiance, diffused and glowing. Now she thought of him; he took shape, sharp and clear. In his linen suit he walked beside the river. "Now would be the time for the world to stand still," he said. Then, "You are perfectly ridiculous. Are we going to love each other?"

She held this picture close against her mind. It was perfect. Her thoughts checked. Why must it be darkened by that strange doomed voice which called her name?

In the depths of the house the front door bell sounded. She jumped up from the piano bench. Her quick feet ticked on the linen cover of the carpet. She slipped past the bust of the Numidian maid and peered out between the swathed velvet curtains. On the brownstone doorstep, Fitz-Greene presented the back of a dark suit. Not the white linen? It was destructive of the dream. Yet his dark felt hat was slightly cocked, his pose, alert and confident. He was about to turn his head. She hurried back to the piano. Tink, tank, tunk, tonk. She strained an ear for Samuel's stealthy glide. The front door was opened, there was a muffled word or two. She struck the notes more roundly. Samuel must know that she was here.

With his hat hung over a knee, he was sitting on a walnut chair beside the great mirror, inspecting with an air of incredulity the gargantuan herd of cows on the opposite wall.

"Oh, hello," she said. "Are you here?"

He dropped his hat on the marble shelf below the mirror and stood up. "Yes," he said. "You were practising."

"Yes. I'm very poor. Do you play?"

She was flushing furiously. He had kissed her, and she did not even know if he played the piano.

"You can judge." Without a look behind, he walked into the drawing-room.

"Close the door," he said, "there will be trouble if they hear me playing." He struck a chord. "There may be trouble anyway." His fingers ran over the keys.

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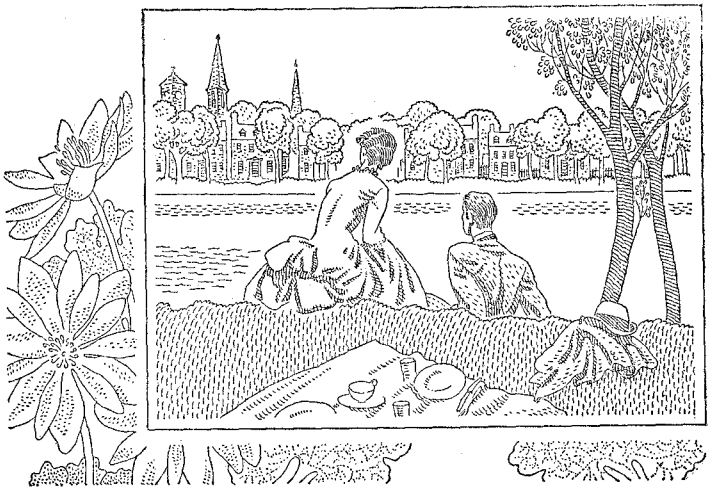
"This is the time," he said, "when all true men should be in their offices. Do you know this song?" With his eyes fixed on the keyboard, he began—

> The lark now leaves its watery nest
> And trembling, shakes its dewy wings—

His voice was light and somewhat husky, his head moved slightly as he played. He sang with his eyes fixed on the keys.

> Awake, awake! The dawn will never rise
> Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

"The worst thing about that song," he said, "is that it's already written. It prevents me from being the author myself. If I had written that song myself, you would believe me."



She stood with one arm lying along the top of the piano. "But, Fitz, I do believe you."

"Well, then," he said, "what more can I say? Don't we have fun together? Don't we drive up and down the river? It's nonsense to talk about marrying opposites," he said. "People should be alike."

He reached up and took her hand quietly. "We could be happy," he said, "do you feel that? I do. We can have a life that no one can bother, or even reach. I am not all that you should have, I know," he said, "and certainly I have never before met any one at all like you, but I am not going to come crawling and begging. I respect myself as much as I love you." He looked up at her and smiled, "There is even a way of asking for alms with dignity."

He continued to hold her hand. "I look up to you far more than I have let you guess." His smile was quick and teasing. "It would not have been good for you. But I'm not afraid of myself: I can make you happy."

"I know, Fitz," she said, "I'm the one that's afraid."

"Of course, you are," he said, "what a terrible decision. Here you are," he said, "with a piano and a father and a horse and carriage. Why should you leave them? It sounds like a crazy thing to do."

Inside her something moved ungovernably, against all judgment, against all power of her own. "Fitz," she said in a low voice, "I do love you and if I married you, I would want to make you happy."

"I know," he said, "you would want to do that for any one you married."

"But I don't know how I could leave my father. Does that sound foolish?"

"Oh, no," he said, "I've known about that, of course, and I suppose I should show you that we could take a little house around the corner, and that you would come in here every day to see him, and that everything would be the same. But, of course, that isn't so. Everything would be different."

"I know," she said, "and I can't bear it."

"But think what may happen otherwise," he said. "You will grow old with him, and then some day, you will be left alone. We've both of us seen such lonely women; we always feel sorry for them."

"Perhaps we needn't. They've done what they set out to do." She looked at him almost disdainfully. "Perhaps I should be satisfied."

"I know, I think perhaps you would; but what about your father? Would he be satisfied to leave you so?" He took both hands in his. "If I could make you happy," he said, "perhaps he might be pleased. Let me ask him," he said. He pressed her hands against his cheek, warm and smooth with the light sharp prickle of close-shaved hair. "You must be happy," he said. "Nothing without that. That is understood."

He stood up. But she was master of herself, she thought. She looked at him. Then in a mist of dully glowing hair, warm cheeks, dark eyes, his lips were on her cheeks, quick, firm, strong, steady, shot through with the faint disturbing roughness of the chin. Her hand went around his neck and clung to him as though for support, as though to use him as a shield against disaster.

"I want to love you, Fitz," she muttered, "truly I do. I want to make you happy."

His light quick hand was on her hair. "You are sweet," he said. He stood back.

"Fitz," she said, in a low voice, "you must help me. I mustn't—I—" There were his eyes, his hair, his slimness. It was over; the world was crumbling, she must jump, plunge in a crazed arc into the unknown. His arms were around her, strength and warmth of black irrevocable and sweet disaster.

Then it was not so bad. Arm in arm, they were walking up and down the room; the pace seemed tremendous, and he was talking, laughing and talking tremendously, shaking her arm to emphasize the points. This they would do—that they would do—so, they would live—she was to have a small piano, and a better

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pair of skates—those skates of hers were worthless, clamp skates were no good. The proper kind of skates were screwed on shoes. Then she was laughing uncontrollably. Here in this shrouded July room skates were the problem. She took his hand. "Oh, Fitz, you are a darling."

"All right," he said, "let's not begin by arguing. Now, about Norah. How would it be if we paid for her board in your father's stable? And we could give Levi a little something every month. Is your father here?" he said.

"He was."

"Then, I must see him right away," he said. "I must speak to him about Norah and other things."

Her heart turned heavy. "Fitz," she said.

"No, no," he said, "now is the time. Right now. It is much the best." He gave her a quick kiss and swung back the door.

In the library she sat down on the armchair beyond the fireplace which half-faced the bay window and half-faced the door. From a low table beside the chair she picked up mechanically a book and turned the pages. Fortunately it was illustrated. "The Port of Horta Fayal." "A Runaway Donkey." "The Rock of Gibraltar." He was talking to her father now. Was he seated in the upholstered leather chair or in the rattan-seated one with the arms? "The Oracle." What a horrid-looking old man! "Garrison at Malabat." Or was he standing in that graceful pose? "View of a Street in Tangier." "Change for a Napoleon." "Women of Genoa." Pretty veils! If he would just be natural. If he would thrust his hands in his pockets and smile. "Roofs and Spires of Cathedral at Milan." "Central door of Cathedral at Milan." What a stupid book. It was supposed to be funny, too. "Interior of the Cathedral at Milan." Was her mother coming back already? It sounded like her step on the pavement. No, it was Mrs. Munkittrick, in her pongee manteau. But was she coming in here? No, she went on. And her mother would come back in the carriage, of course. But was she coming back for lunch or was she staying for lunch? Wasn't she staying? Hadn't she and her father mentioned it at breakfast? And she herself not been listening? She should have listened. Could she, perhaps, remember? She did remember how it started. "John, I have the Ladies' Circle this month."

"All right, all right."

"We would like you to give—" she could hear her mother's point-blank, authoritative tone, but then it stopped. At that point she had thought of other things. Yet she knew that something had been said about lunch. But what? It was maddening. She had been there when the words were spoken, the sounds had gone into her ears, why could she not hear them? She might ask Samuel. But if the talk was over quickly, was ending just now—she made herself breathe deep and slow—Samuel would be in the room here, and if she went to look for him, she might get back too late.

No, better sit still and breathe slow. She turned the page, "Garden, Lake Como."

On the other hand, it was only ten o'clock. The talk might last till lunch time. It would be better to settle down to read the book.

We voyaged, by steamer, down the Lago di Lecco, through wild mountain scenery, and by hamlets, and villas, and disembarked at the town of Lecco. They said it was two hours, by carriage, to the ancient city of Bergamo, and that we would arrive there in good season for the railway train. We got an open barouche, and a wild, boisterous driver, and set out. It was delightful. We had a fast team and a perfectly smooth road. There were towering cliffs on our left, and a pretty Lago di Lecco on our right, and every now and then, it rained on us. Just before starting, the driver picked up, in the street, a stump of a cigar, an inch long, and put it in his mouth. When he had carried it thus about an hour, I thought it would be only Christian charity to give him a light. I handed him my cigar which I had just lit, and he put it in his mouth and returned his stump to his pocket. I never saw a more sociable man. At least, I never saw a man who was more sociable on a short acquaintance.

That was funny. What were they saying? How did they look? The great bear square in his chair, no doubt; and he, serious and respectful and engaging in his dark suit. It would be all right. Between them, they would see that nothing happened to her. There was no danger, no dread. He was so charming, so sweet and fine. There need be no dread. But she had agreed to read.

She turned the pages slowly, stopping to read words that meant nothing, glancing at pictures that had no meaning. What was it that lay back of this great happiness of hers, of this pride in the proud, kind, laughing, radiant being that wanted her to be always near him, to listen to him, speak to him, hold his warm hand; what lay back of her glowing tenderness toward him, of her longing to take care of him, his beautiful clothes, his hair? She was raised high on the crested wave of happiness. All was well. She looked out the window. The river flowed, unhurried and interminable, the green tufted islands seemed serene, indifferent, and very far away.

From the depths, she heard a door closing. The office door. She fixed her eyes on the book. The words meant less than nothing. The book was heavy in her hands. His light, quick step was coming along the hall. She looked up. He was beaming, there was not a swagger, that could never be; but he walked pleased with himself and sure. His hands were out. "Everything's fine," he said. "It's wonderful! A great old gentleman." He bent down toward her.

"Oh, no," she said, "people can see us."

He stood up smiling.

"Let them look."

"Oh, but Fitz."

He patted her. "All right. I know." He nodded at her. "A great old gentleman."

(*Continued on page* 436)

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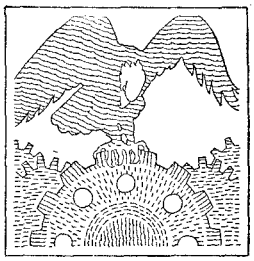
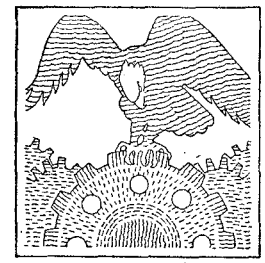
Capitalism Without Capitalists

By Max Nomad





Both Communism and Fascism are new forms of capitalism, with privileged, self-perpetuating classes. The question, as this author sees it, is: who is to have the power? Mr. Nomad is the author of the biography of Karl Marx published in SCRIBNER'S *in March, 1933*

Five years of increasing depression have worked havoc with many traditional concepts. Socialism and communism are beginning to lose their horrors. Soviet Russia, from a bugbear, has turned into an inspiration for very respectable people. The bankruptcy of the private capitalist system has undermined the self-assurance of its defenders. Conservative dailies, like *The New York Times,* when recording the shortcomings of the Stalin administration do so in a spirit of *tu quoque* rather than in the triumphant mood of self-righteousness. Apologists for our good old "rugged individualism" are rarer and rarer. Discussion of planned economy—the public control or ownership of industries—is carried on freely in publications which only a few years ago shied from that subject as violently as from religious or racial taboos.

In the United States the idea of complete nationalization of all industries still seems altogether removed from reality. Yet a drift in this direction began here long before the depression. A national emergency, that is, the War, placed most industries actually under the control of the Federal Government. At the same time far-reaching concentration of control was embracing various industries. Similar changes on an equal scale occurred in England and Germany as well. In the recent work, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property,* by A. A. Berle, Jr., and G. C. Means, the authors show that the bulk of America's economic wealth has come under the control of two hundred corporations and describe how management has become separated from, and superimposed upon, the traditional property rights of those who supplied most of the capital. They come to the conclusion that a sort of "active" ownership of the directors has evolved, as against the "passive" ownership of the mere stockholders, who have virtually no say in either the management or the distribution of profits. A still further concentration that will culminate in the complete control of the country's economic life by a few big trusts with interlocking directorates can easily be conceived. When that moment arrives—and it is nearer than is generally assumed—the management of the super-trustified economy and political administration will merge, the Federation of Big Trusts swallowing the State, or vice versa. There are many who believe that the NRA is hastening this process.

Nationalization of public utilities and of other branches of industry has long been a practice in most European countries. Even before the War the manufacture and sale of alcohol, matches, salt, and tobacco, the operation of railways, the telegraph and telephone system, had become government monopolies here and there on the Continent. These measures had been adopted chiefly for fiscal reasons, to provide the treasury with the means necessary for government expenditures, and in some cases also partly for the furtherance of certain paternalistic measures which would secure the stability of the system. The difficulties faced by German finance after the War brought about active government intervention. The Reich acquired a controlling share in the highly centralized banking system, with the result that most industries, being heavily in debt to the banks, were brought indirectly under control of the state. In modern Turkey about half a dozen of the leading industries are operated by the government, which likewise owns the merchant marine and almost the whole capital of the banking system. Kemal's realm, in spite of his fierce opposition to any form of red or pink propaganda, is now nearer than any other country to a system of complete government ownership, such as operates in Russia.

Tendencies strangely resembling the modern inevitable trend toward more concentration and eventual state ownership can be traced far back in history. During the Dark Ages the Church constituted a sort of international super-trust, with economic and political ramifications all over the world. At the close of the fifteenth century it owned in France and in Germany at least one third of all the available land, and in some parts of Germany as much as four-fifths of it. Had it met with no obstacles, that super-trust would have gradually attained complete control of all the economic wealth of the Christian world—with all non-ordained humanity working as serfs or as citizens of the second class for the glory of the Church, or more precisely, for

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the enjoyment of the all-powerful, all-managing clergy of a "Christian-Socialist" super-state.*

But this was not to be. The growth of cities and industries, the consolidation of centralized state power by the strongest of the feudal super-lords and at the same time the rise of a lay bureaucracy, interrupted this development. Capitalism, in its modern individualist form at first, began to struggle for world domination. That struggle is practically over now, with the entire wealth of nations controlled by a comparatively small number of financial and industrial corporations. However, victorious capitalism is now on the verge of an entirely new departure. It has produced its own successor in the form of a new social stratum of managers, organizers, technicians, and other educated employees who have gradually taken over all the functions of technical and commercial management, originally incumbent upon the individual capitalist owner himself. It is this new middle class which having grown in numbers and importance in one way or another may soon, by means of the state, get actual and complete control of the entire social fabric.

A movement to reform the capitalist system along the lines of government ownership arose in Europe early in the nineteenth century. Its spokesmen came from the ranks of the far-sighted middle-class intellectuals who feared that the ruthless hit-or-miss system of private capitalist profit-making might result in upheavals and calamities such as followed in the wake of the great French Revolution. There was no thought in the minds of the leading reformers of actually dispossessing the rich and establishing anything resembling economic equality, with its logical concomitant of abolition of classes. The great French socialist precursor Saint-Simon (died 1825) insisted that the "artists, scholars, and managers" are "the natural masters" of the workers. Charles Fourier, another socialist thinker of note of the early nineteenth century, suggested that distribution in his social system should be effected according to the formula of four-twelfths of the national income to capital, three-twelfths to "talent," and five-twelfths to labor. That scheme looked almost like a modernized version of the "communism" of the Inca period in Peru where one third of the national income went to the Emperor and his relatives, *i.e.,* the nobility, another third to the priests, the "talent" of those years, and the last third to the producing peasants.

Karl Marx, more realistic than his predecessors, and not afraid of the spectre of revolution, as most of them were, did not appeal to the kind heart or the common sense of the propertied classes to bring about a change from individualist capitalist economy to a collectivist system. He foresaw the tendency of modern capitalism toward increasing concentration, at the end of which he visualized the inevitable transition to a system of government ownership which he called the "first phase of communism." In some of his famous pronouncements he declared that this transition would be the result of a working-class revolution which would establish the "dictatorship of the proletariat." But other statements of his, anent the possibilities of development in democratic countries, such as England, Holland, or the United States, point to the fact that he conceived the transition to what he called communism (and what is usually called socialism) as a *peaceful process involving the compensation of the former owners.* The practice of socialist parties the world over, wherever they have the opportunity of working under democratic institutions, points in the latter direction.

The "first phase of communism" has now been in operation in Russia for a number of years. Due to peculiar historical circumstances, a group of followers of Marx who departed from the traditional "gradualist" conception of Western socialism violently dispossessed the capitalist owners and are now engaged in what is called "building socialism." Unbiased observers, however, who have risen above both Bolshevist and anti-Bolshevist propaganda, are now practically unanimous in viewing the Soviet system not as a result of the devilish machinations of a fanatical band of visionary equalitarians bent upon the disappearance of all class distinctions, but as something quite different: A new form of capitalism with its pyramidal stratification, its office-holders and manual workers, and last but not least, its substantially divergent income levels, which lead to the establishment of a privileged, self-perpetuating class of bureaucrats and technicians. Under this system, the state, that is, the office-holders' class, is the only capitalist, operating the factories and plants very much according to the principles of what is usually called capitalism. Yet, in spite of its economic inequalities Russia's "experiment" represents an enormous step forward as against the planless system of private-capitalist profit-making with its appalling waste and destruction of values to the detriment of the general population.

This new form of capitalism is now commonly called State Capitalism, whether it is introduced as a result of violent revolutionary upheavals, as in Russia, or by way of gradual reforms, as in those countries which are now adopting a policy of government monopolies. Curiously enough, the term State Capitalism is used interchangeably with State Socialism. That the two can be used as synonyms is perhaps symbolic of the meaning which

* One striking example of "Christian-Socialism" was the "communist" experiment carried on for several decades in Paraguay during the eighteenth century. Under that system the Jesuit monks forced all the Indian natives of the country to work, in a "communist" way, so to speak, for the benefit of the order of Saint Ignatius of Loyola. The individual Jesuit did not own a foot of land; but his organization, which to all practical purposes was identical with the government, reaped all the benefits of the work of the Indian slaves.

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the word "socialism" has gradually acquired. It may be said that State Capitalism is a capitalism which has adopted the "socialist" feature of government ownership, while State Socialism is a "socialism" maintaining the capitalist feature of inequality of incomes. There is some confusion as to the difference between State Socialism and "plain" Socialism or Communism. In a general way the terms "Socialism" or "Communism" are used in regard to a system of government ownership introduced as a result of the peaceful or violent seizure of power by the Socialist or Communist party. If, however, such a system is established by the old-time parties, then it is referred to as State Capitalism or State Socialism. But in view of the great hostility between the competing radical parties, the Communists would condemn as State Capitalism or State Socialism any system of government ownership established by their pink rivals. The Socialists (and even communist opponents of Stalin) take the same stand with regard to the Soviet system. Thus there is no essential difference of principle between the advocates of State Capitalism or State Socialism on the one hand, and those of traditional Socialism or Communism on the other. It is rather the similarity of their ambitions which separates them—to use an old bon mot current during the revolution of 1848. It is the question of *who* should be in the possession of the government machine with its hundreds of thousands of jobs: the old-time upper and middle class politicians, including the liberals and the moderate socialists; or their younger lower-middle class competitors, including the struggling and déclassé intellectuals and self-taught ex-workers, who are using the vocabulary of revolutionary communism. True, the Communists claim the distinction that they are in favor of complete expropriation of the capitalists, while the other advocates of government ownership would compensate the former property owners one way or another. It must not be forgotten, however, that Marx, the teacher of both Socialists and Communists, was not opposed to compensation, as shown by his famous saying about "buying off the whole gang" (of capitalists). Moreover, even if the capitalists are expropriated without compensation, this need not necessarily imply a change in the economic status of the workers. It actually means only that the bulk of the dividends hitherto received by the property owners would now be distributed in the form of higher incomes for the members of the new ruling class—the technicians and office-holders.*

Projects aiming at either a gradual or immediate nationalization of industries have often been brought forward independently and outside of the socialist movement. At the close of the sixties Bismarck played with the idea of nationalizing all branches of Germany's economic life. To carry out that plan, he even solicited the collaboration of Marx and his closest associates. The founder of the German Empire had of course no intention of robbing the rich in order to benefit the poor—except for certain paternalistic improvements necessary for the stability of the state. His idea was to strengthen the Prussian Junker government by concentrating in its hands all the economic resources of the country. In operation that plan would not have prevented the former industrial and agricultural magnates from enjoying their large incomes. However, they would have received them not in the form of profits or rent, but under the guise of huge salaries to industrial or agricultural super-executives appointed by the government.

Even after Bismarck gave up that plan, the idea lived on in the heads of many far-sighted Prussian Junkers and their ideological mouthpieces. At a convention of the German Socialist Party, held in 1892, Wilhelm Liebknecht (father of Karl), one of the main leaders of the party, spoke of the plans of the conservative advocates of "State Socialism" who were propounding all kinds of schemes of government ownership. In that speech he pointed to the fact that "men bearing the highest names, who are among the leaders of the Conservative Party [*i.e.*, the party of the Prussian Junkers], would argue as follows: 'All your postulates of a socialist character we endorse word by word. What separates us is your democratic character, your desire to break with all the bases of the existing State [*i.e.*, feudal-junker semi-absolutism] to abolish monarchy and religion. [Otherwise] we are followers of socialism ["sozialistisch"] just as much as you are, to its ultimate consequences.' "

* There have been socialist schools, such as anarchism and syndicalism, which professed to go beyond the mere establishment of State Capitalism. In practice, however, they do not differ essentially from either the moderate socialists of the Western democratic persuasion, or from the revolutionary Communists, Russian style. The bulk of anarchists and syndicalists are satisfied with peaceful propaganda of an ideal of human brotherhood established either in the form of "free communes," or in the form of the management of industries by the trade unions. But the realization of that ideal they postpone to the same distant future of unborn generations to which the Marxian socialists and communists consign their millennial "higher form of communism." Before that stage is attained they simply insist upon greater scope being given either to local autonomy or to the trade union organizations within the framework of the Socialist State, which is the more polite term for State Capitalism. The more impatient elements among the anarchists—the so-called "anarcho-bolsheviks"—who a few years ago began to talk of a revolutionary dictatorship, represent only an unorthodox variety of Russian communism. So do the young Spanish neo-anarchists whose "revolutionary committee" during their recent revolt of December, 1933, proposed to take the banks under its protection and to take charge of the "distribution of wealth among the people." The same likewise applies to the French neo-syndicalists who now speak of "all power to the trade unions," which is another way of claiming all power for the trade union officials. Their divergent theoretical dialects notwithstanding, they are under the skin "identical twins" of the disciples of Lenin. For whatever their "anti-authoritarian" professions at present, once they succeed in seizing power anywhere, they would inevitably constitute themselves the ruling, privileged, self-perpetuating office-holding class of the new state which would have all the characteristics of State Capitalism as established in Russia. With the sole difference that instead of the old-time conspirators of the Marx-Lenin school, it would be their rivals using an anarchist or syndicalist vocabulary who would impress their stamp upon the new governmental fabric.

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The reason for the German Socialists' opposition to the "State Socialism" (*i.e.,* State Capitalism) of the Prussian Junkers was obvious. Under the political overlordship of the Hugenbergs and Von Papens of those years, all the power, all the more privileged positions in the government, in the administration of the nation's economic and political life, would go to the educated scions of the Junkers and the upper middle classes, while the educated lower middle classes, from which most of the Socialist leadership issued, would be reduced to the rôle of mere subalterns with salaries of low-paid white-collar slaves. That is why in his time, Karl Marx, as a revolutionary democrat, disregarded Bismarck's offer, and why the Socialists, as a general rule, have not been enthusiastic about the nationalization of individual branches of industry in those countries which lacked democratic institutions.

What had been a mere playing with the idea of State Capitalism, by the more perspicacious members of the propertied classes such as Bismarck, was to become a serious issue in many countries immediately after the War. The wholesale ruin of the conquered nations, and even of some of the "victors," has brought in its wake the impoverishment of large sections of the educated middle classes. Hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of members of the middle classes, who hitherto had been sure of a comfortable present and future under the capitalist system, have been reduced to the most abject and hopeless poverty. Thirty, fifty, sixty per cent of all college graduates see no prospect of any lucrative positions ahead of them. They cast hostile and envious glances at the privileged beneficiaries of the existing status quo, whether capitalists or simply office-holding "ins" in public or private institutions. Some of these "newly poor" join the Socialists and Communists who have been preaching the anti-capitalist gospel of government ownership, to be realized either by law-abiding democratic methods or by the establishment of a revolutionary dictatorship. But the majority of these hungry "outs" prefer to combine their "anti-capitalist longing" (an expression coined by Gregor Strasser, until 1932 the leading spirit of the Nazi movement) with slogans of nationalist or race hatred and exclusivity which carry such conviction to the brain of the impoverished middle class *homo sapiens*. Particularly as the leaders of the radical parties, having succeeded in organizing large sections of the working class, either in the political or in the trade union field, have given up any serious struggle against the powers that be, preferring to rest complacently in the security of their innumerable jobs, either as political office-holders, party leaders, trade union organizers, or as preachers and journalists.

The dual character of Fascism, promising the most radical anti-capitalist measures to the dissatisfied masses, and at the same time accepting subsidies from the capitalists for carrying on a ruthless war of extermination against the radical and labor organizations, had made it difficult for many to grasp the real meaning of that movement. Now that Mussolini and Hitler have firmly established themselves in their respective countries, the further implications of Fascism are becoming more apparent. For aside from many reactionary measures directed against their radical or near-radical competitors for power or political and other jobs, the Fascists have either engaged upon, or shown strong tendencies toward a policy which usually goes under the designation of State Capitalism. Thus one of the most influential of Mussolini's advisers, the former Italian-American "Wobbly" (I. W. W.) Edmondo Rossoni, has been openly advocating a policy of complete nationalization of industries. The theoretical publication *I Problemi del Lavoro,* edited in Milan by former Socialist trade union leaders, takes a similar stand. Its November, 1933, issue contains an enthusiastic defense of the Russian system under which "the workers [are] the masters for the first time." Which seems to indicate that Mussolini who forbids any socialist or communist *party* activity—for Fascism like Bolshevism means government monopoly by one single party—is considering the possibility of resorting to a system of government ownership, should this become necessary for the maintenance of his regime. In Germany the Nazi crowd, notwithstanding all the "hands-off" promises given to big business, immediately introduced a kind of control of industry through their party "cells." This policy, though later abandoned, testifies to a strong tendency in this direction within the party. The dismissal of all non-Nazi office-holders and the removal of the Jews from their professions and other occupations will prove hardly sufficient to appease the appetites of all of Hitler's countless followers. In order to create more government jobs and to raise the necessary funds, they may sooner or later be compelled to adopt sweeping nationalization measures, with or without compensation to the owners. For the concrete needs of their self-preservation will prove stronger than all their mediæval or antediluvian propaganda slogans. (Inversely, similar reasons of expediency may occasionally prompt Communists to refrain from measures of confiscation and nationalization. Thus the Communist Government of the so-called Chinese Soviet territories—while substituting "Marxist-Leninist education" for the old system of Confucian schools—has left the industrial enterprises in the hands of their capitalist owners.)

Strange as it may sound, Hitler's rise to power is to a large extent due to the fear of the big German manufacturers and land owners that General Schleicher, his predecessor as Chancellor, who had Bonapartist propensities, might embark upon a policy of State Capitalism.

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Schleicher was surrounded by a group of young intellectuals of Junker connections who favored an "anti-capitalist commonwealth"—a sort of military "socialism" under which all the branches of the nation's economy would belong to the state, and the state to the military caste and the office-holders' class constituted by the younger set of the Prussian nobility and those educated middle-class elements who would accept their hegemony. To give this Bonapartist "socialism" a broader base, Schleicher was ready to lean upon the trade unions and collaborate with various democratic and moderate socialist elements—a policy from which both big business and the landed nobility feared a substantial restriction of their power. At the same time large sections of the Nazi following had begun to desert to, or to make common cause with the Communists. (They had been dropped by their super-capitalist backers after their help had indirectly rendered possible the accession to power of the frankly reactionary Junker cabinet headed by Von Papen.) As between the devil of Schleicher's militarist State Capitalism, and the deep sea of Bolshevist expropriation—which became an actual menace in view of the numerous conversions of militant Nazis—the capitalist and Junker spheres preferred the rule of the Hitler crowd. They hoped to appease the hungry Nazi wolves with the political and other jobs hitherto held by the Liberal, Catholic-Clerical, Jewish, and Socialist elements. But it is questionable whether in the long run they will be able to control the ghosts they have conjured.

Somewhat as in Germany the extreme nationalist movement in Japan, while using the language of mediæval feudalism coupled with the most aggressive imperialism, is in the main likewise pursuing a state-capitalist course. In view of the increasing plight of a substantial part of the middle classes, the complete hopelessness of large sections of the college graduates, and the low salaries of the young officers, the slogans "Down with capitalism" and "The industries to the Mikado" have been raised, which is only another way of demanding the nationalization of the large concerns.

Capitalism without capitalists, that is, State Capitalism, is the impending phase of economic development. In the halcyon days of individualism Herbert Spencer spoke of the "coming slavery" when he envisaged the possibility of the realization of socialist tendencies. Defenders and opponents of the status quo have echoed his warning. Their imprecations cannot stop the inexorable course of events. Just as private capitalism followed feudalism, State Capitalism, with its planned economy, is bound to follow its disintegrating predecessor. Its establishment will represent the consummation of the second part of the revolution of the middle classes. It will eventually convert the former property-owner into a desk-worker or office-holder, and the sum total of all educated government employees will constitute the new and only ruling class. The accounting vocabulary of that economic system will know of no dividends. But the lion's share of the national income will quite naturally be used to increase the comforts of its new rulers, unless the revolutionary mass pressure of the manual workers enforces a more equitable distribution.

The future will show under what auspices State Capitalism will be inaugurated in the various countries. According to circumstances—in order to avoid threatening conflicts—it may be introduced peacefully through the collaboration of liberal middle-class elements with moderate socialists. This would mean the organization of public works for the unemployed and the gradual and painless elimination of the private owners through compensation or higher salaried positions in the civil service. Or it may come about as a result of a desperate revolt of the unemployed millions, forcing the hand of the government to hasten the process of nationalization and to give employment to the hungry masses by opening the closed plants and adopting other far-reaching measures. Again, it may be patterned after the Russian model with its dictatorship of a party of revolutionary intellectuals and semi-intellectuals, bent upon the elimination of all vestiges of private enterprise, and baffling the world with its contradictory combination of ultra-modern reforms and a sometimes excessive concentration of unlimited power in the hands of an exclusive circle. Failing any of these possibilities it may be brought into existence in the wake of a Fascist victory accompanied by a cultural plunge into the dark ages.

That new system, in its various forms, will have its own internecine struggles of various groups contending for power, for the possession of the key positions in the government—and better jobs for their clientele. And it will also, no doubt, be faced by its own aspects of the labor problem. For the manual workers may not be satisfied with that "socialist" form of capitalism, or that capitalist form of "socialism," any more than they are with the traditional private capitalist form of capitalism. They may strike out for something quite different and unheard-of: a socialist form of socialism assuring equal rewards for brawn and brain alike. For whatever the latter-day Bernard Shaw may say in his less lucid moments, he certainly voiced the yearnings of the underdog when he wrote that "Socialism means equality of income and nothing else." A utopia today, it may be the reality of the coming age—even though the abolition of classes which that postulate conveys seems as visionary now as did political democracy and public ownership only a few generations ago.

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Heyday in a Vanished World

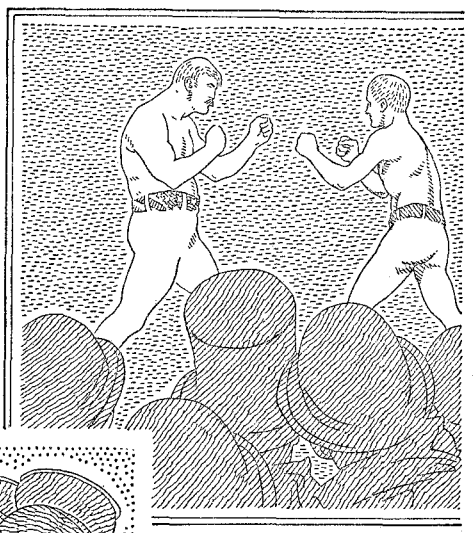
By Stephen Bonsal

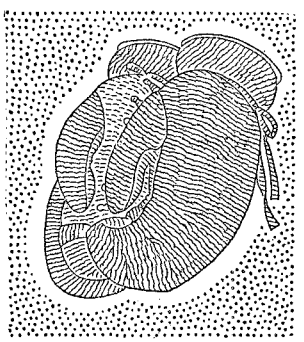
PART I

JOHN L. SULLIVAN MEETS THE PRINCE OF WALES—THE STORY OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER "SCOOP" TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME—THE SULLIVAN-MITCHELL FIGHT IN FRANCE

Chance or fate decreed that in a single week in March, 1888, two eras should come to an end. Within its compass John L. Sullivan, champion pugilist of the world, was fought to a draw in France by Mitchell; and Emperor William the Great, whose career began at Waterloo and attained its zenith when he was crowned German Emperor at Versailles, was carried out of the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin with mediæval pomp and pageantry to his grave

We believe we are fortunate in being able to place before our readers a vivid description of the picturesque events by one of the few surviving eye-witnesses. Mr. Bonsal was correspondent for The New York Herald and Arthur Brisbane held a similar job with The Sun at the time. The concluding part appears in the July SCRIBNER'S





I HAD been in London for some months, enjoying myself hugely, though I did miss the sun. I rarely got to bed before five in the morning, and when I arose to face my active duties again, what sunlight there had been had disappeared.

But I was in daily contact with interesting people. I had been received by Gladstone several times at Dollis Hill, I had sat at the feet of Charles Bradlaugh, and paid court to Annie Besant, so often with him, and listened enraptured as this remarkable tribune of the people with his great organ-like voice discoursed on the future of democratic institutions. It was thrilling too to listen to Eleanor Aveling, a daughter of Karl Marx, whose tragic end was so near, as she talked about the coming of the world revolution. That was a brand new topic in those distant days. Then there was that dark-eyed Polish woman who gave me all sorts of interesting information in regard to a coming upheaval in Warsaw which would end the rule of the brutal Tsars and liberate forever a romantic and sympathetic people.

As I moved entranced in this paradise of perplexing problems, or disported myself, an enthusiastic hero-worshipper of twenty-two, in this ever-renewed and ever-changing gallery of important or fascinating people, there came one morning a cable from the news editor.

"John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, sails for England in a few days. He will fight any one who presents himself. You should meet him at Liverpool and stay right with him. He is as you know the idol of Americans, church-goers as well as all others. Keep right with him to the ringside or wherever he goes. As to the Irish debates and other political developments, for the present we shall have to depend upon the A.P."

Depend upon the Associated Press! Well, in those days, their service was less than nothing. I was not a prig—far from it. I had lived with, and upon, the activities and antics of prize-fighters and anarchists for as much as six months in New York. But things were different now and my eyes had been opened. It was indeed in my judgment lamentable that in the midst of a world crisis, in fact in the midst of several world crises, I was to be withdrawn from the coign of vantage which I had by hard work achieved to wander around in prize-fighting circles, apparently handcuffed to John L. Sullivan!

Of course I wrote immediately a letter of reproof to the news editor. Strangely enough he took the letter in good part and it secured several modifications of his first drastic instructions. Nevertheless, I talked a great deal about handing in my resignation, and I even thought a little about doing it. At this juncture, or a year later when a somewhat similar and equally disagreeable decision confronted me, I wisely went to see Henry M. Stanley. He was of course the greatest glory of *The Herald's* staff, and he always treated us youngsters in the kindest, an almost paternal, manner. He listened to me with sympathy, and how my heart warmed when he said,

"Too bad, too bad. And you doing such excellent work, too. But don't do anything hasty. And the only way I can help you will be to tell you a little story of my own experience with our great boss.

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"You remember I went to Magdala with Lord Napier, and had a good deal of luck in sending in the first news of the fall of Theodore, King of Kings."

"That's the first thing every cub reporter learns when he gets on *The Herald,*" I blurted out. "And it was particularly lucky—that break in the cable after your story had passed and the official dispatches were delayed."

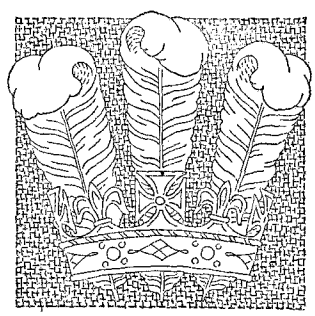
But Stanley was not going to tell the story of how the cable "got broken" of which so many versions were current. He only smiled and said,

"Yes, that was lucky too. I thought Mr. Bennett would be pleased, but I did not hear from him and when I reached Paris he had gone to the ends of the earth, somewhere, I forget where. But he had not forgotten me; there was a memo which read 'Tell "Dick" Stanley to report to New York as soon as possible.' Now I didn't like that. He might at least have gotten my name right. When I reached New York the city editor told me that I was to cover the Tombs Police Court, and I didn't like that at all. I thought of resigning just as you are doing now. But I hung on, as I hope you will, and soon I was glad I did. The people I met at the Police Court were interesting. They widened my world knowledge, indeed they were far more interesting than the people I had met in Abyssinia. A few months later I was called to Madrid and later to Paris and together with our great boss I planned finding Livingstone, long lost in darkest Africa. And then Bennett referred casually to my Police Court assignment.

" 'Stanley,' he said, 'I was afraid you were getting in a rut, running 'round with generals and Kings of Kings and all that. I'm glad you hung on, however, and now I think you are just the man I want to go and find Livingstone.' "

I thanked the great explorer for his story and I too decided to hang on.*

For a budding, or at least an aspirant, de Blowitz, I did not do so badly in my new and most unwelcome rôle. At all events, pleasant words came from New York, and in appreciation of my condescension the news editor let me send a man to represent the paper at the Jem Smith-Kilrain fight. "After all, Kilrain is not a national hero, and a world figure, like Sullivan," admitted the editor, "but stick to John."



And soon I was ready to admit that this close companionship with the world champion was not without amusing moments. "Gentleman John"† was a born showman, and when on his dignity no belted earl could touch him. The Liverpool docks were black with people when his ship hove in sight, and "Tay Pay" O'Connor, the Irish Member from the Irish district of Liverpool, greeted him with a round of speeches that warmed the cockles of at least every Irish heart. John had a sense of humor, dangerous gift; and sometimes he could not hold it in check. This was especially the case when he observed the primitive mode of living to which our English cousins were subjected, and he made at least one bad break. A day or two after his arrival in London we were all bidden to a breakfast by some City Guild or organization, and for the convenience of the city folk it was held in the Cannon Street Hotel. This famous hostelry was noted throughout the United Kingdom for a remarkable innovation known as the "rising room." Of course, in several of the more modern West End hotels, notably at the Metropole and the Victoria, there were in use quite efficient modern elevators, but the city folk had never seen them and their idea of the supreme chic and the last word in modernity was the "rising room." John behaved rather badly, certainly he cast all reserve to the winds, when the "room," which functioned by water power, began to rise at a speed approaching five feet a minute. Its chains clanked horribly, and when the mechanism began to sputter and to cough, John took off his high hat and passed it around among the fifteen or twenty passengers who, with anything but carefree countenances, were squashed together in the "rising room." "Let's buy 'em in a little more water," he roared, and started the collection with a half-crown. Well, we had some difficulty in explaining away that this was only one of John's little jokes. Our hosts did not see it, but of course the English are proverbially obtuse in joking matters.

As I am reporting the mistakes of others quite fully, I must not in all fairness conceal the bad break I myself made a few days later. We were all assembled in the office of *The Sporting Life,* where the articles for the fight between Smith and

* This conversation probably took place eighteen months later when Stanley returned again from Equatorial Africa with many new exploits to his credit but without the stubborn Emin Pasha who refused to be rescued. As at our first meeting, as early as 1885, Stanley had impressed upon me the advisability and even the necessity of allowing the "money Boss" (as he called Mr. Bennett) some latitude and leeway and as his advice had its influence (though not as much as it should have) in shaping my behavior then and later, I let the words of the great explorer stand as I wrote them down, not at the time, it is true, but when they were fresh in a grateful memory many years ago.

† Several gentlemen more versed in Boxiana than I can claim to be, who have been good enough to look over these pages to correct probable errors, think I am mistaken in referring to Sullivan as "Gentleman John," but my memory on this point is very distinct, and I must maintain my position. It seems to me that their attitude only demonstrates how short-lived are the remembrance and fame of the greatest of men. Mr. Sullivan took the title of world champion as a matter of course, but upon the courtesy title of "Gentleman John" he set great store. My conclusion is that when James Corbett finally knocked out Sullivan some years later in 1892, he took the championship, the diamond belt, and the great purse which were his by right of successful battle, but that he usurped the courtesy title and became "Gentleman Jim." By all accounts he deserved it, but I maintain it was John Sullivan who won it first, and how he wore it will appear in this veracious chronicle of some of the incidents of his memorable life.

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Kilrain were to be signed. John went of course to lend dignity to the affair, and such was the outpouring of people to see the champions, though really only John counted, that all traffic had to be suspended in Fleet Street for several hours. Jem Smith was a thick-set powerful Cockney, with sandy hair and an amiable smile. Quite gracefully he submitted to being interviewed by an American reporter, looking like a theological student, who was taking down on a pad, very seriously, every word that fell from the lips of the great men.

"Are you married, Mr. Smith?" he inquired.

"Yes, I've been spliced a long time. I have five children, maybe more soon. My old woman is due to pup this week." Now I cabled this statement exactly as it was made. Everybody admitted that the words were spoken, even those who later questioned the good taste of cabling them at all. When the resulting controversy arose, and indeed ever since, I have always maintained that when you mix with people of unfamiliar classes, for the benefit of those who have not the opportunities of the reporter, you should write them down as they do speak and not in Addisonian periods, or in long loping sentences suggestive of Macaulay. Jem Smith, bless his good-natured heart, did not object to my truthful relation, but some of the other English "pugs" who were doubtless swayed by an incorrect version of what I really wrote, objected most strenuously and the result was a split in our camp and a personal handicap to me, the cause of no little worry and anxiety in the days of my servitude to the prize ring and the pugilists.

This unfortunate misunderstanding came to a crisis at a great sparring match in St. James's Hall, at which John was of course the principal attraction though he did not deign to spar. Charlie Mitchell came up to me and expressed his frank opinion of my honored editor and of myself in unmeasured and most unseemly terms and I condescended to reply in kind. Then Mitchell struck me and, possibly emboldened by the fact that he was at least half seas over and by no means up to his normal fighting form, I struck back. Brisbane loyally intervened as "the mugs and the plugs" who were with Mitchell surrounded me. Soon a small-sized riot was in progress. Police and pugs all pitched in with the strange purpose of pitching us out. Brisbane, gallant fellow, standing right by me, and hitting out right and left, was a tower of strength; and then for a moment, really only for a split second, I thought I had still another friend in the hostile crowd and this one I had hitherto clearly misjudged. Above the tumult and the uproar I heard Pony Moore, father-in-law and principal backer of Mitchell, shouting, "Don't 'it 'im, Charley! Don't 'it 'im!" And then a word of explanation—"You might sprain yer thumb agin." And so it appeared that Pony was only thoughtful of his daughter's husband, not of me.

The upshot of the matter was that Brisbane and I were thrown out of the Hall, none too gently. As the row became furious, we had rather counted on the powerful assistance of Major ——, the manager of Buffalo Bill, who had just arrived in London. He was a strapping big fellow, with a stentorian voice, trained in the open spaces, and with a great bowie-knife scar across his forehead. But during the uproar not a peep came from him. Unfortunately, some of the American papers took up the incident and belabored Mitchell for his attack on "half-starved American reporters." This was particularly misleading, as the Lucullian banquets that Brisbane gave in his Park Lane apartment were the talk of London. However, I was able to snub St. James's Hall, where I had been treated so scurvily, several years later. On my return from what some called an adventurous journey through Morocco, I was awarded the medal of a strange association known as the Balloon Society (I must confess it was only the silver medal) and on being asked to describe my experiences from the rostrum in the famous St. James's Hall, I declined.

Perhaps with the passing of the weeks my cables began to pall upon our readers or at least upon my editor. Certainly I could not keep up with Brisbane in his ever-fresh and almost inspired accounts of Sullivan's bulging muscles, of how he knocked out poor Toff Wall at the Pelican Club, with one hand behind his back, of how John L. looked in the evening when he broke his training and sat in the royal box at the Criterion with a tilted "seegar" in his mouth, of how all the world was on its toes now that he was matched to fight Charlie Mitchell for the championship of the world and the dazzling diamond belt, or how he looked in his literary mood when he pored over his scrapbook of world press clippings about himself, which was now well on in the forty-second volume. Desiring perhaps to expose me no longer to a competition from which I must increasingly suffer, the paper sent me off to Stockholm, and while I was convinced in advance that my secret mission there would prove a wild goose chase I rejoiced at the change of air and the very different surroundings.

On my way back from Scandinavia, I of course stopped off for a few hours in Paris. That was the *bonne bouche* of the whole trip, and I felt that I deserved it. Here, however, a cable from New York caught up with me, expressing misgivings as to the immediate developments of the prize-fighting situation in England, and urging me to get into close quarters with John again as soon as possible.

"Brisbane and *The Sun* are making a great hit with a daily special column devoted to the champion. Our readers are hungry for every bit of news about the champion. Go to it."

I recognized that something had to be done and I

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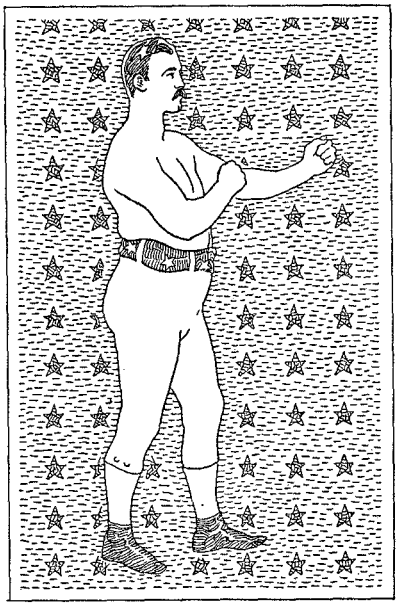
felt rather keenly that it could not be accomplished by my single unaided efforts, and on the moment I had a happy thought, how happy it was I only appreciated twenty-four hours later. I sent the editor of *Sporting Life* a wire asking him to dine with me at Anderton's Hotel in Fleet Street the following evening and I crossed the Channel in a wretched night boat, but this hardship gave me a few more enjoyable hours in Paris. I had been drawn to this editor by several ties. He was a man of magnificent thews and sinews, a son of Yorkshire, and while he looked like a bruiser himself he despised pugs and loved horses, especially thoroughbreds, just as I did. He had under him a number of reporters who were very much in the know, and as he was distinctly a man of importance in the sporting world, members of the Pelican Club were only too glad to keep him informed of anything that transpired, and of not a little that did not come off.



JOHN L. SULLIVAN

On the morning that I sent my invitation, the London papers were filled with stilted but nonetheless amusing accounts of a fracas that had taken place the night before at a stated meeting of the Fabian Society, in Anderton's Hotel, and it was probably on this account that I selected this place for the dinner and the powwow on which I set such store. It was in this fight that Bernard Shaw and Philip Snowden received their first baptism of publicity, in which they were to bask to the end of their days.

The sturdy editor and I had a substantial dinner and a long and at first a perfectly friendly discussion about the get of Godolphin's Arabian. How I regretted all this palaver afterwards when time became the very essence of the situation! As had been too often our practice, the sporting editor and I got into a hot discussion as to the reliability of the English stud-book, and finally into something like a quarrel over a subject which only racehorse men can understand. It was, as I remember the snarl, as to whether Sir Archey, the great Virginia thoroughbred, the Adam of all American racehorses, was descended from Darley's Arabian or from Godolphin's Barb. Of course we got nowhere, and then, fortunately, how fortunately for me, the sporting editor changed the subject, and took my breath away by saying,

"I noticed that you were not at the Guards' lunch today. I suppose you passed it up. It would have bored you as it did me. Brisbane was on hand of course."

"I never heard of it," I admitted simply. "I suppose they did not know I was back from Stockholm."

"Quite so," assented the great editor, and then he related, with very little urging on my part, the details, the very picturesque and startling details, of the historic meeting. "Ostensibly," he continued, "it had been arranged to pit Jem Smith against a green one, I can't remember his name, for four rounds with hard gloves, but of course the real purpose was to bring about a meeting between John L. and Albert Edward. Excuse me, I mean no disloyalty, but when I find him in such company I do not like to mention that Albert Edward is also the Prince of Wales."

What a phonographic memory that sporting editor had! "All the bloods were there," he ran on. "There was Randolph Churchill and Sir William Gordon Cummings (that was before his fall). Every man of note in London seemed to be in the gym at the Guards' Barracks at Knightsbridge. From the walls there looked down upon us the portraits of the great guardsmen who had gone before, and everybody was talking about prize fights, from the Homeric days of Epeus down to Heenan and Tom Sayers.

"The Prince stood before an open wood fire, and to him there Sir Francis Knollys escorted John. I rubbed my eyes, I hardly knew him. Your John was all dressed in black, and looked like a Sunday-school teacher, or a Nonconformist preacher. 'That's Gentleman John,' they chorused as the great man was escorted through the admiring throng. They shook hands heartily, and the Prince was most gracious. I had edged up right by his elbow and I heard H. R. H. say, 'I feel as if I had known you for years, Mr. Sullivan.'

"'I have often heard of you, too,' answered John, 'and am mighty pleased to meet you. Do you ever put up the dukes now?'

"'No, I never spar now, not with gloves or even with bare knuckles, for that matter,' answered the Prince, and every one laughed. Well they might. And then the Prince went on.

"'My boy down at York with the Lancers (this was the Duke of Clarence who died before his father) punches the bag every morning and my George who is a middy on the *Dreadnought* is a regular slugger. You see, Sullivan, I like to bring my boys up in the way I should have gone.'

"Everybody laughed again, and of course it was funny," added the editor. "But rather disgusting, don't you think? I like 'pugs' and princes, and above all, guardsmen, but when they are all mixed up together

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it's a bit thick," and the editor ran his hands through his hair in perplexity.

"Have you written your story?" I inquired anxiously.

"Lord, no, I shan't publish a word about it. Not such a fool as that.

"When the Prince withdrew, we all gathered around John, and I must say he had not been taken off his feet. I suppose nothing could do that but a solar plexus blow from a pile-driver. But he was enthusiastic, and talked at a great rate about our future King, whom we all admired but so few of us had met. 'He is a nice sociable fellow, with splendid manners,' said John, 'and when you think of all he has had to fight against in the way of family and education, I'll say he's a splendid all-around sport. You would like to meet him any time and you would introduce him to your family.'"

As I was sitting down when the sporting editor reeled off all these marvellous details of the amazing meeting of two worlds, I cannot claim that I took the blow to my prestige, which he inflicted, standing up but at least I did not lie down and that was something in view of the fact that the biggest news event of the decade had taken place hours ago, and I was not there! Telegraphic photography had not been invented at this time but without its aid at this tragic moment I could see the dour wry face with which at this very moment my news editor was looking across the Atlantic toward the silent Bonsal who had been left and on what a story! And worse than that I visualized the uproar in Printing House Square with *The Sun* flooding the streets with Brisbane's story of the meeting between the Prince and the Pugilist. Of course he who was wholly responsible for the disaster was the man who had sent me to Stockholm on a wild goose chase, but while innocent to the tenth degree I knew I would be compromised in the eyes of the world and of the office. No. I could not hope to escape unscathed but I would not be shot to pieces. I would go down, if down I must go, with my colors flying.

In a jiffy I had the great stolid editor with the hitherto unsuspected gift of a phonographic memory as our representative at the royal meeting in the barracks of the Guards and when I clinched the bargain by passing a "fiver" across the table he expressed his willingness to represent me on the same terms at any sporting functions which I did not care to attend.

Still trembling with excitement and anxiety, I now felt free to leave my providential guest at the table doing justice to the liqueurs for which Anderton's was famous and hastened off to the cable office in the Royal Exchange.

First I sent a concise bulletin and outlined the scheme of the many thousand words that would follow and then —flesh and blood could stand the uncertainty no longer —I inquired in a special message at urgent rates, "Have the evening papers touched it?" In a very short time, however long it seemed to me, the answer came, "Evening papers not a line." I am not sure but that here I broke out into a song. While the yarn was still in transmission there came another cabled message from the office and it betrayed an unusual thoughtfulness. After all, that news editor was not such a bad fellow. "Do not cramp yourself to five thousand," he cabled. "Send all you can, and push it. If there is slightest danger of missing first edition send conclusion commercial rates." Well, he liked it all right but of course he would not say so, only he had betrayed himself and his approbation as news editors so rarely do.

As I recall, while the long-suffering cable officials were at little or no pains to conceal their opinion of the expensive slush with which we burdened their wires this was the only occasion on which they registered anything like a protest. When about two thousand words of my epoch-making narrative had gone the manager staggered down the little winding stairs, came over to my desk and looked me over anxiously. His face revealed the fear that I had suddenly gone mad and evidently the propriety of advising the New York office of my sad condition had occurred to him.

"Are you quite sure the paper will stomach all this—and pay for all these words?" "Quite," I answered and drove on with my pen. "How much more do you propose sending?" he enquired. "About three thousand words," I answered shortly. "Then I'll have to send for an extra transmitter," he complained. "I hope you will be quick about it," was my answer.

As he staggered up the stairs the good soul gave me out of the kindness of his heart one more chance for a return to sanity. "That makes—about the Prince and Sullivan—five thousand words altogether and there's Lord Derby's great speech on the agricultural depression. How much of that?" "I am not touching it," I answered and, apparently bewildered and near collapse, the excellent fellow completed his climb of the spiral stairway and disappeared into his executive cubby-hole.

Returning to the West End about two in the morning I rather expected to run across Brisbane at the cabman's shelter just where the old Temple Bar used to stand. At these hours, which we were so often compelled to keep because of late cables, we frequently met and cautiously discussed the positions we had taken on world developments, while enjoying the very excellent ham and eggs and coffee which the shelter supplied at a moderate price, especially moderate in view of the fact that in these days, before the era of night clubs, they were the only eating places open at such unseasonable hours.

I did not run across Brisbane that night nor indeed for many days, and by that time the British Empire

(*Continued on page* 453)

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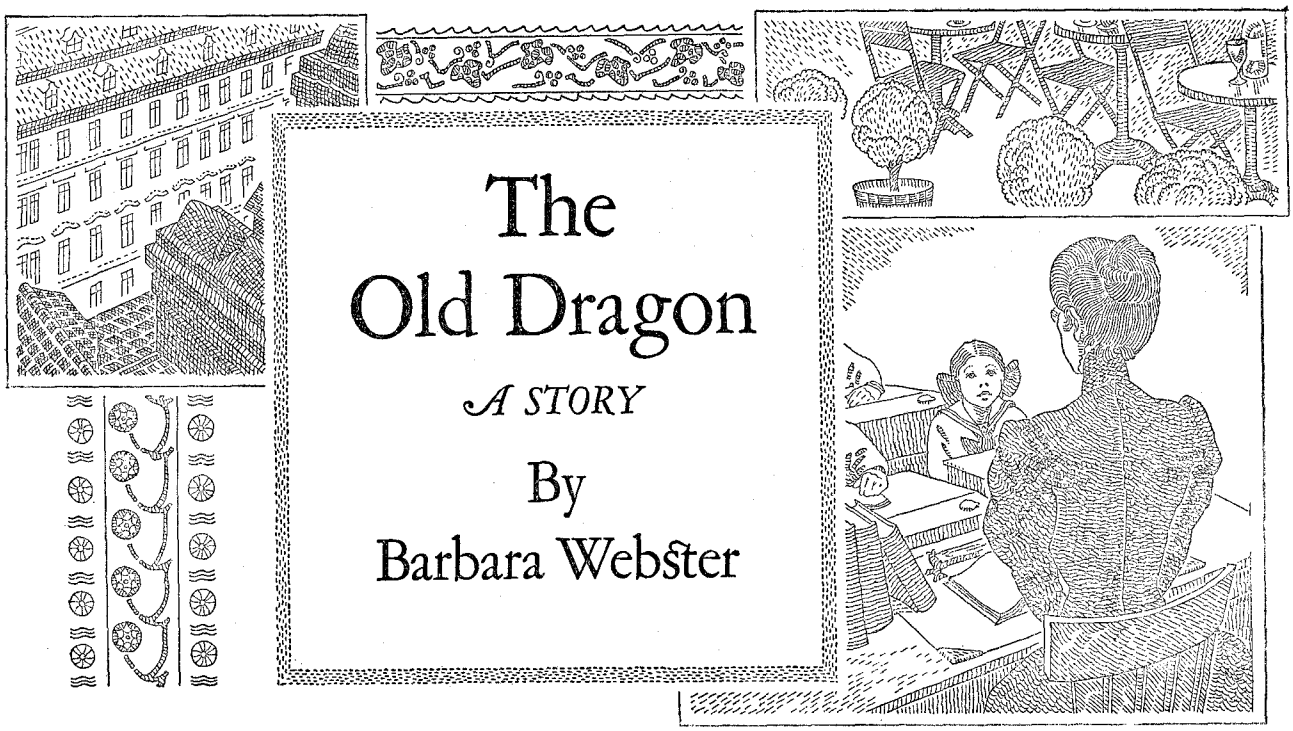

The Old Dragon

A STORY

By

Barbara Webster

THE Third Preparatory stopped whispering and sat up straight as Miss von Anschutz entered the room.

Closing the door behind her, she walked, a tall gaunt woman, to her desk upon the raised platform. She moved stiffly and rigidly as though, instead of a human body beneath her black dress, there were some strange machinery which propelled her. Seated at her high desk, her presence filled the schoolroom, menacing and hostile.

She had taught French at Miss March's School as long as any one could remember. In her high-necked Victorian dress with its padded bust and pinched-in waist, her hair drawn severely into a hard gray pompadour, she was like a curious and timeless monument, detached alike from humanity as from its attendant hazards. Day after day, year after year, she sat at her desk, smiling her slow, malicious smile from under heavy lidded eyes.

In the school catalog it said:

> Miss Emilie von Anschutz: born Vienna 1880. Graduate of the Vienna Academie.

She spoke French with a blurred guttural accent.

Looking up and down the rows of little girls, Miss von Anschutz settled the steel-rimmed spectacles upon her short, wide-flanged nose.

"Today," she began, in her harsh voice, "we will haf the *subjonctif.*" She rubbed her hands together briskly and a smile of satisfaction spread over her face.

The Third Preparatory wriggled uneasily. They were not fond of the subjunctive. The room grew very still. At last Miss von Anschutz spoke.

"Cecilia Ross," she said triumphantly, as though she had never thought of it before, "you may begin."

The class relaxed. All was well. Miss von Anschutz was going to pick on Cissie Ross. And while she picked on Cissie the rest were safe.

Cecilia Ross rose with a dazed expression, a dreamy, red-haired child. Miss von Anschutz knew, and the class knew, and she knew, herself, that she had not been paying attention. It was not an unusual occurrence, for she spent all her time in school drawing elaborate designs in the backs of her books. There was a handsome new one at this very minute in Chardenal's *French Grammar.* No matter how hard she tried, she could not keep her mind from wandering in class, and this, to Miss von Anschutz's exacting temperament, was an endless irritation. Her intense dislike of the girl was the one concession she seemed to make to human passions.

Cecilia stood, speechless.

"In case you may not know it," said Miss von Anschutz, in bitter delight, "we were discussing the *subjonctif.* Now, Cecilia, please begin. When does one use the *subjonctif? En français, s'il vous plait.*"

Cecilia searched her mind desperately, but as she looked into those basilisk eyes, all that she had ever known about the subjunctive vanished completely.

"On emploie," she said uncertainly, "on emploie—emploie—*le subjonctif*——"

"Bravo, Cecilia, bravo! But we haf now heard *'On emploie'* enough. Continue, please, and be a little quick."

"After verbs of thinking, saying, knowing—believ-

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ing," stammered the wretched Cecilia, coming to a stop.

"Is that all?" cried Miss von Anschutz, leaning forward eagerly.

"I—think so."

"You thought," cried the French teacher contemptuously, half rising and pointing her finger at the bewildered girl. She paused solemnly and looked at the class.

"No, you didn't think," she said in slow and emphatic tones. The class recognized their cue; they broke into dutiful laughter. Though Miss von Anschutz affected not to hear them, the corners of her thin mouth curled slightly upward.

"Cecilia Ross," she said, and the name in her mouth became an epithet, "always you leave out the most important thing. Verbs of thinking, yes, but used negatively or interrogatively! You thought? Pfah, you don't think!"

Cecilia's head drooped lower and lower. The old familiar torture had begun.

"You are the stupidest girl I haf ever had," continued the merciless voice. "Every morning before school for a week you will come to me to recite the *subjonctif*."

The class looked at Cecilia curiously. Was she going to cry? Their small faces were unconsciously cruel and avid with interest.

Cecilia Ross sank gratefully into her seat in the back row. She felt hot and scorched, like a plant exposed too long to the sun. She wondered dully why Miss von Anschutz hated her so. Life stretched ahead, dreary and forbidding. But there was a blank page at the back of her history book. In the swirling curves of a new design she forgot the classroom.

. . . . . .

Cecilia Ross hardly ever thought about her school days now. There was really no reason to; the present was so much more agreeable.

"*Café mit schlag, Herr Ober,*" she said to the waiter.

Coffee with whipped cream was pleasant; it was pleasant to be alive in Vienna in spring-time, to be young, and in love. The cafés on the Ring had set their green tables out on the sidewalk, freshly painted, the horse-chestnut trees lifted their pink cones of bloom to the blue skies above. Cecilia Ross hardly ever remembered, unless something reminded her.

"No," she said positively to the young man who sat opposite her, "no, Max, you would not have liked me as a little girl. I was frightfully—unattractive, and misunderstood, you know."

The young man smiled incredulously. He was handsome, dark, and eager. His look said that she could never have been any of these things.

A shadow crossed Cecilia's face.

"I remember—," she said, and stopped.

"What do you remember, darling?" prompted the young man adoringly.

"Nothing, really. Just about school a long time ago, and the French teacher who made my life miserable."

"She must have been an old dragon, darling, to be unkind to some one like you."

"I can remember her so well; she was tall and thin, with a face like a mask and little eyes with heavy lids —something like that woman there, in black."

A tall old woman was passing by at some distance from their table. Among the gay people she seemed out of place in her antiquated dress of rusty black, with the long black veil shrouding her face.

"Ah," said the young man, "we have many such here in Vienna, thinking the thoughts and wearing the costume of another time."

The woman in black glanced neither to the right nor to the left as she walked, supporting herself stiffly with a gnarled cane. She held her head high, her eyes beneath the veil fixed upon some distant point, like those of a sleep-walker. As she drew opposite their table, Cecilia half rose. She had grown a little pale, for she thought that she saw, through the gauze of the veil, a proud old face and the glimmer of spectacles shading deep-lidded eyes. For a moment she was Cissie Ross again, back in a small schoolroom, standing before a high desk.

"I think," she said uncertainly, "no—could it possibly be—here? Yes, she came from Vienna——"

A moment and the woman had passed. Three girls, their arms intertwined, shut her from view.

Cecilia stood up, pushing back her chair.

"But Cecilia," cried the young man, "you are going? Why? Where? May I not come?"

He started to follow her, but she had disappeared in the crowd.

Cecilia ran forward unheeding. It seemed suddenly important that she should reach this old woman who had disliked her, if it were really she. She took no time to wonder why she followed; something inexorable urged her on.

Once in the crowd, she kept her eyes anxiously ahead, for sometimes she lost sight of the tall figure among the idly walking people. She reached the point where the Himmelpfortgasse turns into the Parkring, and stopped. Had the old woman turned here?

Cecilia sped down the narrow, quiet street. Some one was entering one of the gray stone buildings, a woman whose black veil floated out behind as she disappeared inside.

Cecilia did not pause until she had reached the doorway. Then she stood still, suddenly overwhelmed by doubt. It came into her mind to go away, but something would not let her. At least she would find out, by

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the names within the dwelling-house, if it were really her old teacher whom she had followed.

The entrance hall was cool and dim, with a high ceiling and marble stairs with a polished balustrade curving up and up into the spiral of the stair-well. Cecilia inspected the plates on the doors but did not find the one she looked for. It was not on the second, nor on the third. As she rounded the curve of the last flight of stairs, her eyes rested upon the door opposite.

"Fräulein Emilie von Anschutz," the inscription read, "Instructress in French."

Cecilia's heart gave a great throb and she stood still. It seemed suddenly impossible, even though she had expected it. The old nameless dread she had known as a child began to creep over her. She longed only to be away. From behind the door came the sound of footsteps. Cecilia tried to move but could not.

Suddenly the door opened. There stood the woman she had followed, unveiled now, unmistakably Miss von Anschutz, but thinner, a little bent, looking at her without recognition.

"What can I do for the lady?" she asked bruskly.

"I—wanted to see you," said Cecilia, with an effort.

"Ah, you are English. You will have perhaps lessons in French? Please to come in."

Unable to do otherwise, Cecilia followed her, and the door closed behind them with an echo of finality. The entrance hall was small and dark, with an odor of age and airlessness. Miss von Anschutz stepped aside to let her pass.

"Please," she said, "enter."

The room ahead was large, with a high fretted ceiling. It had the air of having once been filled with elaborate and ornate furniture, but now it was quite empty, bare of everything except two broken chairs, a table, a couch. No, not entirely empty, for in the farthest corner crouched an old woman, bent over, with bowed head upon her breast.

"Please to sit down, *Gnädiges Fräulein.*"

They sat upon the two chairs.

"I—" Cecilia began uncertainly, "you don't know me."

Miss von Anschutz peered closer through the thick lenses of her spectacles.

"I'm Cecilia Ross, Miss von Anschutz. At Miss March's School. Don't you remember? You didn't like me and I always had to come before school to recite the lesson over again."

"Ah-h-h," breathed Miss von Anschutz. "So, you are Cecilia Ross." Her eyes rested upon the girl with their old malicious glint, comparing her with the child she had known, measuring her height in the well-cut dress, noting the bright short curling hair. "So—it has been a long time since we met, no?"

"Yes, Miss von Anschutz."

"And you are grown up a fine lady and have come to see your old teacher, yes?"

Cecilia nodded, abashed.

"And you, Miss von Anschutz, you have been well?" she asked.

Miss von Anschutz lifted her head defiantly.

"Why should I not be well?"

Cecilia looked aside, an unspoken question in her eyes.

"You wonder why I am no longer at Miss March's School," Miss von Anschutz said mockingly. "Come, I will tell you." She drew her chair closer to the girl's. "We are friends now, not, after all these years?"

"Yes, Miss von Anschutz, of course," Cecilia said.

"Very well, then." She fixed Cecilia with a level glance. "When your dear country entered the war, they no longer wanted me, an Austrian citizen, in the school. I was—sent home."

"I didn't know," said Cecilia. "I am so sorry."

"So, Cecilia Ross, you do me the honor to be sorry for me?"

"No, Miss von Anschutz, no. I only thought—. You teach here in Vienna?"

"I do."

"Perhaps I might know some one who wanted lessons."

"My time is full," Miss von Anschutz said abruptly, looking away. After a moment of silence she turned again to the girl.

"And what do you do, Cecilia Ross, in Vienna?" she asked.

Cecilia felt all at once ashamed of her youth and confidence. They had no place in this bare room. She could not tell this broken, bitter, old woman that she was successful, that those designs of hers were beginning to be well known.

"I design textiles," she said in a low voice.

"Very fine, very fine," said Miss von Anschutz suavely. "Perhaps it was well that you drew always pictures in my class instead of thinking of the lesson, hein?"

"I am afraid I was a trial to you, Miss von Anschutz."

"Yes, Cecilia, I have not forgotten, though it is so long ago." She was silent a moment. "But you have given enough of your time to an old woman. It has been—interesting to see a former pupil. And now you will want to go."

As they walked toward the door, the old woman in the corner looked up.

"Pupil?" she cried in a piping voice. "The *Fräulein* is from America, Emilie?"

"Yes, Mother," said Miss von Anschutz, turning reluctantly. "Cecilia, this is my mother."

Cecilia bowed, looking at the old woman curiously. The thought of Miss von Anschutz having a mother was somehow incredible. She, too, was dressed in dingy

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black, with a black velvet ribbon around her withered neck. But her eyes were bright and sharp, and they never left Cecilia.

"She is going away now, the *Fräulein* from America?" she cried. "So soon? Emilie, have you asked her for money? The Americans are noted for their generosity."

"Mother, mother, be silent."

"Emilie, you are not letting her go without asking for a little money? Emilie, for months now, I have had no cream, no *Torte.*" Big tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks. "Only hard rolls and a little coffee." Her voice rose to a shrill whine and died away. She began to mutter indistinguishably to herself.

Miss von Anschutz turned her head aside. After a moment she said composedly to Cecilia:

"You must excuse my mother. She is very old, and grows a little queer, as we all must who live in the past. When I taught in America," she continued, a faint deprecatory smile curving her lips, "I was able to send home much money. Ah, yes, those were the times. My mother was able to live well, to buy delicacies one can get only at the English grocery on the *Ring.*"

"If I could be of any service—" said Cecilia eagerly.

"I thank you," answered Miss von Anschutz stiffly. "We have all we need."

"Ai, Emilie," burst out the old woman again. "You know it is not true. All day we have not eaten. We have sold everything. *Fräulein,* she has no pupils. God help us if you do not give us a little money until the pension comes next month."

In the silence that followed there was no longer any doubt of the truth. Cecilia could not look at Miss von Anschutz. Pity, regret, and the helpless sympathy that the very young feel for the old swept over her.

"Miss von Anschutz," she began, "there is a fund, you know, that some of the girls have raised to buy presents for the instructors. They asked me to give you this—for a birthday present."

Miss von Anschutz smiled her thin, mocking smile.

"You do that very badly, Cecilia," she said. "In all those years I have been away, no one of them has written to me." She paused and her eyes rested upon her mother. "Nevertheless, I shall accept—for her sake, so that she may have, for a time, cream, and *Torte,* and the things one may buy at the English grocery. I thank you in my name and hers."

Her hands smoothed the crisp green bills. Under their heavy lids her eyes were barely visible. After a moment she said slowly:

"So, Cecilia, you see that age is spared nothing. I have no longer even my pride, my independence, of which this money I used to earn was the symbol. Ah, those days that have gone—" She was silent again. To the girl she was no longer terrifying, only weary, remote, and old. It was somehow dismaying, like the disintegration of a familiar landmark, which had seemed unchangeable. Cecilia groped back into the past, feeling for something which would put them back on surer ground.

"I remember your class so well," she began timidly. "And the schoolroom. I can see exactly how it looked."

Miss von Anschutz lifted her head.

"Yes," she said, "I too." She lapsed into a brooding silence, nodding her head imperceptibly from time to time as though at a succession of passing pupils.

"I sat on the back row," continued Cecilia. "And I remember the tenses of the irregular verbs were written all the way around the room on the blackboard."

Miss von Anschutz sat quite erect in her chair. "Ah," she said, "les verbes irreguliers!" Animation and authority crept back into her face.

"Tell me, Cecilia," she said suddenly, "do you remember the rules for the *subjonctif?* Recite them to me once more."

"On emploie," began Cecilia obediently, in the smooth clear accent she had learned in Paris, "—emploie——"

"Enough of *'on emploie,'* Cecilia. *Continuez, vite, vite!"* cried the old woman, her eyes sparkling. The harsh consonants of her French might have been a different language.

"I am stupid, Miss von Anschutz," said Cecilia gently. "I have forgotten."

"Yes, Cecilia." A smile of contentment stole over the French teacher's face. "Yes, you were a stupid child."

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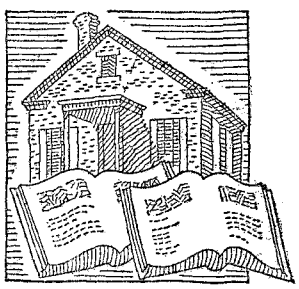
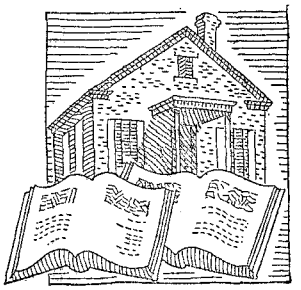
Politicians, Teachers, and Schoolbooks



By P. A. Knowlton



The Editor of the Educational Department of The Macmillan Company cites the havoc which politicians, the public, and teachers themselves wreak upon schoolbooks by false economy and attempts to make texts conform to local or professional prejudices

"You must see our new school." If you should visit a hundred communities of various sizes chosen at random throughout the United States, civic pride would express itself oftener in this sentence than in any other. You would be shown museums, memorials, factories, and capitols less frequently than schools. And by school would be meant school building. The emphasis of your guide would be upon architectural features—façades and domes and tiled swimming pools. Rarely if ever would it be upon that essential but invisible process of social adaptation called education that goes on within the physical structure of the school plant. What we can see, we understand.

In a vague way every one senses the fact that a school building exists for a good purpose. This has to do with education, and the man in the street has seldom questioned the idea that popular education is a good thing. He knows that its goals are somehow related to those of another institution which he approves—democracy. But most of us have been too content to leave to others all consideration of the route by which these goals are to be reached. That, we feel, is the business of teachers and those super-teachers called educators—bookish people who, we think, could not compete with us in our several occupations and whom we are inclined therefore to regard as a bit ill-adjusted to life. In our age-old occidental preference for things, facts, realities, we despise thoughts, ideas, and their physical embodiment in books. We pay lip service to the invention of Gutenberg, but continue to prefer brick and mortar to brains and paper and ink.

If the teacher suffers from this inversion of values in the popular idea of what constitutes a school, the book is well-nigh obliterated. Rivalling the teacher as a means of transmitting ideas, the American schoolbook has for a generation been the football of politics, the scapegoat of orators, journalists, and teacher critics, and the first and readiest offering to the god of False Economy.

Yet the statement has frequently been made by competent students of comparative education that American schoolbooks are the best in the world. Our primary readers, with their subtle anticipation of every difficulty and their wealth of beautifully colored illustrations, are often contrasted with the drab and difficult "infant readers" used by children in other English-speaking countries. It is pointed out that we have led the world in our understanding of child psychology and in our application of what we know to the writing and editing of textbooks. American schoolbooks, moreover, have been kept up to date not only in their factual content but in their appropriateness to a changing civilization. Not without justice did Cedric Fowler call attention, in a recent number of *The New Outlook*, to the stultifying effect of putting into the hands of children of the unemployed smug textbooks in the social studies that describe America as the land of freedom and of plenty, where political and economic problems have been satisfactorily solved. Even though Mr. Fowler failed to find them, there are many post-depression books that view our institutions humbly and realistically. There have long been social, rather than political and military, histories that correspond closely to his ideal. There is a new generation of textbook authors who appreciate the fact that true patriotism consists in striving to make our institutions ever better rather than to glorify them as they are.

In spite of the large contribution of schoolbooks to the educational process, their cost has never been more than 2 per cent of the total cost of public education. One might suppose that, in these days of larger classes and increased handicaps for the teacher, an item of such trifling cost but pivotal importance would be in-

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creased rather than decreased, to offset in some measure the deleterious effects of the major economies that nation-wide tax delinquency has forced upon the schools. Not so. In their unwillingness to take relative values into consideration, the makers of school budgets have reflected the attitude of the American people toward education as a whole. Just as the schools, always politically helpless, have been curtailed to an extent unparalleled even in autocratic countries incomparably poorer than our own, so books, inanimate and therefore unable to talk back, have been virtually eliminated from many school budgets.

What is the result in the classroom? A schoolbook publisher recently took steps to find out. He learned of school districts that had not changed a single text in ten, twelve, yes, sixteen years—not since two depressions ago. The state department of public instruction in a certain state told the publisher's representative in strict confidence that tens of thousands of children in that state were entirely without books and without prospect of books. One state with an adequate statutory tax levy specifically for schoolbook purposes was revealed as diverting this revenue to miscellaneous school uses and getting along with tattered books like the other forty-seven; there, as elsewhere, books long ago discarded or condemned were brought up from the cellar and down from the attic and put back into circulation for nobody knows how many more years.

Most significant were the reports of specific instances of schoolbook shortage. An eastern city in a metropolitan area issuing rubber bands to hold the books together on windy days. One set of books used in rotation by six classes a day. Pupils industriously tearing apart ninety incomplete books to make thirty full sets of soiled but still legible sheets. Or, in less extreme cases—and that means in very nearly all the rest of the public-school systems of the nation—the virtual discontinuance of library accessions, restricting the purchase of supplementary books of any kind to a third or a fourth or a tenth of the quantity provided in 1928, and buying a few copies of an obsolete edition of a basal text to "fill in" after a new and better edition had been published.

II

Let me not be misunderstood. American schoolbooks, even when bountifully supplied, are not perfect; they are not even as perfect as their authors and publishers could make them. There are certain topics that no one dares to present with full frankness or complete sincerity if he wishes to distribute his product at all widely. The reason? The ceaseless and aggressive efforts of propagandist organizations and minorities of every description, selfish or merely domineering, to dictate what shall be taught and what shall not be taught in our schools. The shoulder-shrugging acquiescence of legislators and schoolmen whenever an addition is proposed to an already overcrowded curriculum in the sacred name of Uplift. The confident expectation of school teachers, too often justified, that they will lose their jobs if they recommend the use of books that violate local taboos. Biologies that teach evolution are thus proscribed in Tennessee. Books by Catholic authors on subjects totally unrelated to religion are likely to be discriminated against in sections of the country that are markedly Protestant. Notoriously susceptible to attack are books in the field of the social studies, especially histories. Try to sell in most states of the South a history that fails to designate the Civil War as the War Between the States or to devote as much space to Jefferson Davis as to Abraham Lincoln! In the wide-open spaces where men are traditionally men but really employees, try to get past a certain influential corporation a history that proclaims the dignity of labor and "gives the common people notions"! See what happens in I. W. W.-shy districts to histories that contain a fair discussion of socialism! In the Chicago of Mayor Thompson and the New York of Commissioner Hirshfield, of what value were scholarship and educational merit if a history failed to condemn King George III and all later Kings George in terms sufficiently opprobrious? The non-educational and often anti-educational blacklisting of books discourages honest authors, ruins publishers who are ingenuous enough to identify merit with salability, and disgraces American education.

There are, however, unmistakable signs of rebellion against such censorship. The public is awakening to the fact that, whatever may be said for our teaching of the three R's and of science (minus evolution in some states), we are making rather a fizzle of our education for citizenship. It is beginning to suspect that there may be some connection between pussyfoot teaching of the social studies and our incompetence as members of a social organism. Widely circulated school papers designed to facilitate the study of current events are facing squarely the problems presented by bootleggers, dishonest bankers, and racketeers. The pupils eat up this sort of thing, and not even the communities in which such parasites are most numerous have yet protested against so direct an assault upon the livelihood of their prominent citizens. What a serially published textbook-newspaper can do can perhaps be accomplished by the writers and users of a book. One of these days, and I think it will be in the not too distant future, some important school superintendent is going to tell an interfering busybody, be he political boss or president of the Chamber of Commerce or congressman or clergyman speaking out of turn, where to get off—and the profession of teaching will at last have attained its majority.

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This growing disposition to resent lay dictation in choice of subject matter, to follow the thorny paths of truth in preference to the rosy lures of chauvinism, provincialism, and bigotry reflects credit upon our educational leaders. It takes courage for a profession that is supported by public taxation to assert its right to make professional decisions while the purse strings are being drawn tight. For the first time in American history, a tax-harassed public is beginning to doubt whether a free education for everybody is worth its cost. The schools are under fire. This means that teachers and school administrators are under fire. Are they displaying toward books the same independence that they are coming to display toward the teaching of controversial subjects, the same critical attitude that they have long displayed toward the curriculum?

III

The feeling of school people toward books is a strange maze of contradictions. It has become the fashion for teachers to decry formal textbooks, yet they cannot agree on what informal textbooks should be like; not, at least, with sufficient unanimity to encourage the writing of such books except by naïvely hopeful or professionally ambitious authors. The very teacher who hopes to write her own text in the future is likely to be most outspoken in her condemnation of all books of today. And so is an altar defiled by its would-be priestess.

This proneness of teachers to belittle their most useful tool, to discredit and even to knife their chief assistant and sometimes their mentor, can be explained as a by-product of a long and bitter controversy between two schools of educational theory and practice. For fifteen years or more there has been open warfare between the conservatives and the progressives or, to use the terms that they apply to each other, the reactionaries and the radicals. The conservatives want to continue the separate teaching of most if not all of the subjects or compartments into which custom has analyzed human knowledge, skill, and experience. They advocate the maintenance of school discipline as such, with more or less constant and wholly frank teacher direction of classroom activities. "Basal" textbooks, designed for systematic study day after day and week after week, may be supplemented, to be sure, by optional companion books commonly read by entire classes, and by reference books, but with these teachers the basal textbook retains its pivotal and fundamental character. The progressives, on the other hand, want a new deal for the children—mergers and fusions and interlockings and obliterations of old subjects, the appearance if not the reality of pupil choice in place of teacher rule, and a few copies each of many books in place of many copies each of a few books.

As for theory, the progressive has apparently had the better of the contest. Ever since the World War he has been busily engaged in elaborating a philosophy of social and educational freedom. In part, his philosophy is the inevitable outgrowth of the pragmatic metaphysics of John Dewey, himself the intellectual grandfather of most progressive theories of pedagogy. In part, perhaps, it represents in its rejection of authoritarianism an effort to compensate us for the collapse of the specious ideals in defense of which our soldiers and civilians were rallied so effectively in war times. Of late, to be sure, the conservatives have taken heart. They have given voice to plausible suggestions as to relationships between crime waves and coddling pedagogy, between adult helplessness and lack of juvenile preparation for life as it will have to be lived. But as propounders of new theories they are in the minority. The progressive has dominated convention platforms, filled the pages of the professional journals, and written most of the books on education. In actual practice, he has been less successful. Hundreds of thousands of teachers have read the new literature not at all or with their fingers crossed, have continued to assign five pages rather than to teach tomorrow's lesson in advance, and have depended upon the textbook in a generally successful effort to "keep ahead of the class."

This servile attitude toward the formal textbook on the part of the less articulate wing of the profession has drawn sharp criticism from the more vociferous group. It has become the fashion for the educationally initiate to berate the textbook because it is capable of misuse. What difference does it make to them that the substitutes for the basal textbook rarely work? That a classroom where the library method is used rarely contains half as many books as the old-fashioned classroom in which each desk sheltered half a dozen books? That many a school, finding no textbook which follows its particular choice among the 35,000 courses of study recently produced at public expense for the glorification of the American teacher, is tempted to steal copyrighted passages from an assortment of books and to mimeograph a plagiarized and illegal patchwork syllabus as ephemeral as its course of study? That the outcry against the slavish following of textbooks, if carried into the classroom and extended thoughtlessly as it sometimes is to the painstaking use of any book, belittles one of the greatest safeguards of civilization and tends to defeat the public school? The progressive disapproves of the reactionary's books, and says so loudly and often. Scarcely less pointed is the conservative's criticism of the books produced and used by the radicals, the poorest and most extreme of which lend themselves easily to ridicule because of their emphasis upon methodology at the expense of content.

It matters not that, judged by any possible standard

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except comprehensiveness, the American schoolbook is, speaking broadly, without a peer: It is caught between the upper and nether millstones of progress and reaction. Each kind of teacher objects so vigorously to the other kind of book that the general public, hearing the fray from afar, concludes that there is something the matter with both. Gradually Father and Mother come to believe that John's and Mary's books are as inadequate in content as they are disreputable in appearance —for the schoolbooks that parents see today are the educational counterpart of torn wallpaper, sagging roofs, automobile graveyards, and toeless socks.

IV

One might suppose that this educational Cinderella, so often scorned by those whom she most helps, would receive scant attention indeed from the general public and those who make it their business to mold public opinion. No. As the one visible school expense paid directly by the parent before the days of free textbooks and still paid by him in districts—about two out of five —that require the children to furnish their own books, textbooks have long been recognized by the demagogues as having exceptional political possibilities. In half our states state-adoption laws have been passed. These tend to keep the control of books in the hands of the politicians and keep the plums to be awarded or the economies to be capitalized, as the case may be, as large as possible; in a word, they keep the everyday teacher from choosing the books which she thinks best for her particular school.

Though books, as we have seen, have never accounted for more than one or two cents of the school dollar, the other ninety-eight or ninety-nine cents are buried in a non-itemized tax bill, and for more reasons than one it is to the advantage of the politicians to discourage the practice of exhuming any item so buried. Promises of textbook savings, sometimes small and real but oftener impossibly large and therefore unreal, are dangled adroitly before the eyes of the voters. A favorite trick of the politicians is to attempt to arouse public animus against the schoolbook publishers, and to feature themselves as Davids slaying a "book-trust" Goliath that fattens itself with exorbitant profits at the expense of the people. They neglect to tell you that the average ratio between a publisher's cash outlay on each book and his net selling price is exceptionally favorable to the consumer in comparison with other articles sold to the school or used in the home. Likewise they neglect to tell you that the various corporations of which this alleged trust is said to be formed are so distrustful of one another that it has been like pulling teeth to get them to agree to the simplest of NRA codes.

In the same state the policy with reference to books is likely to vary with the economic complexion of the times and consequently with changing ideas of political expediency. Years ago state adoptions of books were sometimes awarded at prices that permitted not only a margin of profit but, if we may believe the unsuccessful bidders, a margin of boodle. Today the pendulum has swung so far in the opposite direction that the textbook commissions of these same states often refuse to consider any but the cheapest books in certain major subjects, rejecting without serious examination what are generally regarded by teachers as the best books in those subjects because of their publishers' unwillingness to offer them at cutthroat prices.

In this scheme of things the school children, of course, have always been the last to receive any consideration. They will not receive it until their parents awaken to the absurd disproportion between the trifling cost of their children's books and the very large contribution of books to their education. Then they will sense the incongruity of gilded domes over empty school desks and bookless library shelves. They will begin to recognize the fallacies of textbook demagogy and to resent corruption, intimidation, and selfishness as factors in the choice of schoolbooks. At length—not immediately—they will demand, in hard times as in good times, a new book in every subject for each child each year—books chosen by competent teachers from America's unparalleled educational list, at a total cost of perhaps three, certainly not more than four, cents out of each school dollar. They will no longer tolerate slashes in the one small item in the school budget the reduction of which is educationally most ruinous. They will abolish book adoptions, for when each child is given a new and modern outfit of books each year every argument for textbook uniformity will have disappeared along with the motives underlying most of our textbook legislation.

Complete local freedom in the choice of books—freedom from outside restraint, freedom from petty economic inhibitions, freedom even from the consequences of past mistakes—was the goal of the original advocates of "free textbooks." The practice of lending old books year after year to oncoming generations of children has served only to defeat this purpose. Yet it is an important objective, closely bound up with the ultimate success of public education in a democracy which must make its education successful if it is to survive. We fail to evolve an equitable and workable system of production and distribution, and, for our failure, cheerfully pay billions in programs of relief and public works. We fail to teach social co-operation in our schools, and haggle over the 25 per cent difference in cost between educational progress and educational makeshifts. Then, having deliberately handicapped the next generation through crippling our schools, we concentrate our "economies" on the one minute item where any honest teacher will tell you they do the most harm. Are we consistent?

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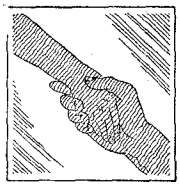
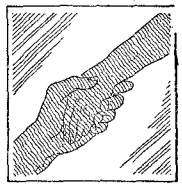
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY

Does the World Owe Me a Living?



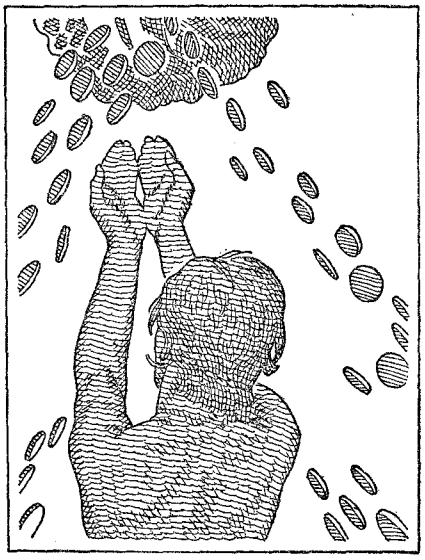
A woman, living on relief, contrasts the attitudes of the present and the past concerning thrift, industry, and other traits generally regarded as virtues. This is a companion piece to "We Live on Relief" (April SCRIBNER'S*)*



THRIFT, industry, self-reliance, fortitude—these virtues have become vices and will destroy the individual who practises them. This is an unpleasant thought, but millions of us today are being forced to accept it. The farmer whose bumper crop is a sin, all those whose savings became hoardings—any one exposed to the economic conditions of today, if his character has been set in the old culture, will find himself hampered by ideas and attitudes which are no longer appropriate. At first this is only bewildering. But as the pressure increases, as adaptation to the new conditions becomes necessary, the bewilderment gives place to pain.

Samuel Butler tells of an impoverished gentlewoman who had to take her money out of Consols and invest in railway stock in order to give her boys a start in life. She was in an agony of shame and grief. But in a short time her capital doubled, she was able to put it back into Consols, and died in honor and peace. Probably there was an older sister whom nothing could induce to speculate, and she died of worry, shaking her head and saying, "It doesn't pay to be good."

I am continually being forced to see myself as that older sister. In "We Live on Relief" Ann Rivington tells of waiting to get on the city relief roll. The representative explains to these applicants that there will be a delay due to lack of funds, but they refuse to leave the offices without "a better answer" than that. It's hard to imagine a better answer. But their single-mindedness



gets them relief out of turn. I'm sure that is what happened.

I too have lived on Home Relief and had harrowing experiences. But for me the most painful part was learning of this new state of mind, seeing the inappropriateness of my moral attitudes. I was misoriented from the very beginning. The investigator told me of a family of fourteen who had been on the city for two years. I first thought there was something indecent about a family being so big if it was going to be destitute. It required a lot of second thought for me to see how this case was fourteen times as deserving as the single man out of work.

When I finally did get relief, by that same first thought, I was astonished at how much was done for the destitute. I found the relief liberal, the personnel of the administration considerate, and all my contacts with them pleasant.

The allowance for me as a single woman amounted to thirty-five dollars a month. Considering that I had full leisure for cooking and laundry work, and that a job makes demands in carfares, clothes, and lunches, I thought it compared very well with working full time for twelve dollars a week—a thing I was once glad to do. How could I help feeling guilty toward the laundry workers and needle-trade operatives who are still working for forty dollars a month and less?

The investigator is the judge of what is necessary in each case. Of course she doesn't advertise the maximum the city is prepared to give. But she sees to it that there are rent, food, clothing, and heat. Very commonly there is an allowance of two hundred pounds of coal a week in addition to gas. This coal is better than I usually buy and about twice the amount a careful person burns in a kitchen range, doing all the household cooking, but keeping it banked at night. But I know of one case on relief where in addition to the two hundred pounds of coal a week there are average monthly bills of four dollars for gas as well as something for electricity. Not many housewives through the country dare use four dollars' worth of gas when there is a coal range burning in the kitchen!

After the worry and struggle and discouragement, which naturally precede appealing for relief, the kindness shown me by every one connected with the administration moved me greatly. I was too sick by the time I actually

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got my checks to care much what I did about them beyond getting some milk and eggs. There was no heat in the apartment but the coal was eight blocks away and I certainly couldn't carry it. So I simply went to bed. As time passed and I didn't take my coal, the police began to worry about me. Several times an officer came to my door to talk over what I should do about it. Finally, in desperation, they delivered some themselves. Before that was burned I had recovered myself sufficiently to find a carrier who would deliver it for twenty-five cents a bag. But the policemen's concern cheered me every bit as much as the coal itself.

I consider the Home Relief investigator better fitted for what she has to do than the general run of case workers. Dietetics, budgeting, social psychology, are not her field. Her job is to find out the real economic condition of the home. And for this nothing takes the place of an education in poverty. These investigators are drawn from among those who first applied for relief. They have been through it themselves. It is not necessary to try to impress them. It's not necessary to leave off one's good clothes which cost a lot but couldn't possibly be sold. And it is very difficult to fool them. They know what it's possible to get along on. And they know an untrue story when they hear it.

Times of great hardship—war or flood or economic crisis—make us conscious of the fundamental brotherhood of human beings. The Home Relief investigator and the applicant have a great experience in common. And in many cases this outweighs, practically and emotionally, any lack in education and training on the part of the investigator. A real contact is possible here which may have ceased to be possible even with one's chosen friends.

I would like to go on and tell about the food allowance, how much can be done on it. Thousands of us in desperation have appealed to the community for help. I would enjoy telling the story of how well the community is responding. And I know there are other people who would tell the same story.

But these people are not in the majority. Out of these very same experiences, most people today tell a story of suffering and abuse. And I am constantly asked, what kind of perversity is it that makes me want to tell the story I do when I know that the contrary one is true?—thirty-five dollars a month is not a decent living. All the people I know living on the relief are badly nourished. The sympathetic policemen did not trouble their heads about how I was to find those quarters continually. And the kind investigator frequently caused me real suffering. All these things are true.

Everybody I know living on Home Relief is malnourished. But I don't know any one who is actually sticking to his food allotment. There are very few grocers who insist on the regulations as to what may be taken on the credit checks. If a customer chooses to be extravagant, who is a grocer to force him to act sensibly? Especially as he can do it only once. The customer will take the next check to some one more obliging and the grocer will be out that much a week.

Probably the greatest sinning in this respect is in regard to tobacco. People who smoke want tobacco more than beans, and they usually get it. Often enough this means one dollar out of the two dollars and a half weekly allowance. In addition to tobacco there is the problem of cash. Some grocers will give change for the balance of the check. If not, the individual will get friends to buy food from him. Legally this is a serious offense. Nevertheless some cash is an absolute essential for the occasional postage stamp, subway fares, razor blades, and so on. In this way the food allowance is reduced until the family is almost living on the Federal food package.

Salt pork has a rather pleasant taste when it is properly cooked. But it's not a thing a city woman is likely to know what to do with—and no one tells her—and a great deal of it goes into the garbage can. When I opened my first package I recognized "sow-belly." Even with a middle-western background, I had only a literary acquaintance with that meat. I went to five homes which had been receiving relief for some time and asked what to do with it. And at each place I got the answer, "Throw it out!" Well, I baked it first and then threw it out. But, unlike many, I have since learned how to cook it.

With a warm fire, and plenty of smokes, and the rent paid, and with not much forethought, malnutrition isn't unpleasant. It means staying in bed longer mornings, and being a bit more indolent afternoons. Until at last perhaps the individual comes under the notice of some physician who storms against the Home Relief and gets some other form of charity to supplement it.

I didn't apply for the relief as soon as I needed it. I waited until I had exhausted my landlord's patience, my own money, and all that my friends could spare. This was all noted on my registration and the case marked urgent. I was told to stay at home to wait for an investigator who would call in a day or two.

I had no money, and so had nothing to eat unless I went to friends' houses at meal times. There was no heat in my apartment and the water pipes were frozen. Like many others, I had been using the public library to keep warm. Expecting the investigator, I stayed home. Waiting, in itself, is a harrowing thing. I sat in my coat, cold, without food, afraid to leave the house for fifteen minutes, from eight in the morning till six at night. I waited like this for more than a week!

And every evening Job's comforters told me that unless I went to the offices of the Home Relief and made scenes the investigator would never come at all. Even if I had wholly believed this, I couldn't have done it. Not so much that it was against my principles, as that the habits of my body would not let me make such scenes. But I could write a hysterical letter. Eventually I did and that brought the investigator in two days.

And it was quite clear that it *was* the letter that brought her. If I hadn't written it I might very well have waited a month. And yet it is not the case that the Home Relief Office shelves applications with no intention of handling them. It is rather that the insistent cases—scenes, hysterical phone calls, weeping mothers, etc., etc.—take precedence. Of course they do! Any of us will attend to the loudest crier first—partly for our own peace, and partly because we assume that the one who has not cried yet can endure it a little longer.

Even after the registration is over and one is part of the routine of Home Relief, there is an intolerable amount of waiting. This is because somebody else's emergency is always upsetting the rou-

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tine. Once the investigator did not arrive until seven-thirty. The stores had closed at six, so it meant going without food until the next day. Of course that was uncomfortable. But one family wailed so effectively that the investigator gave them fifty cents (out of her salary of twenty dollars a week) to get food in a delicatessen. They weren't a bit moved by this, hadn't the slightest feeling of gratitude (the word embarrasses me!), but thought they had been clever—it would insure her not being late again. I protested that the poor woman was horribly overworked, pointing out that she was supposed to be off at five and was still going at seven-thirty. I was told that was her problem. If a great many people acted as they did she would see to it that she wasn't given more work than she could handle. Perhaps that is true.

In this new state of mind the individual has no obligation to be fair, or even truthful. His needs justify his acts. To the applicants this is a struggle for food. To them right conduct means effective conduct. And may not a regard for courtesy, or even honesty, be morbid when the necessities of life are at stake?

The Home Relief Office investigates an applicant's past work record—if they can—with a view to placing him in a job. When I registered there was a man ahead of me, in his forties, the head of a family, and they were making him take an oath because they didn't believe his simple statement. Three times he swore, "I never in all my life worked for anybody." I didn't believe it, and the brazenness of it made me laugh. When honesty is not a good policy why should we be embarrassed into pursuing it?

I have given only mild instances of what I call the new state of mind. Stronger ones would be dangerous to tell, involving misrepresentation to the Relief Bureau and sabotage under CWA. But a general attitude of protest and recrimination is so effective, and has become so common, that one can hardly survive without it. Learning this has been the profoundest of my experiences under Home Relief.

A concern for one's dues instead of one's duties, shiftlessness and whining, have always belonged with the Jukes and Kallikaks. But today these attitudes have also a fine hardiness which makes them something to be reckoned with. They are part of a vital thing which goes far beyond applying for charity and which every one, exposed to conditions as they really are, must come to terms with, or be broken by.

Of course many of us will prefer to be broken. Like the lady who refused to speculate, we would rather die in our errors, saying "it doesn't pay to be good." But I think that lady's solicitor might have argued with her a bit. He could have pointed out that speculation was the chief use for which money existed and that under her principles this commodity was being abused. I don't think he could have altered her conduct. But he might have put her mind at rest about how the world was going.

And we too, whose characters are so set that we will be thrifty, industrious, self-reliant, and truthful, no matter how wicked these things may be—no matter how disastrous to ourselves and the community—we may get some consolation from seeing that the whole world hasn't simply gone mad.

I don't understand yet how industry is a bad thing, how we are all poorer for overproduction. I simply hear that this is so. But thrift—the economists begin to make it clear how saving and forethought and caution on the part of the individual may drag the wheels of progress. And self-reliance and fortitude *do* serve to perpetuate ills.

This country restricted European immigration because of the low standards of living of the European worker. His paucity of wants threatened our fulness of life. The same thing may hold on a much larger scale. Under our ideas of fairness, our respect for fortitude, lies the notion that this world is a vale of tears anyway. If all of us cried out more often, perhaps all of us would do more about it. Perhaps civilization has reached the point where further progress waits for its direction, and for the energy to accomplish it, on a great liberation of human desire.

Why is fortitude a more excellent thing than rebellion? We prefer it because we were conditioned that way. Even the little Spartan thief and liar was admirable since he let his belly be eaten out by a fox. There was nothing preposterous about this twenty years ago, because fortitude (and not respect for property rights, as the radicals allege) was the prime virtue in the culture which produced us. But in a highly civilized community, what purpose does it serve? What advantage does it bring its possessor which could not better be had by impudence?

The answer is, that it was not supposed to bring advantages. It was a Virtue and was desirable and good in its own right. But this attitude depended on a supernatural metaphysic. The privations and pains of this life were temporary, passing things, while the soul—the moral nature of man—was somehow eternal, an indelible mark in the cosmos. In such a philosophy it is a rhetorical question: What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? But if the soul is nothing the answer obviously is, "The whole world!"

The church teaches us to bear our cross, to endure the hardships of life with dignity. The church can justify this attitude. But those who have abandoned the Christian metaphysic will find themselves in a weak position when they object to the Christian ethic accompanying it.

A consistent atheism must base itself on human desire, must loosen the passions which religion has held down, in order to build a new "ethics of the dust." It sees the most vital aspect of humanity doped and shackled by myths. This is why communism must wage a bitter war against the Christ and the Buddha. Its mission, contrary to theirs, is to teach men to cry out, to know their desires, and to desire ever more and more—to demand and expect "the earth." And to rid their minds of all "bourgeois ideology" about right and wrong.

This is why communists stand in breadlines and complain about the food and go to the Red Cross and point out that the clothing is only cotton. They are educating their fellowmen in desire. When a dispossessed family is sitting on the street with its household goods the communist delegate arrives to tell them that they are suffering, that they are being abused. Often enough he fails to convince them. But often enough he succeeds. Slowly the chains —the habits of mind which make for calm in adversity—are being pried off.

The untutored passions which will then be set free are not pleasant to think of. The first frightful upheaval

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can be nothing but chaos. But perhaps beyond this lies great beauty. Given time to work out its harmony, this may prove the only road to a fulness of life such as we cannot even dream of. Of course it may prove the end of civilization. But if we can see hope in the new attitudes, even while we do not like them, if we can see the lack of courage and truthfulness and self-respect as the gropings of a new ethic, we shall have gone more than half way to meet the radical view. And they can come half way to meet us by taking this attitude themselves.

Few of them will take this stand as yet. Instead, they use the clumsy device of considering most of the world their enemy to whom they owe no obligation. If they could really rise above bourgeois prejudices and see that their radicalism was in the field of ethics rather than economics, they could spare themselves the strain of so much hate.

An Art Renascence Under Federal Patronage

By George Biddle

[Editor's Note:

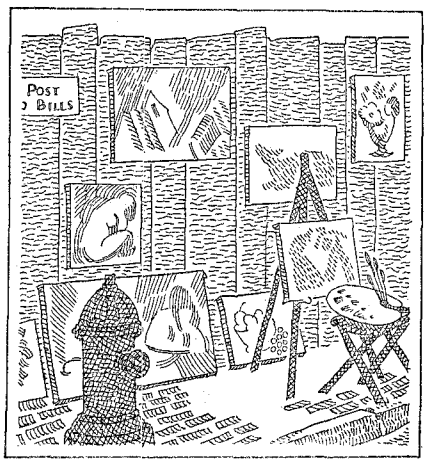
About a year ago—May 9, 1933—George Biddle wrote a letter to President Roosevelt containing the following statement:

> There is a matter which I have long considered and which some day might interest your administration. The Mexican artists have produced the greatest national school of mural painting since the Italian Renascence. Diego Rivera tells me that it was only possible because Obregon allowed Mexican artists to work at plumbers' wages in order to express on the walls of the Government Buildings the social ideals of the Mexican revolution.
>
> The younger artists of America are conscious as they never have been of the social revolution that our country and civilization are going through and they would be very eager to express these ideals in a permanent art form, if they were given the Government's co-operation. They would be contributing to and expressing in living monuments the social ideals that you are struggling to achieve. And I am convinced that our mural art with a little impetus, can soon result for the first time in our history, in a vital national expression.

On May 19 the President replied:

> I am interested in your suggestion in regard to the expression of modern art through mural paintings. I wish you would have a talk some day with Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Robert, who is in charge of the Public Buildings Work.

From this correspondence developed the Public Works of Art Project which employed 3000 artists. In the project, Mr. Biddle sees the beginning of a revival of art whereby the artist will move from the periphery to the core of national life.]



THOMAS CRAVEN, in a recent article "Art and Propaganda" (SCRIBNER'S for March), demonstrates in a very convincing manner that the painter in the great cultural periods of art has always felt a dominant faith or idealism. In giving expression to this faith he thus has a universal appeal. In the culmination of Gothic art in the thirteenth century the church supplied this central faith, which, canalized by Dante, Giotto and the west portals of Chartres Cathedral, expresses in these complete and perfect symbols the entire culture of the age. Two centuries later city-state or city-tyrant nationalism became a substitute for religious faith, which was weakening under the impact of science and the growth of capitalism.

During the four centuries of economic and social readjustment which followed the Italian Renascence the artist, no longer expressing a universal belief, moved from the centre of life to its periphery. As an artist he still continued to evaluate, criticize, and recreate life about him. But if he sympathized with the peasant he could not with the king. If he believed in the benefits of science he could not swallow the categoric imperatives of church dogmas. More and more he became an outsider, a rebel, a bohemian, a "fauve." Mural painting declined and was replaced by the easel picture, the growth of the private collection, and the emphasis on individualism in art. In a very real sense the artist became a prostitute in that he was no longer recognized as a functional necessity of society. Like the prostitute he was often well paid and slept in expensive beds, because he was fulfilling an extra-legal necessity.

As Mr. Craven points out, communism offers the artist an ideal or faith, the expression of which will bring him again from the periphery to the core of life; and until the artist returns to the core of life we will never have a vital national art. This does not mean, however, that communism is the ultimate haven for the artist. Human truths and values must always be of general interest. Particular religions or political creeds serve their purpose and die. How can an artist evaluate or criticize freely if he signs up to or takes orders from a party? Suppose that as an artist I hate intolerance, waste, and stupidity. I must hate them universally if my message is to have a universal appeal. If I am merely the propagandist of a political party and not of a general

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truth, my message will only appeal to the latitude of the interest in that party; but what is more dangerous is that as a judge of life, having signed a party pledge, my judgment is biased and my sincerity impugned.

The artist cannot expect "to win salvation merely by transferring his allegiance from one social group to another" but I take issue with Mr. Craven in his belief that in America today there is not a "dominant idealism, a spiritual force uniting artists in a common purpose"; and that "in the absence of a Utopian scheme, the artist must adapt himself to realities, put living above painting and do his best in the worst of worlds."

Is there any real conviction today that all Americans share and to which an artist could give universal expression? I think indeed there is such a universal conviction in America, although it has never been abstracted like the positive faith of the middle ages or the material agnosticism of the eighteenth-century encyclopedists. It is a pragmatic conviction that life could be beautiful and is not. And we see this universal conviction reflected from many angles of contemporary thought, through the works of Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Dos Passos, Sandburg and others; through the popular interest in such books as *Middletown,* Stuart Chase's *Men and Machines,* and the criticisms of American civilization by Lewis Mumford, Van Wyck Brooks, and others.

In our painting, too, there is a social self-awareness which is vastly different from the earnest, egotistic individualism of the rebels of fifteen or twenty years ago. The line of cleavage today is between the artists that paint still life—and by that I mean onions, flowers, nudes, models, they are all the same—and the artists who have social ideas to express.

Nothing is more typical of this swing of the pendulum away from art for art's sake, from esthetic self-probings, from "isms," technique, manner and quality—away from painting as such, if you will—than the growing interest in two particular fields of art: mural painting and the genre lithograph.

Architecture is perhaps the most collective, the least individual of all arts, in the sense that even the private house, which is the architectural expression for the individual, embodies many collective necessities. For not only does the individual house *contain* a small community but it is—and today more so than ever—*part* of a community. And so mural painting, to a greater degree than any other painting, is collective and social, rather than aristocratic and individual. And it is further obvious that the more collective and social is the nature of the building the more readily it adapts itself to noble, universal themes for mural work. If I am painting a mural in a dining-room it must be something that the owner and the successive owners of the dining-room can live with, and so my theme is restricted in emotional scope. But if I paint a mural for a post-office building, a railroad terminal, a theatre, the emotional range is greatly enhanced. It is not strange that at a picture gallery we meet with an abundance of flower pieces, landscapes, and nudes. It is a sad corollary of this fact that if an artist wishes to paint a theme which moves him, there is but one gallery in New York where it can appropriately hang and that is the John Reed Club. Not that artists are all communists, thank God; merely that moving themes hang sheepishly at a Fifth Avenue art dealer's. So for my part I am glad to see this reawakening of mural interest in America. Fresco is, as Michelangelo said, the most detached, impersonal, and masculine of all media. It does not lend itself to the "bel canto" tradition, to quality, atmosphere, or individual tricks. It expresses with austerity the nobility or meagreness of the design and, becoming actually part of the wall, it seems to fuse into the very marrow of the architecture.

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During the past century Currier and Ives prints were a popular art in the best eighteenth-century English tradition of satire and sentiment. In their humble way they took the place with us of the much more beautiful Japanese prints among the Japanese, stemming and degenerating from a much greater art current. But the particular merit of the former was not so much their inherent worth as the fact that they functioned as art in our social life. They were not bought through snobbism to become part of a "collection," a thing divorced from social life; but were popularly bought as were the Japanese prints; with no more selfconsciousness and in the same spirit as scenic postcards were bought, also to serve a social purpose, a generation later. The tradition of the Currier and Ives prints is dead. But the vitality of the movement of which they were a part is evidenced by their influence on many of our modern American artists. George Bellows revived, not for the people but for the collector, the interest in genre lithographs. And I think one of the most wholesome things about art today in America is the popularity, the cheapness, the almost universal excellence of our contemporary lithographs. On account of the narrowness of the scale and medium, the artist can put into them a social or emotional feeling, which on a more ambitious scale might frighten the conservatism and apathy of the public.

It is not enough, however, for an American renascence in mural art that there exists today a universal yearning for a happier social order and a universal recasting of the ultimate values of life. Nor is it enough that among our artists there is a growing desire to express in their work this latent American faith. There must also be sufficient liberality and intelligence among those who dispense public mural spaces to make this yearning a reality. Until the present, neither liberality nor intelligence has been shown by architects and governmental departments, but during recent months many changes have come about. An examination of what has been accomplished at Washington should convince the most pessimistic that the stage is now set for what *may* become a very real renascence in American art.

On November 29, 1933, L. W. Robert, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in charge of Public Buildings work, made the statement:

> Provision for the encouragement of the fine arts has always been recognized as one of the functions of the Federal Government, and it is obvious such provisions should be enlarged in times of depression. The work of artists and craftsmen greatly aids every one by preserving and increasing our capacity for enjoyment and is particularly valuable in times of stress. Hitherto this field has not been adequately developed. As the Treasury is the Department concerned with Federal buildings, a movement to aid the fine arts and artists and craftsmen is its particular concern.
>
> We consider it a great pleasure and privilege

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to encourage this movement and hope that it will promote the appreciation of art in our country. It will be the purpose of the committee to find merit wherever it exists and the search will not be dominated by any particular school or group. We plan to find opportunities for this work in the embellishment of Federal building, with murals, sculpture and craftsmanship, in similar work on state and municipal buildings financed by the Federal Government, and in other directions where the opportunity develops.

We hope that private enterprise will follow our lead and realize that the encouragement of art is a vital factor in our civilization and culture and should be continuously supported in depressed as well as in boom periods. . . .

Such a statement could not conceivably have been made by a high government official in any former American administration. For the first time in our history the government has recognized the social necessity of art in life. Not only does it recognize the same responsibility to indigent artists as to indigent plumbers or bricklayers, it accepts a further responsibility to foster art and keep it alive during the depression. Such a statement and attitude may indeed mark the beginning of an epoch. It may be of interest to the artists of the country to know that the accomplishment was a result of correspondence with or an active participation by the President, Mrs. Roosevelt, Secretary Ickes, Secretary Morgenthau, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Robert, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Tugwell, Commissioner Harry L. Hopkins, Colonel Waite, Deputy Commissioner of the P.W.A., Henry T. Hunt, his legal counsel, Doctor Alexander Sachs, formerly chairman of the Research Committee of the NRA, and others.

But what has actually been accomplished by this government participation in the fine arts?

The Advisory Committee to the Treasury on Fine Arts was at once created and held its first meeting in Washington in December. It was felt that the committee could act with a greater weight of authority if it did so in conjunction with the advice of the leading museum directors throughout the country, who in turn could set up their own regional committees.

The members of the Advisory Committee of the Treasury on Fine Arts are Frederick Delano, Chairman, Harry L. Hopkins, Rexford G. Tugwell, Henry T. Hunt, Charles Moore, and Edward Bruce, Secretary. It would be difficult to appoint a more intelligent and liberal group to look after the interests of American artists, and Bruce as the active administrator of the committee deserves the greatest credit for its far-reaching results.

The first thing the committee did was to set up the Public Works of Art Project, with Forbes Watson as a technical director, to spend and administer with the least delay and greatest efficiency the grant of about a million and a quarter dollars given it from the Civil Works Administration. So much has been written about this project that I wish here only to focus attention on certain aspects of it. There were very strict legal limitations to this grant of money. It had to be spent in relief work, to go to needy artists without jobs. The money could be spent only in employing artists. It could not be spent in buying works of art. The work done by the artists belongs to the government and can only be placed in buildings supported by taxes. Lastly the original grant, made on December 8, had to be spent by February 15. A subsequent grant extended this time to April 28.

One could not necessarily expect great works of art to come out of such a grant. Nor was that the intention. The immediate purpose of the P.W.A.P. was to keep alive some 2500 artists during a pretty cold winter and thereby to lift the morale of the artists throughout the country. It was to be expected that such a policy should be sabotaged by the Communists, even by Communist artists on the government payroll. The more an intelligent administration does for destitute men, the less chance is there to engender class hatred and foment class warfare. The P.W.A.P. was also sabotaged by organizations whose members in happier days had been contracting at $30 to $35 a square foot for mural paintings. If the government dared to employ a starving artist at rates between $22.50 and $42.50 a week, would such a policy cut into their swill? With more business acumen they might have supposed that a revived interest in art and mural art throughout the country would bring them, too, in course of time, their plums. But they did not see things in this light and when the news was first released to the papers there was more than one New York society ready to "board a train for Washington and fight things to the finish." Then the word was whispered about that an attempt to obstruct governmental relief to needy artists would not put the obstructionists in the happiest of lights, and the overt howling quieted down. But I suspect that sabotage has been going on and will continue.

Actually "the first artist was employed on December 9 (the day after the P.W.A.P. began business). The growth of the project is indicated by the following figures: on December 20 there were 736 artists and three laborers employed; on January 3, 1444 artists and twenty-seven laborers; and on February 7, 2294 artists and 168 laborers. Every State in the Union is represented in the employment of artists."[1]

I have myself seen in the P.W.A.P. offices in Washington some two or three hundred examples, water-colors, oils, and engravings, of the work done. Even supposing that this work represents the cream of the accomplishment, I consider it quite on a par with much of the French and American art exhibited at the very best New York dealers. And it must be remembered that much of the work is by younger and unknown artists.

Notwithstanding the limitations of the grant, the lack of funds for equipment and the short space of time allotted, the Federal Government now owns some seven thousand paintings which are being framed and distributed to schools, hospitals, colleges, and hung in the offices of the senators and representatives in Washington.

By the end of December some fifty mural projects were under way all over the country. Nine mural projects were started in Dallas, Texas; two more in McKinney, three in San Antonio, two at Denver. In Philadelphia murals were begun at the Philadelphia Normal School, several high schools, the Ellen Fleisher Vocational School and in several kindergartens. Murals were under way in Pittsburgh; two more in the Colorado State Home for Dependent and Neglected Children; in New York many mural designs have been undertaken; in Iowa a series of murals for the State College and the State Hospital; others in Georgia, and at New Haven, Connecticut. Twenty-six artists

[1] "Implications of the Public Works of Art Project," by Edward Bruce, *American Magazine of Art*, March, 1934.

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are at work on as many panels in one project in California. In New England, by the end of February 125 projects were started and applications for 350 additional projects were on file. Throughout the country 501 murals have been completed or are nearing completion.

The accomplishment was made possible through the voluntary contribution in services and for equipment in different communal centers. The sixteen regional chairmen and some 500 men and women on their committees, museum directors, art patrons, teachers, and collectors are giving their services free. "Not one penny has been expended for the offices of any of the regional committees, all space having been donated. Colleges and art museums and art schools have donated the space for the artists to work. Art departments in colleges have turned their students over as assistants on projects and credited the work done to the students as part of their curriculum." In one week in which the payroll was $85,000 the entire cost of materials amounted only to $175! "Towns where work was to be done held public meetings and by private subscription raised the cost of equipment."

The subject matter of these various regional mural projects becomes a loose graphic survey of the contemporary American scene. No more Greek ladies, with cheese cloth bound about their nipples, cluttered up with scales, lambs, sheaves of wheat. No more Hellenic nudes representing the spirit of American Motherhood, Purity, Democracy and the Pioneer Spirit. Here are some of the subjects of these mural projects: the basic industries of Texas; development of education in Texas; food resources, giving the different elements that go into the cultivation and marketing of food; clothing and shelter; the modern treatment of the stage; primitive art contrasted with modern art; education and agriculture; the Uncle Remus cycle; the industries of New Haven; Charles Goodyear and rubber, Chauncey Jerome and clocks, Brewster and carriages, Thomas Sanford and the match; industrial production, food production and agriculture: the city life resulting from both; recreational life, indoors and out-of-doors; pictorial records of public works and civilian conservation camps, such as Boulder Dam and reforestation.

Once the subjects are decided upon and allotted, the artists themselves are allowed complete technical freedom of execution in the work. In one project in California, for instance, the regional director, Mr. Walter Heil, writes: "The artists themselves are enthused about this project and show a most encouraging spirit of co-operation. They have elected one of their own group as a director, in order to co-ordinate the scale and palette in co-operation with the committee."

Edward Bruce and Forbes Watson are receiving daily letters from artists all over the country, who for the first time in our history are beginning to recognize that they are filling a need in our social structure and that a great democracy has become their patron. And although the actual grant of money could only employ about one out of four needy artists, yet Bruce writes me that "we get less than two complaints a week from the entire United States as to the fairness and impartiality of our chairmen in selecting artists." But let one letter indicate what this project has meant to all of us. From Woodstock comes this testimonial: "The spirit in which the artists in Woodstock are going at it would, I am sure, please you very much, and make you feel how worth while it is, as they are more than anxious to do their best and to produce things which will do them credit. We almost feel as if we had a new lease on life, as though suddenly we had a new incentive for existence."

Such an accomplishment should convince the most sceptical that the P.W.A.P. has been more than a temporary relief measure. If it had not even been that, one could still have argued that a million dollars could not have been spent more intelligently as propaganda to make the whole country art conscious. Personally I do not believe that an equivalent sum of money was ever so judiciously laid out by any government in the acquisition of public works of art.

The Advisory Committee to the Treasury hopes that April 28th is not the end of it all. And so while carrying on the P.W.A.P. relief work, the committee is listing all such Federal buildings as already have Treasury allocations for mural work. Through their regional committees they are listing all state and municipal buildings, which could properly be decorated through state or municipal aid. They are studying the possibility of earmarking a fraction of all building money, loaned by the P.W.A. to be set aside for murals, decorative sculpture and the crafts.

So we see that during the past four months a small beginning has indeed been made, and there need not be too much pessimism about the "artist's adapting himself to realities" and "doing his best in the worst of worlds." On the contrary, I think, he should feel that as long as we have a President who has recognized the necessity of art in life, and among his administration leaders who are intelligently putting that recognition into practice, the government has paved the way for a national revival in American art, and the artist need not feel too gloomy about the future ahead of him.

YOU ARE THE LIVING HEIRS

By Kimball Flaccus

IMPETUOUS young minds in other countries
That eastward front the far American shore,
Sweet-bodied girls, strong boys by the Pacific,
You are the living heirs, and you must be
Draftsmen of life, and engineers of peace;
Your contract holds you to infinity.
Today is yours, today the abundant earth
Is beautiful with spring in Illinois;
High Blue Ridge meadows drowse beneath the heat.
Among damp leaves along the Wissahickon
White blood-root springs to contradict the mold:
So shall you pierce all fears and ceremonies,
So shall the petals like a crown of candor,
Fed by thick roots that draw strength from the soil,
Stand up unwithering in a world of change.

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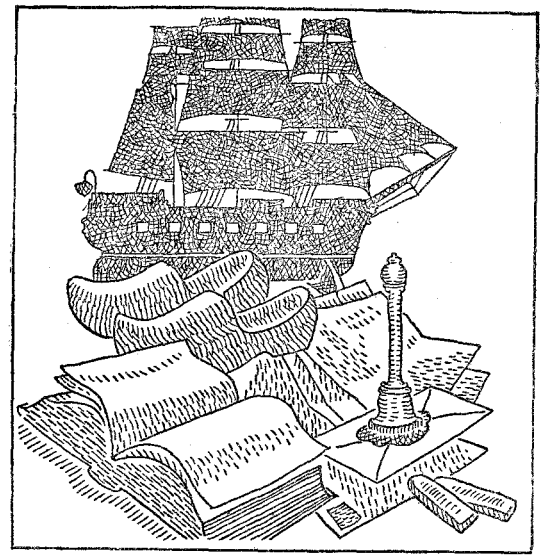
AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps



Selected List of 100 Books of the Year . . .
A New Mark Twain Anecdote . . . What Godey's Thought of "That Forward Hussy Elaine"

HERE follows my own selected list of books from those published since the first of May, 1933. I have included no translations; these are all British, Irish, or American. I consider every one of these books worth reading; and those who are buying books for clubs, public or private libraries, may find this list helpful. It is of course a personal list; as I am more interested in literature—by which I mean books that deal with "love and nonsense, men and women"—than I am in economics, statistics, politics, science, the comparatively small attention here paid to such transitory themes will be understood. An explanation; not an apology.

GENERAL LITERATURE

The Name and Nature of Poetry, by A. E. Housman. The most important lecture of the twentieth century.

Journal, by Arnold Bennett. Complete in one vol. Even trivialities become interesting.

Over Here, by Mark Sullivan. (Vol. V of *Our Times.*) This volume describes America just before and during the war.

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, by Gertrude Stein. The colossal exception to her general drivel.

England, Their England, by A. G. Macdonell. A masterpiece of humor, sympathy, insight.

Memoirs of a Spy, by Nicholas Snowden. Thrilling adventures on the Eastern front by a boyish linguist.

The Book of Talbot, by Violet Clifton. Talbot takes on immortality.

The First World War, by Laurence Stallings. The only war book where every page is true.

The Drama of the Mediaeval Church, by Karl Young, 2 vols. A work of monumental scholarship.

Myself and My Friends, by Lillah McCarthy. Entertaining story of theatrical experiences.

Faith. A Historical Study, by Stewart Means. Well written history of the growth and development of organized Christianity.

Crowded Hours, by Alice Longworth. Sprightly autobiography.

George Lewes and George Eliot, by Alice Kitchel. First good biography of Lewes.

Unpublished Letters of Coleridge, ed. Earle Leslie Griggs, 2 vols. A revelation of his personality, character, and struggles.

The Four Gospels, by Charles C. Torrey. Most important recent work on the New Testament.

War Memoirs, by Lloyd George. Chiefly interesting for portraits of persons.

Charles Dickens, by Stephen Leacock. Latest estimate of the greatest of British novelists.

While Rome Burns, by Alexander Woollcott. Excellent conversation.

William the Conqueror, by Phillips Russell. Impartial, scholarly, interesting.

Poor Splendid Wings, by Frances Winwar. Admirable account of the Pre-Raphaelites.

The House of Exile, by Nora Waln. Excellent pictures of life in China.

Johnson's England, ed. by A. S. Turberville, 2 vols. Text and illustrations remarkably interesting.

Jean de Reszke and the Great Days of Opera, by Clara Leiser. The first biography of the greatest of all opera singers.

The Life and Friendships of Dean Swift, by Stephen Gwynn. The man as revealed in his correspondence.

The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism, by T. S. Eliot. Penetrating and illuminating.

Reminiscences of an American Scholar, by John W. Burgess. A professor's life can be exciting.

Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour, by John Tasker Howard. Highly interesting and thoroughly documented biography of the author of *My Old Kentucky Home.*

The People's Choice, by Herbert Agar. The best of all biographical histories of the U. S.

Everyday Life in Ancient Greece, by C. E. Robinson. Mark Sullivan's method applied to ancient history.

Cecil Rhodes, by Herbert Baker. Brief biography by his architect and intimate friend.

My House of Life, by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Good autobiography and valuable history of American poetry in the twentieth century.

George Washington Himself, by John C. Fitzpatrick. As truthful as the hero.

Twice Seven, by H. C. Bainbridge. Eccentric and irresistible.

Remember When? by M. Thérèse Bonney. Full page photographs of fashion 25 years ago.

Geoffrey Chaucer, by J. L. Lowes. As scholarly as it is enthusiastic.

More or Less About Myself, by Lady Oxford (Margot). Continuously entertaining. Good anecdotes.

Three Plays, by Bernard Shaw. The prefaces are much better than the plays.

Brazilian Adventure, by Peter Fleming. "Ours was not that sort of expedition."

Colonel Lawrence, by Captain Liddell Hart. The biography of T. E. Shaw by a military expert.

Richard Harding Davis, by Fairfax Downey. An admirable account of his life and times.

They All Sang, by Edward B. Marks. Entertaining and copiously illustrated review of the subject from Tony Pastor to Rudy Vallée.

New Light on Longfellow, by J. T. Hatfield. Accurately described by its title. Story of the early years in Europe.

Windows on Henry Street, by Lillian D. Wald. Full of vital information, and something more.

The Queen and Mr. Gladstone, by Philip Guedalla. Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung.

Contemporary American Literature and Religion, by Halford E. Luccock. Lively criticism by a clergyman.

The Chinese. Their History and Culture, by Kenneth Scott Latourette, 2 vols. Valuable historical work by one who knows.

The Best Plays of 1932–1933, by Burns Mantle. Indispensable for students and lovers of the theatre.

First Over Everest, by Members of the Houston-Mount Everest Expedition. Thrilling in text and in pictures.

Post-Bag Diversions, by E. V. Lucas. From Barrie, Beerbohm, Bennett, etc.

Special Delivery, by Branch Cabell. Unflattering reminiscences of various correspondents.

The Conquest of a Continent, by Madison Grant. Racial analysis of American population.

The Log of a Limejuicer, by James P. Barker. Exciting experiences under sail.

Shark! Shark! by Captain William E. Young. Horrible pictures and exciting descriptions. Well, are they man-eaters?

The Sporting Gesture, ed. by Thomas L. Stix. Anthology of sport.

Marlborough, by Winston Churchill, 2 vols. The sword and the pen.

Letters of Robert Browning, ed. by Thurman Hood. A gentleman in Victorian society.

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Out and About, by Archibald Marshall. Entertaining autobiography.
On Reading Shakespeare, by Logan Pearsall Smith. Refreshing and stimulating.
Queen Elizabeth, by J. E. Neale. Accurate and luminous.

FICTION

The Unforgotten Prisoner, by R. C. Hutchinson. An unforgettable novel.
Work of Art, by Sinclair Lewis. His best since Dodsworth, and perhaps before that.
Anthony Adverse, by Hervey Allen. The sensational success of the year.
The Mother, by Pearl S. Buck. Sublime in its simplicity.
The Soft Spot, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. His best since *If Winter Comes.*
Heavy Weather, by P. G. Wodehouse. The incomparable Wodehouse.
They Brought Their Women, by Edna Ferber. Short stories of real life.
Flush, by Virginia Woolf. Life as apprehended through the nose.
Gipsy Waggon, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. Perhaps we shall all come to this.
Bonfire, by Dorothy Canfield. Outside and inside.
Oil for the Lamps of China, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. A story of interpretation.
L'Affaire Jones, by H. Bernstein. An international novel with national humor.
The Bird of Dawning, by John Masefield. His best novel.
Men Against the Sea, by Nordoff and Hall. The reverse side of Captain Bligh's character.
Within This Present, by Margaret Ayer Barnes. A Chicagoish saga.
Ah King, by Somerset Maugham. Superb examples of the art of the short story.
A Modern Tragedy, by Phyllis Bentley. Individual and social.
Come Out of the Pantry, by Alice Duer Miller. Undiluted delight.
The Claimants, by Archibald Marshall. His best since the Clinton novels.
One More River, by John Galsworthy. And the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.
Presenting Lily Mars, by Booth Tarkington. Study of the artistic temperament.
Ida Elisabeth, by Sigrid Undset. Not her best, but better than the best of some others.

VERSE

Collected Poems. W. B. Yeats. The greatest poet in Ireland's history.
Chosen Poems. Thomas Hardy. In the Golden Treasury Series.
Talifer, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Remarkable differentiation of personalities.
Crucify Me! by Angela Morgan. Intense feeling.
Poems, by Archibald MacLeish. His own selections.
A Book of Americans, by Rosemary and Stephen Benét. American history attractively versified.
The Crows, by David McCord. Original.

THIRTEEN THRILLERS

Two O'Clock Courage, by Gelett Burgess. Nothing bromidic about this.
End of an Ancient Mariner, by G. D. and M. Cole. The murderer is a gentleman.
Secret Service Operator Thirteen, by Robert W. Chambers. The super-spy.
The Dragon Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine. His best since the *Greene* one.
The Shakespeare Murders, by Neil Gordon. Killing for literature.
The Broken O, by Carolyn Wells. Her best up to date.
The Doctor's First Murder, by Robert Hare. Amazing ending.
The Gallows of Chance, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. As good as you expected.
Murder of a Missing Man, by Arthur M. Chase. Not a dull moment.
Death On My Left, by Philip MacDonald. Original story of a prize-fighter.
Murder in the Calais Coach, by Agatha Christie. Wholesale murderers.
The State Versus Elinor Norton, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. The flash-back.
Murder Mansion, by J. H. Wallis. The last of the family.

THE FAERY QUEENE CLUB

An interesting letter from Professor Alfred E. Richards, of the University of New Hampshire.

This week my class in Spenser finished its *second* reading of the whole of the *Faerie Queene.* The members of the class were: Irene Couser, Helen Hope, Beatrice Lord, Richard Pierce, Margaret Rossell, Elsa Steele, and Charlotte Taylor. . . .

As to Spenser, I wonder whether he didn't have a larger sense of humor than the writing of six books (and a delayed spark of a seventh) would indicate. How his villains do fall! And what "sang froid" his heroes have! (*Cf.* Bk. III, xi, 15) "And, leaning on his elbowe, these few words lett fly." Spenser himself has a bit of it (*Cf.* III, xii, 45): "Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire." Consider again (IV, v, 42)

"And, if by fortune, any little nap
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his headpeece with his yron mall."

Or (IV, vi, 11)

"Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement."

Or (IV, x, 25)

"And shadie seates, and sundry flowering bankes
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes."

I suppose I am reading a good deal into the following lines, but how casually the victim falls through a trap door!

(V, ii, 7)

"And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall *through oversight.*"

And here is Spenser's description of *backfiring* (one of the best):

(V, iii, 23)

"Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke;
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke."

I like this expression (V, vi, 19) "well shot in yeares he seem'd"; and what a charming phrase (V, viii, 1) "Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye"! And don't you like "a Sardonian smyle" (V, ix, 12)?

I think that Spenser is the only great English poet to recognize the value of a second tenor (I, xi, 7):

"And to my tunes thy *second tenor* rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze."

But—getting back to my statement that Spenser's villains fall "awful hard" when they do fall, I quote in support of the statement:

(I, xi, 54)

"So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that the earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundacion waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe great Neptune doth dismay:
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay."

Other new members are Virginia Kean Skinner, of Brownwood, Texas, a senior in Daniel Baker College; Mrs. D. A. Lovelace, of Louisville, Ky., who was inspired to read it by this column; Agnes Brunies and Donald Risinger, sophomores at Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, who read the poem under the direction of the Head of the English Department, Claud Howard.

Miss Skinner suggests that an edition of the F.Q. in good type be recommended by the President of the Club. The most beautiful edition ever published is The Complete Works, in ten volumes, edited by Alexander B. Grosart. Only 150 copies were issued, but this edition pops up in book catalogs not infrequently. I got an uncut set for $17.50. The Johns Hopkins Press of Baltimore is issuing a Variorum edition. A cheap but very clearly printed edition is that edited by Kate M. Warren, in six volumes. This I believe was handled in this country by the Macmillan Company. In England it was published by Constable. I find that on January 31, 1908, I read all the twelve cantos of the First Book, in two hours and a half, while travelling on the Empire State train between New York and Albany.

A new anecdote on Mark Twain from W. L. Terhune, of Brookline, Mass.:

I was born in Newark, New Jersey, where I lived until I was about eighteen. While at school I had a desire to be on the earning side of life, and one day I noticed an adver-

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tisement of a music publisher for an assistant to help him on the program of the Newark Opera House. I applied and was engaged. My work was not only helping him secure ads, but going to the Opera House and superintending the distribution of the programs by the ushers; having this advantage I was entitled to free admission.

Among the most notable events was a series of Lyceum entertainments given by the Washingtonian Lyceum Society made up of an organization of the most prominent citizens of Newark. And one winter among those announced was a lecture by Mark Twain, on the Hawaiian Islands, that filled every seat in the theatre.

It was the custom before each entertainment, for Rhinehart's Band to give a half-hour entertainment commencing at 7:30 P.M. At this time Rhinehart's Band was one of the most famous in the United States. Following the concert the curtain would rise and the members of the Washingtonian Lyceum Society would be seated on the platform. At the completion of the concert and raising of the curtain silence prevailed, and while it was only a very brief period, it appeared like minutes before any action was taken. Finally a tall sparse looking man in full evening dress stepped up and raising his hand proceeded to introduce the speaker as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen it gives me great pleasure to welcome such a splendid audience to such a momentous occasion as this. The Washingtonians during their existence in conducting these splendid entertainments each year have made it their first thought to give only the very best our land affords, and tonight I think we have outdone ourselves in presenting to you the very distinguished gentleman who is our guest. To show you some of the labor and work in securing him, we found he was on a lecture tour, then commenced a series of letters, telegrams, etc. to reach him to secure a day and the cost of his services. I will tell you a little about the trials that followed. Not only did we have to take into consideration the cost of the lecture, it almost astounded us as to the sum, then we found that in addition to this we had to pay his railroad expenses from New York to Newark and back, to furnish him with a carriage from his hotel in New York to the railroad station, also from the railroad station in Newark to his hotel and from his hotel to the opera house, and also his hotel expenses in Newark. It amounted to a considerable sum I can assure you, but on this occasion, we were determined to have the very best that money could produce. And now ladies and gentlemen it gives me great pleasure to present to you Samuel L. Clemens, otherwise known as Mark Twain."

The speaker still remained standing, the audience was looking intensely for Mark Twain but no one appeared to come forward. Finally it dawned upon the audience that the speaker was Mark Twain himself, and during the pause you could have heard a pin drop. Before he could start his lecture the applause shook the building and continued for several minutes. Even after Mark Twain had commenced his address, the applause would interrupt him.

And another story also new to me. Once Mark was with his most intimate friend, the Reverend Doctor Joseph H. Twichell, and he began to swear with his usual fluency, when Twichell asked him to stop, saying it really wasn't necessary for him to be quite so profane. "Oh, Joe," said Mark, "you and I use exactly the same words, you in your prayers and I in my conversation; but we don't either of us mean anything by it."

As is well known, in England the British Broadcasting is endeavoring to standardize English pronunciation. Here are a letter and an editorial from *The London Times*.

Sir,—

What is a dutiful speaker of English to do? You publish today the latest word-list issued by the B. B. C. Advisory Committee on Spoken English, and on another page—in the obituary notice of Mr. H. W. Fowler—the statement, to which I suppose every member of that Committe would subscribe, that "the quality of C. O. D. has long been recognized as unrivalled." I have had the curiosity to compare these two authorities on the pronunciation of these 14 words, all of fairly common use, and find they disagree on five of them. For *atelier* the Committee gives ateliay, the dictionary atlya; for *conduit,* condewit and kundit or kondit; for *disputant,* dísputant and dispútant; for *intuit,* intewit and intuit; and for *swastica,* swostikka and swastika. One wants to bow to the authorities, but it is difficult to bow in two directions at once.

The Irishman, the two Scots, the American, and the two Welshmen who compose the Advisory Committee to the B. B. C. on points of spoken English have recommended that the word "conduit" shall henceforward be pronounced as if it had three syllables. This announcement was published yesterday—coinciding with the news of the death of H. W. Fowler, so that it is too late for that fine English scholar and lexicographer to give this solecism the trouncing it deserves. Did it never occur to the Committee to consult the Dictionary—any dictionary—or to look into the long history of the word, disyllabic for Chaucer, disyllabic for Shakespeare, and disyllabic still for all but those who would curry a kind of popularity by siding with ignorance and illiteracy? "Disputant" is another lapse which had better be corrected as soon as possible; history and scansion (Milton's) are consistently in favour of the accented first syllable. What a disreputable business it is! We shall have HIS MAJESTY'S Judges going on circuit next. Fortunately there is above this advisory body the Board of the B.B.C. itself, composed for the most part of stalwart and unimpeachable Englishmen, who, it is to be hoped, will exercise their authority and insist on having the last say.

William A. Stout of Narberth, Pa., objects to the following:

In addition to the abominable "intrigued" and other overworked words, I should like to add "sophisticated," "glamorous," and especially "outstanding."

I recently came across the review of "an outstanding book by an outstanding author on an outstanding theme."

With such a wealth of synonyms as the English language possesses why do writers harp on these particular adjectives?

From Jessie M. Jones, of Canton, Pa.:

You ask, Shall we form an Anthony Adverse Club, open only to those who have read aloud its 1240 pages? The writer has read the book through twice but that is not the reason for this note. The reason is the writer while yet her mother lived in the flesh, did read aloud to her the twelve Dickens' novels not only once but *twice* over.

From Herbert M. Clarke, of Syracuse, N. Y.:

The list of "Aryan" German novelists sent you from Brazil is fairly comprehensive containing about forty names. Yet there are some extraordinary omissions.

I miss the Swiss writers, Gottfried Keller, Ferdinand Meyer, J. C. Heer, and E. Zahn. But perhaps natives of Switzerland are intentionally omitted.

Well then in Germany how about Georg von Ompteda, who beginning in 1897 with "Sylvester von Geyer," a study of the life of a Saxon officer, wrote during the next thirty years a long series of excellent novels.

But the three most important authors ignored are Freytag, Spielhagen and, above all, Viktor von Scheffel. If I had to select the two most notable German novels of the nineteenth century, I should be inclined to name Scheffel's "Ekkehard" and Freytag's "Soll und Haben!" They have a delightful humor which is lacking in many of their famous contemporaries.

From Miss June Beckman of Brooklyn, N. Y.:

I wonder if it might be possible for you to correct a slight error which appeared in the March issue of your column.

Although a letter from Brooklyn may not contain the enchantment lent by the distance of Brazil, still as a friendly gesture to Mrs. Robert P. Holt it might interest her to note that two of the distinguished "Aryans" in her list, Thomas Mann and Arthur Schnitzler are not "Aryan" but Jewish. Futhermore, Schnitzler was Viennese, in outlook, in subject matter, and in style, having about him the melancholy gaiety we associate with the Vienna B.D. (before Dollfuss). As for Thomas Mann, he is now in exile because he is a Jew.

LANCELOT AND THAT FORWARD HUSSY ELAINE

as seen by *Godey's*

I am indebted to Doctor William Davenport of Louisville, Ky., for the following delicious literary criticism of the *Idylls of the King,* in *Godey's,* for April, 1860. Tennyson's book appeared in 1859.

These stories bear the names of Enid, Vivian, Elaine, and Guinevere, and contain beautiful groupings of persons and scenery, charming descriptions and touches of feeling and character that are exquisitely drawn out and made real to the heart of the reader. But we do not think the choice of subjects is very happy. Enid was brutally treated by her "lord and master," and Elaine was very forward in her love; the other two women are wanting in virtue as well as modesty. That cajolers, wicked and wanton, like Vivian, have lived, and do now exist, we would not question or deny; but it is a pity that genius like Tennyson's should be wasted in detailing their wiles.

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It was an unworthy theme. The story of Launcelot and Queen Guinevere, might it not have been left to the oblivion of black letter ballads? Are there not traditions to be found as poetical without the immorality of this story? It is true that the poet makes the Queen repent, like the heroine of a French novel, and weep at the feet of her forgiving husband; but we think what is called *poetic justice* has little to do with the morality of a narration. It is the prevailing impression, not the catastrophe, that is important. We are made to feel interest in a guilty character, and to pardon easily her transgression. This is a moral fault in the book, no matter how it ends.

Now, having entered a protest against the subject of the "Idyls," we are happy to give Mr. Tennyson credit for the greatest possible delicacy in managing his characters. In most hands these traditions of evil times and evil deeds would have been far more objectionable. And there are beautiful passages, and some of the subordinate characters are charming. The little novice, for instance, is a lovely portrait, and the King's speech noble and poetical in the highest degree. We do not know in the whole range of English imaginative literature any expression of sorrow so deep for wrongs endured, or forgiveness so entirely awarded to the guilty, while the majesty of virtue is fully sustained, as portrayed in the last farewell of Arthur to Guinevere.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND ——

A good story of Arnold from Melville K. Bailey, of Old Saybrook, Conn.

In one of your Book Talks you tell of "The Funniest Story." The one herewith submitted may not be so funny, but is at least rare.

The Clergy do not always know how merry Professors can be, and perhaps Professors do not always know how merry can be the clergy, but I incline to think that one morning of clerical gayety at least approached the professorial.

It was at a breakfast at "Pennywise," in Old Saybrook, the paternal home, during his lifetime, of the Reverend Doctor Samuel Hart, Custodian of the Prayer Book. Present were the Reverend Frederick Sherman Arnold, Rector of St. John's Church, Auburn, N. Y. ("loveliest village of the plain"); Miss Ruth Shepard Grannis, Librarian of the Grolier Club, and her sister, Miss Sarah Gray Grannis, who is at the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Miss Elizabeth Hart Bailey, niece to Doctor Hart; and the undersigned.

It may be premised that there are not many famous authors whom Mr. Arnold has not "heard of," as he is an accomplished Hebraist, Grecian, and Latinist, and speaks French, German, and Italian, and has explored other fields. As a diversion, he learned the tongue of Romany Rye, and talks at ease with gypsies. This was the story that he told:

Waiting for a train once on a railway platform, he noticed a Gladstone bag bearing the name in large letters, ARNOLD.

As he stood looking at it, wondering if the owner might be some family connection, a man, evidently English by his accent, which Frederick reproduced with admirable similitude, came up and said:

"I see you are looking at the bag."

"Yes," said Frederick, "it has my name on it."

"It has my name on it, too," said the stranger. "It is my bag. I am a relative of Matthew Arnold. Perhaps you have heard of him?"

"Yes," said Frederick, "I have. And I am a relative of Benedict Arnold. Perhaps you have heard of him?"

Which was true, for Frederick is descended from one of the brothers Arnold of Providence, in the days of Roger Williams, Benedict having sprung from the other.

At the telling of that impossible, but veracious, tale, a tempest smote the table of Pennywise, somewhat comparable, perhaps, to that on the evening when Doctor Phelps heard The Funniest Story.

It is always interesting to observe the methods by which certain writers endeavor to attract attention. According to *The London Times,* Bernard Diebold (what's in a name?), who has been called in Germany "one of the shrewdest and acutest brains of the younger generation," makes the following contribution to the world's wisdom:

> Let there be no doubt about it. It is not only Wagner who is sinking to his end. . . . In spite of Beethoven Centenary celebrations, pathos like his is becoming a drug in the market.

I am grateful to the Reverend John E. Charlton of Maplewood, N. J., for correcting my bad error. In speaking of that immortal classic, *Two Years Before the Mast,* I called the captain Wilson. Doctor Charlton reminds me his name was Frank Thompson; also that 1934 is the centennial of the sailing of the *Pilgrim.*

Professor L. B. R. Briggs of Harvard tells me of a good pun by the late Professor Edward Sheldon, who was a profound research scholar in linguistics. "When somebody said that the Indian cared little for agriculture, he suggested that this was why they were called *Neverhoe* Indians."

Note: If you would like to have a copy of Professor Phelps's list of the 100 best books of the past year, annotated with publishers and prices, write to the Readers' Service Department, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City, enclosing an addressed, stamped envelope, plus a 3-cent stamp.

PEACE

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

He lived alone, there was no call
For him to utter words at all.
He had done his best by life,
Cared for his old, married a wife,
Begotten a son, who had run away,
Seen his wife laid in the clay.
Now he had his rooms as he
Always had dreamed his rooms might be—
Parlor closed and blinds fast to,
Things with which he'd gotten through
Packed away, a highchair, bed
Too wide for a single head,
Family album and Bible packed,
Dinner set washed up and stacked.
His house was a kitchen only
And nights comfortable and lonely.
He lived now to please himself.
He wound the clock upon the shelf,
Did this little thing and that,
Set the milk down for the cat,
And spread the quilt upon his cot.
He lay before his sleep and thought
Of nothing but the rhythmic beat
Of the clock wheels and the sweet,
Gentle purrs that came and went
In the cat stretched out content
And the peace that soon would be
Stretched out to eternity.

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Continued from page 406

She jumped up. "Is he all right? I must go speak to him."

"Yes, you must. Oh, yes, he's fine, couldn't have been finer." He walked with her across the room. "I'll wait here." His hand lightly questing, but not insistent, was for an instant around her waist.

Behind her, as she walked down the high, dark hall, she could hear his voice, warm, judicious. "A great old gentleman."

In his chair before the desk, he looked out of the window at the river. A long, fresh-lit cigar sent films of smoke above his great firm shoulders and his round gray head.

"Father," she said. He did not turn his head. A puff curled from his cigar. "Father, you mustn't be cross, you know."

His face was impassive, staring at the river, his big cigar was steady in his mouth; tears splattered on his broadcloth waistcoat.

"Father!"

He reached for her and pressed his head against her hand.

Her arm went around his head; she held him to her. "I won't do it," she whispered. "I can't. I don't want to leave you. Father, I'm scared. What shall I do?"

From beneath her arm came rumblings. "Here, here," he muttered, "you're choking me." He came up breathing hard. "Whew!" he said, "I can't breathe. You're awfully strong."

"I don't feel strong." She smiled sadly. "Father, what are we to do?"

He had his great silk handkerchief and blew a blast. His firm hand fell on the desk.

"We won't do anything that you don't want to."

"I know, I know. But I don't know what I want. He's sweet. Sweeter than any one but you. And yet I don't know. I'm no good, I guess."

Still looking out the window, he reached his hand up absently and patted her where she sat down. An old habit of his when she was a child. Later, her mother, scandalized, had put a stop to it.

"The no-good girls," he said, "are the ones who marry without a thought. Now then," he said, "let's not worry. Let's not do anything for a while."

"But every one thinks we're engaged already." She blushed. "Even Fitz thinks it, I'm afraid."

He grunted. "I talked to him about that. As for the others, let them think what they like. We'll tell them nothing till we're ready."

But then she saw him, waiting now in the library, so happy and assured, and she saw herself, tall and graceful, going through life with him to the envy of all the world.

"I really do love him," she said. "I just feel hurried; and strange."

"No need to hurry," he said. "He'll wait. Any one would. He's a good boy, first class. I haven't been able to find a thing against him."

"Oh, Father. You've been spying on him."

"Not at all. Naturally, I haven't been asleep these last few months. Any man should be willing to have his record examined. He has a reputation for integrity and sound judgment. He's not the worker that young men were in my time, but no one is. He is being prepared for an important position in Rankin and Company. They are planning to expand all through the Middle West and this will be their headquarters. He has a little income of his own and will come into more. Not that you will be dependent on him. You are suitably provided for in your own right. I'll discuss that with you another time. But naturally you would only want to marry a man who could take care of you."

She shook her head at him. "You have been spying."

"I must take care of you. These are questions that you might possibly not investigate for yourself."

She smiled. "Well, I suppose it's very nice that all that is all right."

"Of course too, he is a charming young man. I can't say I've met any one more agreeable."

"Father, do you really like him a lot? You do, don't you?"

He nodded.

"I do, indeed. A charming young man, with an assured future."

She kissed the top of his head. "You are a dear. I do love you so. And I'm going to love him, too. I know I am." She ruffled the back of his hair.

"Don't do that," he said, "it really does exasperate me."

"Everything's all right," she said, tenderly gaily. "I'm going to love a charming young man." She smoothed his hair and kissed it. "With an assured future."

"Nevertheless," he said gruffly, "such things must be considered."

X

As she looked back on it, and how often she did, that summer was nothing more and nothing less than a kaleidoscope of bright and ever-changing fragments around a central glow, a kaleidoscope with music that mounted to a crescendo as the brilliant fragments spun; an orchestra that played in colors, a symphony that rose and fell and mounted higher till time and space, the future and the past, were telescoped and rendered negligible, except as they, too, broke into the flying fragments of the dream. Of those fragments, which formed ever dissolving and never quite remembered patterns, some were mere glowing specks of color, significant only of their own bright beauty and her happiness. Others formed pictures or contained them, pictures, swift, clear, and also instantly dissolved.

But though the pattern might elude her, the pictures which in part composed it, however briefly seen, remained forever and microsopically vivid in her mind. Pictures, of course, of Fitz-Greene, how he looked when he came out in his dark broadcloth from her father's office, graceful, assured, triumphant, walking like a young prince. Then there was the spreading news and all the smiles and looks, the shouts and murmurs; Mun's dance of the Cupids, draped in a bath-towel, with a coat-hanger for a bow; Miss Baba Lamb's moist, fat handclasp, and Mrs. Munkittrick's. "Quite a catch, my dear"; George grinning insultingly, "Well, we have an Aurelian man in the family, now," then suddenly, "Sis, you deserve the best. When all is said, you deserve the best"; and those two hands of his that made all horses quiet.

So many hands in those bright patterns, the thin, sorrowful hand of Anna

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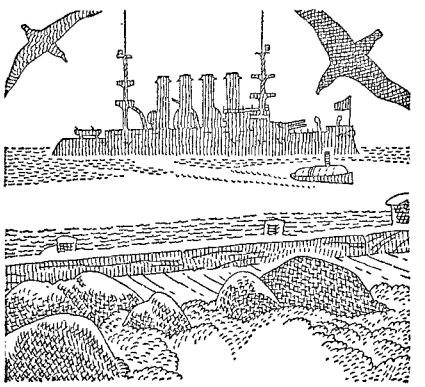
Lisle, Mrs. Worrall's fastidious little fingers, Levi Mistletoe's strange, shy, limp paw, even Gus Ringler's honest meat; so many hands and words and faces flowing together upon her in the centre of the wheel; laughter and little jokes and nods and knowing glances, warm eyes and hungry eyes, and eyes amused and cold. Good will and dog-like love from men and boys and ancients; and, from women, envy or hope or bitterness or dreams.

And always the hands of Fitz-Greene Rankin touching her, deftly, lightly, warmly, and his brown eyes, devoted, and amused, and confident. And if, as she now looked back on it, there had been moments when she felt in those eyes a touch of the shadowy and inscrutable, and was vaguely conscious that those hands, however deft, were sometimes charged with mystery and danger, it was only to realize that even in the happiest love, there must be small enigmas and adjustments, and that this leap into the unknown, which she, like all women before her, must make, was robbed of much of its terror by his casual and humorous assurance. The wedding, and all that came before it, became no more than an initiation into the noblest of fraternal orders, an initiation whose buffooneries, designed to awe and frighten, could only impose upon the most ingenuous of neophytes.

But all these were mere sparks and shadows of the central glow. He possessed her, he was always with her. When she brushed her teeth, when she did her hair, when she practised on the piano, he was there; when she spoke to friends or servants, he was a witness who inspired her to bounty and graciousness. It seemed that his actual presence could be no more vivid. Then she would see him coming up the steps, or find him sitting in the library, and feel the instantaneous shock of new delight.

Around this central glow, in which he and she were inextricably mingled, gathered all sorts of smaller happinesses. He was an expert fencer and would give her lessons. He brought his masks and foils. In the upstairs hall, they saluted each other with exquisite gravity and took the first position. He could also play the banjo, and sing the songs from Salisbury's Minstrels. His voice was small and soft, but he could do the Negro dialect. Also in French that shamed her Miss Wherry's Seminary accent he sang "Au Claire de la Lune."

Then she must go to Philadelphia, with all new clothes, and visit his family. They lived in the country and the brownstone house was set in a big park surrounded by a brownstone wall. His mother, after all her fears, turned out to be small and frightened and very kind. Old Mr. Rankin had died some years before, his two unmarried elder brothers lived at home. They were big, rough men who talked with a country



accent, and hunted with the Rosetree Hounds. They used bad language even at the table, and made outrageous jokes about their married sister and her many children. They were gentlemen, without a doubt, she felt that; but she was very proud that Fitz-Greene did not hunt. They took her by the arms and helped her on the train.

"Good-bye, Clara," they said, "thee is a damn good sport. Fitzey's lucky, by God," they said. "The pup." They patted her.

Then it was autumn; the fragments whirled the faster. Little Mrs. Weinstock, her pursed mouth, her hands, her black apron filled with pins, endlessly, nervously, helplessly, fitted the wedding dress. It should have been bought in Philadelphia as her mother wanted, but that would have been the death blow of Mrs. Weinstock. Pink satin for the bridesmaids, and all their fittings at the house, Anna Lisle's sad, translucent face, and poor Big Sister in front of the tall glass, beneath her blunt indifference hoping against hope that for once she might not look absurd.

Piles of stiff envelopes to be addressed, and smiling visits from the caterer, talks with her mother of chairs and awnings and how the drawing-room should be arranged. Her mother was splendid. She took her stand, and had her way, the captain of a frigate clearing for action. The boxes started coming, silver and linen, Bohemian glass and Wedgwood china, bronzes from legendary New York business friends of her father's, antimacassars and tea cosies from unheard-of cousins up the state, a new top hat and chamois gloves for John Rand, Esq., and for herself, woollen travelling dresses, low-necked dresses of silk, lace and velvet, silk stockings, smooth and limp and heavy, white slips and underwear and nightgowns.

The folding chairs were rattling into the empty downstair rooms, bowls and tall bunches of chrysanthemums were moving everywhere. She took refuge in the upstairs hall beside her mother's room. In the Jerusalem chamber, Mr. Edbill, the private detective, sat like a gnome among mountains of glittering wedding presents. Downstairs the chairs rattled, the caterer's men whispered in discreet yet penetrating tones. She sat on the window seat and looked at the river, already turning bleak under the early autumn sky. Mr. Edbill coughed and creaked in his chair. From the stairs, Amanda smiled at her over a tray of wedding cake in ribboned boxes. The river flowed, gray, slow, inexorable, a steely tide. No retreat from the unknown, from the future, from fate, nameless and unpredictable. Disaster closed her in the trap. But not quite yet. There was still time. There was still a refuge. Downstairs in his office the benign and powerful bear would still hear her, could still save her. She had but to run; somehow the two of them would fly, away, to a safe place, safe from gold and silver plates and little wedding cakes in ribbons. Away! away! to safety with a strong kind ruler, the great bear of her universe.

At one time in those confused last days, she had sat seriously in the office with her father and Mr. Riser, soft and alert in his steely gray suit. She was to have money then, an awful lot of money, and it was to keep on coming every year, forever. And if there were children—that was the point, it seemed. Mr. Riser tightened his lips and stared with detachment at his hands; a subject only to be touched on professionally. If there were children, it seemed there were papers to be signed. Mr. Riser unfolded a sheet of foolscap, filled

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with scrolled aforesaids. He held the pen out to her with one hand and pointed to the blank space at the bottom of the page. It was a tableau; the signing of Magna Charta. Afterwards, he produced a huge nutcracker and made a round impression beside her name. He wrote "Given this day in the County of Shemingo" "In witness whereof" and many other things, very exact and pleased with himself. So then, little cherubs, still tumbling about in heaven, were being cared for by Mr. Riser, of all people.

There had been that drive with her father up to the farm. The trees showed the first, faint flush of yellow, and pumpkins glowed among the shocks of corn. Lou Belle, 2.18 and Planet, 2.21, to their surprise, had been allowed to walk for miles. Her father's cigar smoke almost drifted with them.

"Young men are different, nowadays," he said, "but I guess he is as good as any that I have seen."

"Father, you're not fair to him."

With a soundless chuckle, he had placed a gloved hand on the lap-robe over her knee. As if to fix and itemize them among her possessions, they had talked about their times together; the day she had cut holes in a silk sock of his, to make a dress for her kitten, and hidden under the stairs while he went roaring overhead; the Christmas morning when she had found a live gray donkey tied to the handle of her bedroom door. Poor "General U. S. Grant," he had died on the farm only two years ago.

As though he felt that this drive marked the end of all their days together, he kept on up the river, letting the horses walk, making no effort to turn back.

At last he said, "I guess we might as well go on out to the farm."

"I'd love that," she said.

"I've ordered a new seeder," he explained. "I expect I ought to have a look at it."

"That will be fine," she said. "But I don't suppose you will need it until next spring."

"No," he admitted. "I suppose not. I saw an advertisement in *The Country Gentleman*. It's the very latest thing." He gathered up the reins with determination. "We will have to get along if we want to see it before dark."

She smiled to herself. Beneath the demi-god, the small boy with his toy. He was bereft and longed to stretch this drive, perhaps the last, out to some further limit. To him, the seeder was excuse and consolation. Now they were flying through the lengthening shadows and the light of the low sun that sank beyond the burnished river.

"I expect Mrs. Heisdick can give us supper," he said. He held the reins taut, and knitted his heavy brows against the wind of their speed. "I expect your mother will wonder where we are now." He gave a solemn chuckle. She slid her hand under the green lap robe and rested it against his massive thigh.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose she will."

In the dusk they stood with Mr. Heisdick, kicking the mud off their shoes against the soapstone kitchen step.

"Ach, never mind the mud," Mrs. Heisdick shouted. Her voice was deep and harsh. "Come in, get warm. It gets dark soon, already." Never mind the dirt in that scrubbed kitchen, its floor boards bleached and ravelled from unending soap and sand! Good Mrs. Heisdick. Friendship and hospitality could go no further.

On the checkered tablecloth the globe of a nickelled lamp glowed, pure and bright. There was a gleam of pots against bright lemon-colored walls. Broad and red, Mrs. Heisdick opened her arms. Clara was flattened against the immense contours of Mrs. Heisdick's gray sprigged gingham. "So, Clara, you get married pretty soon." Still holding her with one fat, firm arm, Mrs. Heisdick turned mechanically to the stove. "Pop," she said, "walk light. We got popovers tonight." She looked up beaming, out of her china-blue eyes. "And the papa, he must walk light too." She gave Clara a little shake. "You want to go in the bedroom and fix up? No? Well, then, take off your things. The papa should take off his things, too. In here it's hot. Pop, take the things and put them in the hall."

Clara looked at the table crowded with thick white plates of sauerkraut and cole slaw, with jars of pickles and brandied apples, with crocks of cottage cheese and apple butter. A fat loaf sat on a bread board beside a cube of pale, fresh butter. Wearing a dark green coat and a clean white shirt, without a collar, Mr. Heisdick came back from the hall. He slapped the high back of the chair. "Sitzen Sie, Clara. John, set here."

"All right, Peter," John Rand sat down and clasped his hands together on the red checkered tablecloth. Mrs. Heisdick turned from the stove and bowed her head. With one gaunt hand wrapped around the other, Peter Heisdick muttered a German blessing.

When Mrs. Heisdick's "Eat hearty, folks. What have you got, a sickness?" could no longer move them, she carried off the ruins of the meal. For the first time, she sat down. While her husband and John Rand discussed the new seeder over a black bottle, she and Clara confined themselves to thick, squat glasses of Mr. Heisdick's beer. Foamy lipped, Mrs. Heisdick came up for air.

"And so," she said, "you get married. Well, well, how it goes, the time. Just now, you were a little girl coming out here and didn't know nothing about beer or nothing." She glanced across the table at the men. "And so the papa is alone, now soon."

"Yes, I know," Clara said. "It's going to be awful."

Mrs. Heisdick wrinkled up her eyes and nodded. She opened them very wide. "Maybe you have lots of babies. That will make him happy."

Clara stared at her glass of beer. Suppose she had a baby who became his favorite, a baby, perhaps, just like herself. It would be unbearable, she thought. But why? Was she a monster? Jealous of her own unborn? And what of having children? Was it easy? Was it hard? Was it delightful or frightening and revolting? She knew it was fatiguing, only that. And what of all the rest of it? She knew so little. She had thought of it so little, or if not so little, so differently. It had been but a vague and dreaming other world, this coming marriage, a world in which she and Fitz-Greene, the handsome, warm and kind, had floated together, thrilled and ecstatic, yet nebulous, cool pure, as they had floated, skating together on the river. Mrs. Heisdick was a kind creature and a true friend. For the first time, she noticed that she was also a little obtuse and gross and tiresome, a sign, perhaps, that she herself was growing up.

They drove down the river fast; the light of the buggy lamps ran swiftly ahead of the trotting horses. She was again contented, protected by her father's bulk, and slightly drowsy from the beer.

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Once he had spoken, his voice half lost and muffled in the night.

"If everything isn't entirely all right, come home."

Poor dear. It was the only unpractical proposal he had ever made. The great bear, for once, was powerless and driven to refuge in a dream.

And then her interview with her mother. Not the first one when she had told her of her engagement; that had been easy, almost too easy. She had been kissed and even wept over, slightly. But then, the Rankins were well known, almost Passamores, in fact, and her own grandfather, Michael Snyder, but nevertheless a distinguished man and a patriot, had served with General Bodine Passamore in the Revolution—a striking coincidence which would interest the Passamores if they heard of it.

But once she had managed to seize a moment in the midst of her mother's preparations. It was in the Jerusalem chamber, a temporary welter of tissue paper and card-board boxes. It was the tissue paper and the boxes that had suddenly overwhelmed her. "Mother," she had said, "sometimes I worry. Will it be all right, do you think? I can't help worrying sometimes."

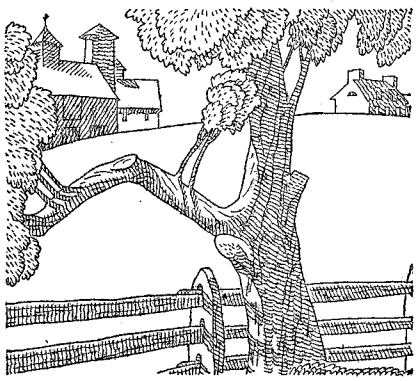
"All right? Why, Clara, yes, of course." Her mother still went on among the boxes. "Think of the thousands of girls who get married and have happy lives. And, I dare say, not one in a million is as well off as you, in any way. Fitz is the ideal man for you. You have your own money as well as his, and you have the most complete trousseau, if I do say, of any girl that has ever been married in this town. And as for linen and plate and silver and furnishings, whatever is lacking after we check up the wedding presents, I'm sure your father and I will take care of. You aren't a good cook, I know, but you won't have to cook, yourself, and you do know how to manage."

Her mother looked up from the boxes quite radiantly. "You are a dear girl, Clara, and your father and I have been very much pleased with the way you have taken hold of running this house since your engagement." Her mother meant to continue smiling at her, but there were so many boxes. She dropped her eyes. "I know you will be very happy."

"But mother, I know that. I know all about that. I mean marriage. I can't help worrying."

Her mother kept her eyes fixed on the boxes.

"My dear Clara, you're a perfectly normal, healthy girl. And Fitz-Greene is a gentleman—very much of a gentleman, indeed. Most girls would feel themselves very lucky to have such a beau. Mrs. Munkittrick was saying just the other day that there's not a girl in town but would give her eye teeth to stand in your shoes today. And Mrs.



Munkittrick, as you know, is not very free with compliments."

Her mother gave her a look of proud satisfaction and dropped her eyes again.

"But, Mother, will I be all right?" The piles of boxes held her prisoner. These were the wedding presents. It was final. Her voice was a desperate whisper. "Will I know what to do?"

"Of course it will be all right. Now," her mother said crisply, "we must start to make our list of these."

That had been in the Jerusalem chamber where Mr. Edbill now watched the mounds of presents. And now it was her wedding day and she was alone in the tall hall. Again she was staring at the gray, swift river.

Then many steps on the stairs, many voices, a group of young Aurelians, tried and true and handsome, come to usher. At their head, Fitz-Greene struck up his banjo. They marched down the hall and round and round her singing:

> Clara, the pride of Aurelian,
> Clara, the girl that we love,
> Our musical notes, St. Cecilian,
> Shall praise her to heaven above.

They danced and kissed her. The air was heavy with cloves. They were charming, these friends of Fitz's, and nice, so really nice. She must not be silly.

She had put behind her the sullen river. In front of her were Fitz-Greene and his banjo, and the waistcoats of the Aurelians. They formed a vista down which came the sturdy tweeds of Fitz-Greene's brothers.

"By God, Clara," they said, "thee looks like a prima donna. Is this the chorus?" The tweeds thrust Aurelian broadcloth to one side and gave her potent kisses of sheep's wool, homemade soap and Highspire whiskey.

"I'm glad you came so soon," she said.

"Of course we've come," they said. "There won't be much scent till the weather turns."

The eldest brother, a shade the redder in the face and blacker in the eyebrows, turned to the nearest Aurelian.

"This has been the worst scenting season the Rosetree's ever known," he said impressively.

"Is that so?" murmured the Aurelian. His hobby was Persian enamel ware.

"Well, Fitz," the brothers said, "we've come to keep thee sober."

"Thanks." Fitz-Greene put two fingers in his waistcoat pocket. "Have a clove."

"Tum, tum, te, tum." The orchestra drowned the crowded murmur down below. She had her father's arm, Mrs. Weinstock gave a last clutch at her train, as they started down the stair. In front of her, the pink satin bridesmaids swayed and rustled. A narrow aisle through faces in the mist, the bright sun in the drawing-room, Doctor Posey's broadcloth against a bank of smilax; ribbons and silver ropes and Fitz-Greene smiling. Kneeling and rising in her satin train, a ring from a waistcoat pocket, murmured words, amen, a burst of loud violins and her mother's proud constricted bosom. Hands and faces, hands and faces, coming by. "Yes, thank you." "How do you do . . ." "Oh, you are sweet . . . "Yes, thank you . . ." "Yes . . ." The Heisdicks' shy perspiring faces above hot clothes and squeaking shoes. "So Clara, always you must come out for beer." "Oh, Mrs. Heisdick, you must give me a kiss." The bosom huge above the creaking stays, the broad face hot and clean. "Na, Clara. Na—Na." A table of pink satin bridesmaids and the frock coats of Aurelians, "Ladies and gentle-

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men, allow me to propose . . ." "Hurrah! Hurrah! . . ."

In the upstairs hall, George was on guard before her bedroom door.

"Thought I had better watch your bags. That idiot Mun!"

In the white and silver bedroom, Miranda helped her into the dark blue travelling dress. "You was beautiful, Miss Clara, oh, so beautiful."

George's voice came through the door. "You're all right, Sis. Best wedding this town's ever seen. Even those Aurelian fellows——"

Above her bed, the infant Samuel raised eyes to heaven, a lamb for the slaughter.

"Don't be too long, Sis. Only twenty minutes. Here come Mother and Father."

"My dear, you were magnificent. I am so proud of you."

"He must be good to you." The great bear took her shoulders. He gave her a shake, as though to wake her. "Otherwise, come home."

She threw herself on him, and broke down. The poor dear bear, abandoned, too, as well as she.

"Only ten minutes, Sis. We ought to go. I'll take the bags, myself. That idiot Mun."

"Good-bye, my darling. Miranda, where is the slipper?"

"Here is. Oh, Miss Clara, much happiness!"

"All right, son, get the bags. Daughter, good-bye."

"Father, I love you so."

"There, there, it's all right."

In the hall below, Fitz-Greene in his brown suit, and the dark coats of the ushers.

"A flying wedge for Clara! Come on, George. You're the centre rush!"

On the stairs, behind the black coats, Fitz-Greene's hand in hers. A roaring storm of rice, the steps, the startled carriage horses; the brougham door slammed shut, pink satin bridesmaids waving. She flung the door back and threw the slipper. The brougham jumped. Little boys ran. She leaned far forward and looked back at the house. High up in the window of her white and silver room, her father stood alone. She waved and waved. Fitz-Greene's hand touched hers.

"I didn't know," he said, "how much I was asking of you."

She leaned her face against his shoulder. "I'm all right," she muttered. "You are so good to me."

The blast of a coach horn sounded overhead. Had Levi got drunk? Fitz-Greene stuck a furious head out of the window. Another blast.

"Mun, what the devil? Stop, Levi." Fitz-Greene jumped out. A scuffling on the roof. The small boys who had followed were immeasurably rewarded. A thump and Fitz-Greene jumped into the carriage with the bent fragments of a coach horn. The horses dashed ahead. She looked through the little window at the back. Mun, in a streaming frock-coat, ran nimbly after them, leaping and blowing kisses. She leaned out the window and blew a kiss to him. He stopped and stood waving to her, with a fixed, unhappy smile.

In a New York hotel bedroom of red plush, she watched the bell boy close the door behind him.

"You are tired," Fitz-Greene said. "So am I. What a barbarous affair!" He carried his bags into the bathroom. "Just leave the gas burning here," he said. "I am going down to smoke." He picked up his derby hat. "Really a barbarous affair. Try to get a good night's sleep." He smiled at her. "I'll see that no one disturbs you."

In the bathroom, she laid out his dressing case and his night things on a chair.

XI

She sat on the long board porch in front of the hotel. Bright sunlight fell on the spars of gunboats in the roadstead and on the sodded fortress walls. Little boats plied to and fro with officers in capes. On the decks of the gunboats, tiny figures were always moving in unhurried and obscure activity. Muffled by the sodded walls came the stolid sounds of practice of a military band. And over everything lay the warm and bright but tempered autumn sunlight. It was a perfect day, the perfect time, they said, to be at Old Point Comfort.

Here, on the porch, ladies raised small parasols against the sun, busied themselves with fancy work, or simply rocked. Gentlemen cocked tightly trousered legs, and drew reflectively on long cheroots. Elegance and fashion idled in dignified contentment beneath the placid sky of Indian Summer. Well dressed, well fed by Negro cooks and ancient Negro waiters, well mannered and sufficiently well off, they idled in their chairs, cast glances, smiled, caressed mustaches, tapped with bamboo canes, made studiously polite inquiries, told well-phrased, pointless tales, or simply watched the fleet and the waters of the sound, spread out for their passing entertainment. It gave a sense of well being touched with a trace of noble elevation to sit there and observe the movements of the tiny figures who busied themselves about the gunboats; to sit there and listen to the labors of the military band, and the tramp of squads on the parade ground. Work was being done and being properly done, one might rest assured; and all to the glory and might of these United States. Fried chicken and rice cakes fortified them strongly. They watched the fleet. Let other nations beware. And furthermore, toward evening, officers from the war vessels and the fort would come to the hotel to drink their sherry cobblers, to dine and dance.

Behind her, balls clicked in the billiard room. Fitz-Greene had been playing there a long while now. She heard his light warm voice and the tick of the counters as the marker put up the score. After lunch, he had asked her if she would like to go for a carriage drive or for a sail. He had smiled warmly, but underneath, she had felt, or merely guessed, a small hard nugget of the perfunctory. "Well then," he had said without undue alacrity, "I'll play some billiards."

"That will be fine," she said. "I hope you can find some one."

"That's always easy," he said, "for a man who plays badly and doesn't mind a few small bets."

But now he had been playing there all afternoon, and the barman had been in with many sherry cobblers. She did not mean to spy on him. It was not that. She did not mind the billiards or the cobblers; but she had felt as if unfathomably, suddenly, just today, he was conscious of a slight emancipation from her, a slight cancelling of the bond, entitling him to a slight withdrawal. All afternoon a question buffeted her with sharp repeated shocks. Was there some unguessed hardness in his fibre? Not much, of course, it would be absurd to say that, but of a sort to give him, once he had had his way,

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the faintest tincture of brutality. Such thoughts were monstrous. She would put them from her. She turned to watch with determined interest the ladies and gentlemen along the porch.

But had she not submitted without tears or trembling, submitted firmly, perhaps a little desperately, but also a little warmly, in tenderness for his consideration that first night in the menacing red plush hotel room in New York? That, it seemed, was a good deal to ask, a good deal to do, for a girl reared to all that was fastidious and fine; to suffer herself to be incredibly devoured by a man who was in that moment incredible and strange. To allow for his sake—and let there be no mistake, for his sake, she did it gladly—this astounding and unpredictable violence to shatter the delicate and fragile radiance of her most lovely dream. Let there be no mistake, she did it gladly. She was strong and firm. She was no prude, she hoped; and, however unbelievably in ignorance, she hoped she was no fool. But such things, lying so utterly beyond her glowing, if nebulous, vision of him, had made immense and most abrupt demands on her. The demands she had met freely and firmly, as one ministers to a dreadful illness in one who is greatly loved. Only last night, again. She bowed her head. She would have thought there might be recognition. Instead, he was glad to be with any chance stranger in the billiard room. He was sweet, he was kind unvaryingly. But sharpened and on edge from her ordeal, she could guess that this was no bond, this sacrifice of hers; that having taken, he was not unwilling to withdraw.

And she had looked on him as godlike, a hero in a vision. For the sake of that vision, she had given all; and he was slightly restive. She had given herself and her vision, too; and all for nothing. All things conceivable and beyond had been asked of her and she had never wavered. Now he was playing billiards. Why, the next time he came smiling to her, she could strike him. She raised her hand to her face—her cheeks were fire. These thoughts were monstrous. She was a monster. She was on edge from her ordeal. Her brain was gnawed by savage and distorted thoughts. She did not know she had such dark and sullen depths. She must stand up; she must walk and seek clear air, out to the jetty between the sunlight and the sea.

Her hurrying heels tapped on the flooring of the porch. Behind her, she heard a rustle and murmur. "There goes the bride," a sweetish, low voice said.

Beyond the end of the hotel, a warm land breeze caught up her muslin skirt and blew it out before her. The little dots of blue, the tiny scattered roses rose and fell. The wind blew out a strand of her hair, provokingly, and pressed against the saucy cocked-up back of her chip hat. And yet it must become her; on the landing stage an officer in a boat-cape turned to watch her as she walked along the wall. The sailors, though, did not turn—that was not their privilege—they sat in the boat staring fixedly astern. But why should they not be allowed to stare? What difference lay between them and that clear-faced young gentleman in the boat-cape whose eyes had followed her? Men were alike it seemed. Under the charm, the grace, the gaiety, under the songs and compliments and tenderness, in each one lay a hard and brutal nugget. All else was only decoration of this inner evil, as a pearl is a decoration of an oyster's deep disease.

But no, she must not go on like this; it was frantic; it could not be true. Here was the jetty, the breeze was gentler now. Below her, the little waves cast shifting planes of light. Far out, they melted into a blue that reached to long green shores. The air was bright with sun, the sea gulls slanted. Here was a world that one could live in cleanly.

A walk of ancient, wave-scoured planks led out the jetty between great fragments of piled rocks. At the end, there was a bench and on a pole, a lantern that glowed green every night.

Walking the loose planking between the black chaotic rocks, she felt like a voyager in a drawing by Doré. She was voyaging precariously—not very precariously, really—voyaging through a dark jumble to a good firm seat, to sunny waters, and a chance to be alone.

The bench bore many carved initials, a few pet names—"Maudie" and "Flo" —and several large hearts enclosing monograms. The hotel was a favorite one for wedding couples. She wondered what some of these other girls thought as they watched their brisk, new husbands carve their names.

Around her were desolate lost cries. The gulls, it seemed, had formed some expectation of her. In airy slopes and arches, they brought small beady eyes to bear on her; grace, charm, and lightness in the service of hard greed. Then they gave up, and with a last metallic cry, were off to tip around the gunboats lying at their anchors.

Now everything was calm. The still bay glistened softly; the distant green shores showed a thread of yellow beach; the sky was deep and steady. Deep into itself, the bay received the autumn light. Here by the rocks, small shafts of sun were thrusting down through greens and yellows, through tawny shifting smoke. In the deep warmth, brown plants waved languidly. A small fish passed by slowly. The military band had stopped some time ago; she could see no movement on the gunboats. It was a peaceful moment.

But there was no protection in this solitude. In this soft smiling world of sky and sun and water, she was alone, thrust out, an alien, on the jetty's end. As far as eye could see, nothing in all this world had any interest in her; for her in her isolation there was nothing; except for that momentary hard-eyed expectation of the gulls.

If she could have her way, this would be her wish: to hear her father's steady steaming tread on the planks behind her and, turning, see his ponderous immaculate bulk. He would lower himself with delicate precision to the bench beside her. Then they would sit here. Nothing need be said. She would simply sit here in his warmth, under his shelter, still, silent, and alone in this charming foreign world, but now supported, sheltered, and protected. From that safe vantage point she could find comfort in the scene, could find herself, gain ease and gain back self-respect and even confidence. Indeed, just thinking as she did had helped her; the bay and sky were closer to her. They and all life went on, careless perhaps, but unhurried, confident. No single moment in their vast and predetermined progression was a crisis: time healed all things, managed all things, life, in its total and however flawed in detail, must be good.

Behind her, on the planks, she heard the footfalls and knew, at once, that they were Fitz-Greene's. Why, he was running. Reluctantly, she turned her head and realized that, automatically,

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she smiled. He wore no hat; he was buttoning his short, blue jacket as he ran. For an instant, she feared some unguessable disaster, but he was smiling and pulled up before her with a grin. "Look here," he said, "what did you go away for? I thought that old buffer never would run out his string."

"I thought you wanted to play billiards."

"I did." He sat down on the bench. "There I was, mixing with the boys, drinking sherry cobblers, losing fifteen dollars. Every once in a while, when I looked out the window, I could see you sitting there. Then suddenly, I looked up and you were gone. I saw you come out here. I thought perhaps something was wrong. You know, that fat old dundreary that I was playing with had only nine points to go, and he couldn't make them. The idiot went completely to pieces. I did everything I could, short of taking the balls in my hands and knocking them together for him." He took his cigar case from his pocket. "Good Lord! I thought we'd never finish."

"I didn't know you could even see me."

He shook his head at her. "If I couldn't have seen you, I wouldn't have stayed there all this afternoon."

"I thought," she said, "that you might have had about enough honeymoon for a while."

"What made you think that?"

"I just guessed. I thought," she said slowly, "that after the climax of courtship and marriage, there might be a slight reaction."

"After the climax." He looked away. He was silent. "Yes, of course," he said.

"You see," she said, "I was right."

"Right about what?"

"Fitz," she said, in a tight voice, "you aren't listening."

He turned to her, "Yes, yes, I am listening."

"It isn't easy to talk when you are not listening."

"Well, I am; I just don't quite see what you mean."

"But you agreed with me."

He frowned. "Where are we?"

"I simply said," she said with an effort, "that there was bound to be a reaction I suppose."

"Oh, no!" he said. "Not that."

"But you agreed with me."

"I couldn't have known what you meant."

"And besides," she said, "I could feel it—I could feel it in you today."

"I suppose I shouldn't have gone off to play billiards," he said. "You know, my dear, I asked you if you would like to drive or sail; then I thought that if there was nothing you wanted to do, you wouldn't mind. I'm sorry."

"It's not the billiards," she said.

"What else then?"

"It's just something that I feel."

He shot her a strong look, almost a defiant one. "You feel that I am different from what you had a right to expect." He looked out across the bay, his mouth turned set. "I suppose that is something that every one has got to find out."

"Fitz," she said faintly, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, never mind," he said. "All this talk is bad." He swung his eyes on hers, "Clara, you love me, don't you?"

She looked at him. "I think you ought to know—" she felt her color come, and dropped her eyes, "you ought to know that I will do anything for you."

For a time, he did not answer; then his hand fell on hers. "I know, I know," he said. His hand closed firmly. "We must love each other, we must be patient."

"Yes, yes," she said, "I will be patient."

For a moment he was silent, then he began to pat her hand. "All this talk is bad," he said, "we must just love each other. You know, I think the less said about love, the better." He shook her hand as it lay in her lap. "It's like the theologians and the Holy Ghost. We must just be happy," he said; "not bother about little things or even big things—just love each other and let the details go. All I am going to think," he said, "is how you look in that muslin dress and chip hat, and how you looked in your gray skating dress with the otter collar, and how you looked in your sea-green dress the day we drove with Alexander; and the way you walk, and the way you laugh, and the way you have of raising your hand to your cheek. Do you know," he said, "what I tried to buy you for a wedding present? I tried to buy Alexander."

"Oh!" she said, "poor Alexander. Couldn't you get him?"

"No, he had been sold to a travelling horse trader. I even tried to find the man, but no one knew his name."

"Poor Alexander," she said, "it was sweet of you to think of it."

He smiled at her. "It was, indeed; nothing but my feelings for you could have induced me to put out money for such a perfectly obnoxious animal."

"Oh, no. Poor Alexander."

"Good Lord," he said, "it's time I lit this cigar." From his waistcoat pocket, he brought out a silver match safe and snapped it open. Only two matches showed. "This is serious." He put the cigar in his mouth, took out one match and closed the safe. He studied the match with gravity. "Now, when I strike this, you lean forward and keep the wind off."

She leaned forward, his head, his cupped hands were close to her. Small puffs of smoke arose, the match flamed high. Suddenly, irresistibly, she bent down. Let the hotel look, let the gunboats look, she would touch her lips to his hair.

XII

It was a pleasant little house on River Street that her father had given them. Two gleaming marble steps in front, a narrow hall beside the drawing-room, and, behind the narrow stairs, a dining-room with a bay window on the winter-bleached grass of the back yard. Above the dining-room the library, cosy with leather chairs and uniform editions, and in front, the wide bedroom, where she sat knitting a white skating cap for Fitz-Greene and looking at the ice-floes in the river.

She looked out on the black trees, on the ice cakes in the iron water and on the muffled passersby, from a toy castle of her own. Here she was, safe and firm, mistress of the bright warm castle, to whom her husband, home from the outside world, turned unquestioningly, to whom butchers and cabinetmakers came for orders, to whom Christobel, Mrs. Weinstock's red-haired niece who cooked and dusted and whistled, came for advice about her fellows.

She had taken houses for granted before. This fall on the wedding trip, at Old Point Comfort, meeting the wives of army officers at teas and dances, she had not known what they lacked. They were charming, adroit, assured, and

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friendly, and there was about them an accommodation and give-and-take which many women lacked, but all these merits seemed a shell about an inner emptiness. That emptiness, she now knew, should have held a house. Even her father's letter, that reached her there, had lacked its full significance. It was delightful enough, as all his letters were. She could recall it now, and the moment when she sat reading it on the wide, board porch in front of the hotel.

My dear Clara:

I take my pen in hand to advise you that all are well here at home and greatly in hopes that you are the same and enjoying yourself. Your mother has been very active in a difficulty which she and the other ladies of the Board have had with the County Poor Supervisors. I believe that the ladies have carried their point, but needless to say, I did not allow myself to be drawn into the controversy. George has been obliged to discontinue his coaching parties due to the inclemency of the weather. Ellen reports that her baby has a tooth. Levi Mistletoe has been seriously indisposed with a gathering in the throat. I attribute it to exposure on the coach. Doctor Considine is of the opinion that he will be on duty next week. On threshing my oats did not come quite up to expectations, so that in spite of a fair price this year, I fear that operations on the farm will not show a profit.

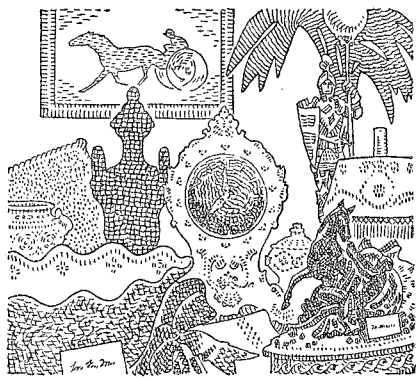
Thinking that on your return here, you and Fitz-Greene would wish to be established in your own home, I have taken the step of purchasing the house at No. 704 River St. You will probably recognize it as the Gilchrist house. Old Mrs. Gilchrist has gone to live with her daughter at Baltimore and the other heirs were anxious to dispose of the property. I doubt if you have ever had an opportunity to inspect it, but you will find that, while the house is small, it is well built and conveniently arranged. The deed will be held here, pending your return. It is made out jointly in your name and Fitz-Greene's, as I consider that this arrangement would be more agreeable to both of you.

My regards to Fitz-Greene, in which your mother joins me. Hoping again that your stay at Old Point Comfort is proving most enjoyable, and that this finds you as it leaves me, I am

Your affectionate father,
JOHN RAND.

Her knitting needles stopped. Was ever a letter so absurd? He always wrote like that and always she felt, beneath the formal words and the neat, formal hand, the heart of the great bear reaching out to her. As he had reached out to her during the wedding journey, even before the letter came. She remembered the comfort she had drawn from the thought of him that day on the jetty. Then came the letter. But even then she had not known how much this house would mean. Now she had the house, and everything was all right.

This room alone was enough to fortify her. The curtains were of lace tied back with blue silk bows, blue bows were on the wide lace counterpane that covered the bed of ebony, picked out with lines of gold. On the bed-table a maroon plush stand held her watch and the gold brooch from which it hung. Fitz-Greene's bed-stand held a green shaded night lamp and his cough drops in a silver box. In the top drawer he kept a nickel-plated revolver which he had no idea how to



use. A tan and dark blue Brussels carpet led to the fireplace, whose gas log was flanked by brass-knobbed tongs and shovel. Above the fireplace in a red cherry frame was a steel engraving of St. Mark's in Venice, and against the yellow chrysanthemums of the wall paper hung a Della Robbia Madonna and a photograph of Fitz-Greene's Aurelians, looking very much like George's Signet except that the hat brims were not quite so wide. Under a gold-framed mirror an ebony bureau was heavy with silver combs and brushes. It was a very pretty room. The highboys and closets were in the dressing-room behind, and beyond that, the tub of the bathroom, boxed in genuine mahogany, had a new zinc lining, and bright brass spiggots, and the bowl of the water closet, boxed in mahogany as well, was resplendent with a chaplet of conventional magenta tendrils. Here also Fitz-Greene's walnut shaving-stand, supporting his case of seven razors, his strop, and his immense gilt shaving-mug.

The house had established her not only as its mistress but as the mistress of her life. She found that she drew from this house or from unsuspected resources in herself, powers of foresight, of planning, and of decision. The house was pretty and cosy, nicely kept, without undue formality, and run with economy so easy and genial that even Fitz-Greene did not guess it. Without heat, and certainly without querulousness, she gave strong words to butchers and grocers. Already, she knew, the word had gone around that she was indeed the daughter of old John Rand, and in matters of trade must be treated accordingly. How proud of her the little merchants were, how relieved and pleased that they could not make as much out of her as they had first expected.

Yet, with all this mastery, there was a field that still escaped her, a corner of a field, she should have said, for the field was Fitz-Greene himself. No one could be more open and unreserved. He was also candid and shrewd about himself, his faults and his methods, as candid as he had been that day of spring, now seemingly long distant, when he had driven her in the hired buggy. It would be hard to think of a person of less concealment, and perhaps it was this very openness which sometimes baffled her. Behind his bright and shining presence, one could detect no reservations, one could not even be sure that they existed, yet she felt that somewhere they were there. Yet after all how much could one expect? Indeed could one expect as much as he had given? He was so truly kind, so understanding, so even-tempered, genially oblivious of trivialities, so easy to keep house for, to have fun with and to love.

To love. She could say it now. Love it seemed must change. It was not the love that she had felt before their marriage, that love now seemed naïve and fanciful, a lace valentine. It was, she supposed, more the love of a woman for a child, a charming, irrepressible, and slightly mystifying child. And there was, too, just a trace now of the love a small girl holds for her protector, of her love for her father. For Fitz-Greene, child though he might be in certain phases, was more than able in his affairs; in matters of finance he was even formidable.

Between these kinds of love she had been changed, her understanding had been enlightened. Now she was willing without horror to accept those demands that had first dismayed her. And she knew that what in revulsion she had first called Fitz-Greene's brutality was merely the simple self-sufficiency of a

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satiated child. She no longer resented it. Indeed there was a certain patient and amused, almost tender satisfaction in spoiling him. She would lie there afterwards, warmed toward this violent and greedy little boy, wishing that she could rock him in her arms.

The early dusk began to fall. In the river down below, the cakes of ice seemed floating, disembodied in the night, the lamplighter came down the street, the light from his torch swaying on his wool cap and ear-muffs. At the distant corner he let down the acetylene light. She could hear the faint clink of the pulley. He embraced the glass globe tenderly, the light sprang up, he hoisted it above the street.

The night fell early now, Fitz-Greene should be coming home. She watched the sidewalk; only half of it could be seen from where she sat, and of that half, part ran between the black, frozen trunks of elms and was never used except by small boys and by Fitz-Greene. From the first day he came home, he skirted the trees and kept close to the gutter so that he could easily see her in the window and so that, he also pointed out, she could easily see him.

So now he came, a slim silhouette in his black frogged coat with the astrakhan collar and his rakish broad felt hat. She stood up and waved her knitting. He lifted a long thin parcel above his head. The white box caught the light.

He came in the front door, held the parcel in front of him like an offering. He bent and kissed her on the mouth. His lips were cold and delicate. She ran her hand around the tight-curled collar.

"I am so glad to see you." She held him by the astrakhan lapels. "You don't look a day older," she said, "than when you left."

"Thank you," he said, "I attribute it to plenty of exercise and clean living." He held out the box. "An offering for the occasion."

"What occasion is that?"

"The week before Christmas," he said. "Except for children, it is a dreary season of harassments and forced contributions. Something should be done to take the curse off it. This is not much, I admit."

He tossed his hat accurately on a hook beside the mirror in the hall. She helped him with his coat. The flimsy lid of the box came off, and showed three lavender orchids on a bed of ferns.

"Oh, Fitz, you are simply crazy, my dear, simply crazy."

"That sounds final," he said.

"I must give them to Christobel," she said. "We will try to keep them till Christmas. I want to wear them to Father and Mother's for Christmas dinner. Now," she said, "there's an hour before dinner. We must do something about our Christmas cards. You know how the mails are."

Arm in arm, they went up the stairs to the library.

"You have the cards?"

"Yes."

"And the stamps?"

"Yes."

"And you will do the writing?"

"Yes."

"And the messages? Then," he said, "we will do something about the Christmas cards. Where are my slippers?"

"Right there," she said, "in front of the fire, and the evening paper, too."

She sat down at the mahogany desk at the corner of the bay window. The brass door handles trembled in the firelight. She heard his shoes drop on the hearthrug and the rustle of the evening paper.

"Remember," he said, "that the great thing is not to disturb me when we are doing something about the Christmas cards."

The list of addresses lay in front of her. Her pen scratched on the heavy white paper of the envelopes.

"Miss Susan Jenkinson," she read. "Do you know Miss Susan Jenkinson that lives in Douglastown, Pennsylvania?"

"No."

"But you must know her," she said.

"This is a free country," he said. "No one is obliged to know Miss Susan Jenkinson. That is the sort of thing," he muttered, "our forefathers fought against in '76."

"But she is on your mother's list, and she sent us a wedding present."

"What did she send?"

"That lacquered Chinese incense burner."

"No card," he answered briefly.

She wrote "Miss Susan Jenkinson, Douglastown, Pennsylvania," on the envelope and stamped it.

Later, she turned in her chair.

"Who is Mr. Fairfax Sawtelle of Berryville, Virginia?"

"He was in my year in Aurelian."

"Is he nice?"

"Not at all. Pompous and disagreeable."

"But you have written his name down here, yourself."

"He always sends me a card. He thinks it's a custom of the Club."

"And do you always send him one?"

"Oh, yes. It's easier to do that than to explain. A terrible fellow."

"And how did he get into Aurelian?"

"In the same way. It was impossible to explain to him that he didn't belong there."

Again she wrote. "What about Mr. Enoch Plimpton at King of Prussia, Pennsylvania?"

"Never heard of him."

"Why, of course you have. He is a cousin of your mother's."

"Well, I've no idea what he is like. What's the use of sending a Christmas card to him? He may be terrible."

"But he's a cousin of your mother's."

"He still may be terrible."

"And he sent us the silver candelabra. We must send him a card."

"I have an idea that he is terrible. What does it say on the Christmas card?"

"Just Merry Christmas and our names."

"Well, then, cross out the 'Merry.'"

She wrote Mr. Enoch Plimpton on the envelope.

At the end she said, "Why, Fitz, you haven't got Harry Beauvais on the list. He was the nicest of your ushers."

"I know," he said. "We are great friends."

"But don't you want to send him a card?"

"Certainly not," he said. "He would be very much upset."

"But why?"

"Because he never sends me one. If he did, we wouldn't be such friends." He turned his paper over. "The most friends can do is not to be a burden to each other."

"That's the finish of your part of the list," she said. "Thank you very much for helping with the Christmas cards."

"Have you got a fellow named Randall de Laney on your list, from Baltimore?"

"No."

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"Well you can send him a card, if you want. I don't like him very much, either." He folded the paper into a wad, and threw it at her.

XIII

It still seemed queer, she thought, as she went up the dark, snow-flecked steps on Fitz-Greene's arm, to be going into her old home from the outside as a stranger. If only she could have kept her place there, and somehow have added Fitz-Greene and the toy castle to her life. Samuel was alert. The front door swung in on brilliance, overpowering warmth, and the voices of the family Christmas party. Samuel wore a dress suit with a black waistcoat. His collar and white tie were immense. In front of the tall mirror, he helped them out of their wraps, with flourishes, and hung their coats with the others. They must be the last.

"Are we the last, Samuel?" she said.

"Well, yes, Miss Clara. Yes, Mr. Fitz-Greene. It just so happens. But it's only seven o'clock. The rest came early."

"Soup ain't ready yet, Miss Clara." It was Levi Mistletoe in a toga-like dress coat. He peeked out from the dining-room door, and beamed on her shyly. His collar and tie were larger than Samuel's.

"Hello, Levi," she said. "You look wonderful."

"Yes, ma'am. You pa give me this after the wedding."

"Did Father get a new dress coat then?"

"Yes, ma'am; said he had to have a new one to entertain his married friends."

Samuel cleared his throat to recall her to the proprieties. "They're all in the library," he said. He led the way back up the hall. At the door, he debated whether to announce them formally. It was a great temptation, but the probabilities of ridicule were strong. He contented himself with a reverberating clearing of the throat and an ushering movement of the hand.

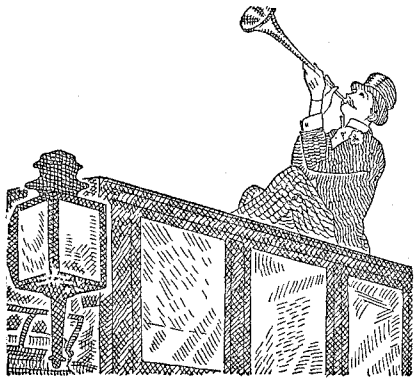
Mrs. Rand, wearing a diamond collar above her tight, creaseless black satin, turned and smiled. She was, indeed, a splendid figure of a woman; but hard to love. Like a show-ring horse. Mrs. Worrall, in brown velvet, looking tiny in one of the red woollen chairs, held out her hand.

"Clara, it was nice of you to come to see us this morning. You mustn't feel that you have to."

"But I do feel I have to. I want to make you feel that I am a member of your family. Then you will have to help me."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Worrall, "if you come for selfish reasons, I have no objection."

"Hello, Ellen," Clara said. "Is little



Tommy going to be allowed to come?"

"Oh, yes," Ellen said. "He's here. I hope he won't be bad."

"Merry Christmas, Miss Ba-Ba."

Miss Ba-Ba, soft and melting inside her lavender and many bows, took both of Clara's hands.

"Clara, dear, may this be a very happy Christmas, the first of many happy Christmases for you and your dear husband."

"Thank you. Hello, Mun, George."

"Hello, Sis. You are almost late."

"Not quite, though. Are you very disappointed?"

"Now, children, children," Mun said. "Clara, aren't you going to give me a kiss just for Christmas?"

"I gave you a kiss this morning, when I came to see your mother. You forgot, I suppose."

"So many other girls have wanted to kiss me, today." Mun whirled his coat-tails.

"Miss Ba-Ba, I suppose," Clara said in a low voice, "and Mrs. Munkittrick." Mun's spirits wilted.

Her father heaved forward in his chair, his shirt front creaked and billowed. "Daughter, I hope you got a rest this afternoon. All these Christmas visits." Ponderously, he turned slightly in his seat. "Here's your Uncle Linsey. Linsey, here's Clara."

Uncle Linsey, who had been inspecting the pictures and bric-a-brac, with his back to the gathering, and his hands under his thick, wrinkled coat-tails, turned around reluctantly. His sunburned face looked dark against his black, square beard. He was the brother of her father who still lived on the old place up in Center County. He came down every other Christmas, and went straight home again.

"Well," he said, "I hear you're married."

"Yes, Uncle Linsey. Didn't you get an invitation?"

"Yes. Didn't you get those walnuts?"

Clara laughed. "Yes," she said. "Didn't you get my letter?"

"Where is your husband?" said Uncle Linsey, without smiling.

"There he is. I'll call him over."

"Never mind," said Uncle Linsey. "Your father's certainly got a plenty of pictures and things in this house." He turned to inspect the dragoon in a red jacket which hung above the mantelpiece.

"Dinner is served," said Samuel.

The long, white tablecloth was encrusted with lighted candles and shining silver dishes, large and small, of nuts, of raisins, of bonbons, of fruits and peppermints and candied ginger. Before the level ranks of gold-rimmed plates and table-ware, stood chased square silver butter plates, silver salt-cellars, and tall silver pepper-pots. On the oak sideboard a little Christmas tree was lighted with miniature wax candles. At the far end Samuel, behind Mrs. Rand's chair, cast baleful looks intended to suppress Levi Mistletoe's genial and unprofessional smile of greeting. In front of each plate a silvery snow man in a paper top-hat held a place card. Between the silver centre dishes there were heaps of colored paper crackers. They found their places and sat down. Samuel and Levi and the gentlemen pushed manfully on the ladies' high-backed, ponderous chairs.

"Where's Tommy?" they said.

From under the table came lugubrious squeaks and skirlings. "Tommy, come out," said Ellen. She shook her head across the table. "Mun, I could kill you for giving him those bagpipes."

George, on his mother's right, lifted the heavy tablecloth. "Come out, you rascal. That will do."

There was a dying wail, a shaking of

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the tablecloth. Tommy's brown curly hair, his big eyes and bright delicate face shot into view. He stood up in his blue sailor suit, electric with excitement and embarrassment, with daring and uncertainty. They laughed. He threw back his head. It was a success, then. He handed the bagpipes to Samuel. They gave a dying moan. He scrambled into his chair beside his mother. In his thin neck, above the open sailor collar, a blue vein pulsed. He was no Rand.

Across the table, he fixed his great eyes on Clara. "Aunt Clara," he said.

"Hush, Tommy," Ellen said.

Beside her at the head of the table, John Rand's shirt front creaked as he bent forward. "Heavenly Father, bless this food to our use and us to Thy service."

"Aunt Clara," Tommy said, "were you surprised? Were you scared?"

"Yes, I was scared."

"What did you think it was?"

"I thought it might be a bear."

"What kind of bear?"

"Oh, a grizzly bear."

"A grizzly bear——"

"Now, Tommy, eat your soup," Ellen said.

"But my soup's not like your soup."

"Will anybody here contribute an oyster to Tommy's soup?" John Rand said. "Then his soup will be like our soup."

"I'll give him one," Clara said.

"I'll give one," said John Rand, "and then if your mother will give one that makes two."

"Three," said Tommy. "Three."

"Good gracious! That's more than I thought." Heavily but delicately, he reached across Ellen on his left and slipped an oyster into Tommy's soup plate.

"Father Rand," Ellen said—if only there were something else that Ellen could call him, Clara thought, but she could think of nothing—"you spoil him terribly."

Her father wiped his mustache with his heavy linen napkin. "I tried not spoiling George," he said, "and it didn't work out."

"Mother made up for it then," Clara said.

"But George isn't spoiled," Ellen said. "Every one says George is spoiled."

Slowly, relentlessly, John Rand pursued the last oyster about his gold-rimmed plate. "Take another case, then." He looked up at Ellen. "You were the most spoiled little girl I ever saw, and look how nice you have turned out to be." Ellen's fine gray eyes looked pleased. She flushed. Even her big nose seemed to lose its harshness.

"Oh, but that's different. I am a girl."

John Rand had the oyster. He looked up with one of his rare direct flashes. "A child," he said, "is a sort of girl."

And a girl, thought Clara, is sometimes a sort of boy. I never knew what it was, then, but now that I am married, I know that when I was with him, I was a Greek boy.

"How did your father make out with his farm this year?" With his napkin, Uncle Linsey was just completing a very thorough job on his beard. "Lost money, I suppose."

Clara turned. "I suppose he did," she said, in a low voice. "He generally does, but not very much this year. Hardly any, I think."

Uncle Linsey was far from satisfied. "What did he raise this year? Corn and oats, I suppose. And wheat? How much wheat? Well, then, how many bushels did he make to the acre? Eighty? He certainly ought to have made eighty. No reason why he should not have made ninety. This year is a good wheat year. All right, then." With his fork, Uncle Linsey proceeded to make some calculations on the tablecloth. "Thirty-one hundred bushels. Should have been more. What did he get? Don't suppose he held off till the top. I thought not. He sold at seventy-eight when he should have held out for eighty-two. He dropped four cents a bushel on thirty-one hundred bushels."

Clara looked down the table at her mother, at the head, in front of the fireplace. Undoubtedly, Uncle Linsey was about to do some more calculations on the best linen tablecloth.

But Uncle Linsey was interested in discovering not what his brother had done, but what he had not done. And having demonstrated that his crop was short, and his price low, he was satisfied.

"You can't farm that way," he said, with intense conviction. "A man's got to tend to business, if he wants to farm. I've told him that."

"But, Uncle Linsey, Father just does it on the side, for fun." She tried to sound genial. "He's got all his other business."

Uncle Linsey picked up his soup plate and handed it to the startled Samuel. "You can't farm that way." He turned to Miss Ba-Ba Lamb on the other side. "Ever get up around Center County?"

"Why, no, Mr. Rand," said Miss Ba-Ba in a very responsive and social voice. "I don't believe I do."

"Well, you'd find it very interesting. We've got one valley there, the Wyomensing, that grows more wheat per acre than any section east of Illinois."

"That sounds very interesting," Miss Ba-Ba said, "Mr. Rand."

"What do you do about ensilage around here?"

"About what?"

"Ensilage. What do you do about it?"

Miss Ba-Ba lost her remnant of assurance. "I am afraid I don't do anything about it. Do you think I should?"

Uncle Linsey's laugh was explosive and reluctant. "You are not a farmer, then?"

Miss Ba-Ba was on firm ground. She was sure that she was not a farmer. Uncle Linsey attacked a plate of salted almonds.

The preposterous and exasperating old nuisance! He came every other year, just when she had got over him; and always she was put next to him at Christmas dinner. And always he acted as if he were the original and authentic Rand and her father were a strayed sheep who had lost caste and sunk into an almost contemptible estate. He had taken this attitude when her father had set him up in the wholesale hardware business, and when he had set him up in the wholesale grocery business; and when he was in the retail grocery business, it had been the same. And now that he was retired, to the farm with an allowance from her father, Clara suspected, it seemed that all his suspicions about her father were confirmed. She was grown up and married now. Her position should confer some privileges; one of them ought to be that she should never have to sit next to Uncle Linsey at Christmas dinner again.

Across the table in the middle, Fitz-Greene was talking to Mrs. Worrall. Fitz-Greene bent his smooth, tawny

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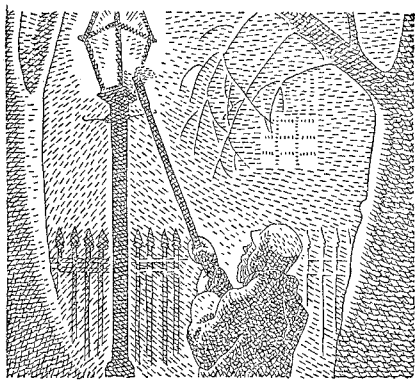
head and grinned and whispered confidentially. He really was charming. He treated all women alike, with freedom, deference, and intelligence and almost, one might say, with a light but genuine affection; and all women blossomed in his presence. He really was charming. How nice, Clara thought, to have him to look at and feel her own, when she had got angry with Uncle Linsey. She smiled to herself. Marriage, besides its central happiness, brought all sorts of minor compensations. Compensations? Compensations for what? What loss was there? Was it not pure gain? Yet no, there was her father, untouched, it might seem, by her desertion, as she too, seemed almost untouched. But had he not given his old tail-coat to Levi and bought a new one, because she now would dine here as a guest?

Beyond Miss Ba-Ba, and next to her mother, Mun was beginning to show signs of activity. Clara remembered the aroma which enfolded her when she shook hands with him, and guessed that he had prepared so extensively for a Christmas dinner without wine that, on arrival, he had found that for the present his only refuge was reserve. But now with two courses safely stowed as ballast, he was preparing to risk a more spontaneous demeanor. With most ornate politeness, he tried to get the watchful Mrs. Rand to pull a paper cracker with him. He cracked a joke with the uneasy Levi Mistletoe. He greeted Fitz-Greene as a fellow member of the Union League, and invited George to join that institution, for the sake of its terrapin and its social advantages. Meeting with small success in these directions, he fixed on Miss Ba-Ba Lamb as his proper field. For Miss Ba-Ba Lamb, resigned to the colorless life of a sort of poor relation of the world, Mun's bizarre and unpredictable advances exercised a horrid fascination. Under their very eyes, she was rapt away, a pavid kid in the clutches of the Hyrcanian lion. Stupefied by terror and embarrassed delight, she pulled firecrackers. From the exploded remains a leaden wedding ring was disembowelled, to be presented to her, together with amorous verses read aloud. She pulled again, with eyes tight shut and a plump finger placed to a plump ear, and found herself crowned with a green cocked hat before the formal and unresponsive smiles of the dinner party. Only little Tommy gave full support to Mun's program of conviviality. His big eyes shone, he clapped and cheered in his high treble, and when Mun danced around the table and placed a paper shako on his head, his joy was perfect.

"Look, Mother, look!"

As Ellen looked reluctantly, a clown's hat descended on her own large, neat, chestnut head.

"Go away, Mun," she cried. "Mother,



make Mun sit down. Tommy will never finish his dinner."

Mrs. Worrall looked away from Fitz-Greene. "Mun, dear, sit down," she said.

Very sedately and quite steadily, Mun returned around the table, pausing only to place a paper sunbonnet on the outraged Uncle Linsey. John Rand looked down at his plate with a long soundless chuckle. He carefully wiped his eyes with his napkin.

In the drawing-room, after dinner, every gas jet in the crystal chandelier was blazing. The ladies sat on gilt chairs beneath the dark oil paintings in their wide gold frames. On the sofa with Mrs. Rand, Miss Ba-Ba Lamb attended the recitation of a victory in the interest of good works. Mrs. Worrall and Ellen sat watching Tommy pretend to be a locomotive travelling the curving pattern of the rug. They were both in brown, and Mrs. Worrall, like so many women after talking with Fitz-Greene Rankin, looked particularly young and delightful. They seemed like twin mothers, as they sat beside each other, watching the little boy.

"Tommy," said Clara, "do you want me to sing a little song for you?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "toot, toot, whang, whang!" He steamed up to the piano bench. He stood for a moment breathing deep, locomotive breaths. "Pahhh, pahhh . . . pahhh, pahhh." He climbed on the piano bench, his narrow feet hung down in their patent leather pumps. She played "Three Blind Mice."

"Now," she said, "you sing, too."

Eerie, she thought, the treble of a little boy; disembodied, almost phantom, quite different from the voices of little girls. Those were human, yet this—somehow purer and more universal.

The gentlemen, having, out of consideration for little Tommy, made haste with their cigars, and, no doubt, with some of her father's Old Overholt rye, filed into the room. They must have been drinking rye, Mun was reduced to dignity again.

"Well, Grandson," her father said, "what shall we play?"

The blue sailor suit bounded from the piano bench. "Squeak!" he said, "let's play Squeak!"

"All right, then get my cane."

John Rand drew a white silk handkerchief from his tail pocket and folded it into a bandage. Mrs. Worrall and Ellen jumped up eagerly.

"George, we must take this table out of the way."

George lifted the silver vase of yellow roses from the marble-top table, and carried it to the piano. He grinned at Clara. "Orchids, by George! You certainly married above your station."

"Fitz really is crazy," she said. "He gave me these last week, of all times." Clara placed a hand on the piano bench, still warm from Tommy's small posterior. "George," she said, "I think Tommy is the nicest little boy I ever saw."

George grinned enormously, looking, at the same time, as if he were going to cry. "He really isn't a bad kid," he said. He came around behind her, and thumped her lightly twice on the ribs with his big delicate hand. He walked off down the room, without a glance behind. Suddenly she knew that she looked beautiful in her pale blue satin gown, with the three orchids below her slender breasts.

"Who's It, Grandfather?" Tommy held out his grandfather's gold-headed cane.

"You can say."

"Could I be It?"

"All right, turn round. I'll put the blindfold on."

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The small blue sailor suit held still in front of John Rand's bulk, while the folded handkerchief was tied around his eyes. Beneath the handkerchief, the mouth and the delicate chin looked pure and steady and intent.

"I like to be It," he murmured, "because it's dark and queer. Grandfather, give me the cane."

The others tip-toed and rustled, smiling, about the room. The boy stood still for a moment, holding the gold-headed cane. He looked like a precocious and delicate magician. Then he whirled and thrust the cane out like a fencer. The point stopped in front of John Rand's white waistcoat. Her father took it and looked intently at the boy. The boy gave the cane a little shake.

"Squeak!" he said.

John Rand's beard bristled as he closed his lips; he emitted a most natural and unmistakable grunt.

"It's Grandfather!" the boy cried. He pulled the blindfold off, and looked at his grandfather, flushed and smiling. He had come back from his enchanted world. Only the cane, held by the ends between them, remained as a souvenir.

He shook his head. "Grandfather, you are so poor at Squeak."

"I know," said John Rand. "I suppose I'm It, now. Get on this chair and tie the blindfold on me."

"But wait till we play Going to Jerusalem," he muttered, under the silk handkerchief, "and then we'll see what happens to you."

"I'm going to sit down first," Tommy said.

"If you do, I'll sit on top of you."

"I don't care. Father sat on a tree-toad once, and when he got up, the tree-toad got up and sang."

Later, Miss Ba-Ba Lamb, blindfolded, poking unsteadily about the room, her little mouth intently pursed, brought the wavering cane to rest in front of John Rand.

"It's no use," he whispered. He thrust his hands behind his coat-tails. "They always get me."

Mrs. Rand, massive and handsome in her satin and diamond collar, stood beside him. She had not been caught all evening. John Rand, with a quick movement, thrust the end of the cane in her hands and tip-toed away.

Miss Ba-Ba shook the cane, "Squeak!" she said. She stood with her head cocked like a pug dog in front of a mouse hole. Mrs. Rand raised two impeccable fingers and placed them in her mouth. Their ears were split by a knife-edged whistle. Miss Ba-Ba sprang back, the blindfold fell around her neck. Distracted and incredulous, she stared at Mrs. Rand. Ellen crept behind George and collapsed in giggles.

Mrs. Rand surveyed them, calmly pleased. "I learned to do it when I was a girl. I used to help my brothers with the shepherd dogs."

Tommy bounced on the sofa, swinging wild feet. "Do it again, Grandmother." He put his fingers in his mouth, and blew a soundless hiss. His fingers came out dripping. Ellen wiped her eyes and searched him for a handkerchief.

"Don't do it again," John Rand said. "Whew! That's terrible." He took hold of his ears and vibrated them tenderly. Miss Ba-Ba continued to stare at Clara's mother, as though all these years together had suddenly come to naught.

Ellen looked up from wiping Tommy's fingers. "I think that ought to be the finish. It's after nine. If we are playing Going to Jerusalem, don't you think we ought to start now?"

"That's right," said George. "This boy of ours has had quite a day."

"Father, I'm not tired."

"Wait till tomorrow and see how disagreeable you are."

"He won't be disagreeable," Ellen said. "He'll just be tired."

"Clara," Mrs. Rand said, "you play the piano. George, set out the chairs." The chairs were set in a line facing opposite ways, down the centre of the room. Clara struck up the Barcarolle. They marched around the chairs in single file, her mother stately and alert, Tommy keyed up, making false starts and dashes in front of Ellen. Fitz-Greene, graceful and casual, was saying something to Mrs. Worrall in front of him. George greatly disturbed Miss Ba-Ba by creeping scientifically from chair to chair immediately behind her. Mun bringing up the rear showed signs of sinking.

Clara stopped on a note. There was a scuffle and a dive which Mun declined to enter. With stately melancholy, he removed a chair from the row. He sank into great dejection against the wall. Clara struck up the Barcarolle again. Her mother, marching round, kept glancing at her. Should she be playing faster, slower? Not that it made much difference. She tried both without effect. She stopped in the middle of a bar. Their flurry left Mrs. Worrall stranded on her father's lap. "Why, bless my soul," he said, "you don't weigh anything." Mother won't like that, Clara thought. Whatever is wrong about my playing will be worse now.

Mrs. Worrall stood up. "John, you seem very large," she said, and went to sit down beside Mun.

During the next round, Mrs. Rand's glances continued. Best simply to ignore them. The problem was insoluble. When Clara stopped, George vaulted over a chair to reach an empty seat. There were loud outcries and passionate debates. In the end, Fitz-Greene and her father ruled that a violation of the higher ethics of Going to Jerusalem had occurred. To Tommy's rapture George was disqualified and led off, digging in his heels and howling, by Ellen and Fitz-Greene. The march began again. At this stop, Mrs. Rand made no pretense of trying for a chair. She made a stately rush for the piano.

"E flat," she said.

"What?" said Clara.

"E flat. How can you play E natural over and over again?"

"E flat where?" Clara said.

"Never mind, never mind. Let me play. This last round doesn't count," she called out. "Clara takes my place. Start now."

As Clara, crestfallen, joined the marchers, the music of the Darktown Races filled the room.

The Darktown ladies sang this song,
Doo dah, doo dah,
The Darktown racetrack five miles long,
Oh, doo dah day.

Then came the trills and ripples.

Gwine to run all night,
Gwine to run all day,
Bet my money on a bob-tailed nag,
And somebody bet on the bay.

The chorus again with variations; it stopped. No one was ready. They had been caught up, swung along keyed up to march all night. Then before John Rand had taken his chair to the wall, the tune was Jingle Bells, tinkling bells running up and down the keys. John Rand sat tramping silently, and tapped his fingers on his knees. Fitz-Greene began to sing.

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A day or two ago,
I went out for a ride,
And soon Miss Fanny Bright
Was seated by my side.

"Bang, Bong . . . Bang, Bong!" George made booming bells with his bass.

At last one chair was left. Clara and Tommy crept around it, lynx-like and tense.

Soft o'er the fountain,
Lingering falls the southern moon,
While on the mountain,
Breaks the day——

Tommy leaped, and Clara sat down on him. Underneath her, he squeaked and wriggled. His pumps flew out beside her blue silk gown. She got up and laughed. "You felt just like the tree-toad," she said. He bounced into the air.

"I won, I won." The clapping stopped. He eyed her, breathing hard. "Did you really try?" he said.

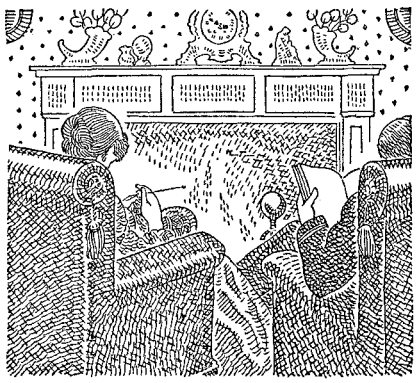
"Yes," she said, "I really tried."

"I suppose you could do better," he said, "without those skirts."

George came in from the hall, with Tommy's sailor cap and reefer jacket. Tommy went to the piano. "Good night, Grandmother." He kissed her on tip-toe. On the way back, he stopped in front of his grandfather's chair. "Good night, Grandfather," he said. "I'm sorry you got put out so soon."

XIV

In her home now she had whom she wished come to see her, and no one else. There had been, of course, the calls of her mother's friends and the return of them, when she sat in marmoreal drawing-rooms and talked of the Monday morning musicales and of Doctor Posey's sermon on "Calling and Election." And, of course, one asked in others for many reasons; Good Doggie and Meta, to try to help them make up their minds. Why should they be so stupid? Otherwise they were perfectly suited to each other. Each was so nice and, no doubt, deserved something better. Of course, George and Ellen came in; Ellen perhaps a little sniffish because Clara's house, while not as large or handsome as her own, was actually on River Street, but soon mollified by the slightly mocking but delightful attentions of Fitz-Greene, and George, full of cheer and a new kind of comradeship. Her marriage, it seemed, had raised her, in his estimation, to a sort of honorary membership in the Aurelian Club. The problem of Big Sister was not an easy one. The first step, of course, was to eliminate the well-meant but blighting influence of her brother, Good Doggie. It was the second step that had required thought. She had finally hit on the little skating engineer from the foundry. It required some effort to recall his name, Thomson or Johnson, but when found, he accepted with alacrity and, no doubt,



some surprise. He turned out, even deprived of his skates, to be pleasant company, easy and self-contained, with a good mind of a simple pattern. She had hoped that his solid worth would respond to the solid worth of Big Sister; but after several attempts, she was beginning to feel that when the young engineer was given a chance to explore the higher reaches of society, solid worth was the last thing he was looking for. He had, apparently, had too much of it where he came from. It was a pity. She wondered whether to ask him to dinner any more. But why not? There was poor Anna Lisle.

And so, as the winter passed, she gave small dinners at which young persons in the heyday of their lives were afforded notable opportunities to discover each other's merits. Fitz was the perfect host. One would, of course, expect him to entertain the ladies to perfection. And with the men he was equally successful. It is true that he had no fanatical interest in the matter of the Bessemer process or of Good Doggie's stamp collection, but he liked to see how a man thought and talked when properly encouraged; and, however incisive he might be in the open, in his own home he enjoyed intensely the spectacle of a man having a good time.

When they were alone, he talked during supper to her and to Christobel as she came in with the dishes. At first, it had seemed rather an odd party, and she had been afraid that Christobel, whose notions of private service were rudimentary, would attempt to carry the arrangement into the evenings when they had guests. But, in any case, there was nothing to be done about it. He was a man who simply could not refuse to talk to any woman present. To do that would seem to him, as Clara saw, not precisely like a rudeness, but like a breach, almost monstrous, of the natural order. And as far as the formal dinner parties were concerned, she soon found that Christobel understood that those were occasions on which Mr. Fitz-Greene, herself, and, as an afterthought, Clara, entered into an amiable conspiracy, a masquerade, a game, whose object was to impress the visitors with their own knowledge of the rules.

After supper, they sat upstairs in the library; the two red leather chairs which they had christened Darby and Joan were drawn up to the fire. In his dark blue smoking jacket with braided cuffs, he leaned back against the dark, red leather and smoked a long, thin cigar. Each of their rôles was understood. She supplied for his consideration the gossip and small talk of the town, while he, enthroned on the red leather chair and wreathed in the smoke of the havana, offered comments, footnotes, ribaldry, and judgment. From time to time, he leaned forward with his legs still crossed, and tapped his cigar against the toe of his slipper. The ash flew neatly into the fireplace. He leaned back, pleased with himself but not deceived. It was a compensation to her to see crumbs of intelligence from her petty world consumed by clouds of fine havana smoke and flashes of derision. For after all, it was desirable that a husband should be a demi-god, and if one could not be a demi-god among men, one might, at least, be a demi-god among gossip.

When the cigar was smoked, he took up his volume of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* and she lifted the lid of the sewing table beside her chair and brought out the doily she was working on. Without much conviction she was making a set to give to her mother next Christmas. The linen, stretched over a small wooden hoop, showed a design of pine boughs and

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cones. She had picked it because of its straight lines and simple colors. From time to time, Fitz-Greene would read aloud to her some detail of interest, or one of Mr. Gibbon's more suggestive footnotes.

"One of the finest things about a virtuous woman," he remarked, "is her wholesome enjoyment of an impropriety. There is nothing so clean and refreshing as the way a nice girl laughs at an improper story. Men who laugh like that are rare."

"How do you laugh?" she said.

"I am afraid I laugh both ways. I am amused, but I have a man's child-like morbid interest, as well. I suppose the reason," he ventured, "that women are purely amused, is that they are realists and that words mean so little to them. We men are so mixed up between ideas and the actual, that for us an equivocal story takes on the scandalous fascination of an adventure."

"I suppose," she said, "that scandalous adventures have a great fascination for men."

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I suppose they do."

"Is that because they are muddle-headed, do you think?"

"Yes," he said, "in a sense. We think that there is more in life than actually exists, and we try to find it, restlessly, in religion, and in art, and even in business, and above all in various forms of love. I think," he said, "that women know better what they expect of life, then when they get it, they are satisfied, or when they don't get it, they are resigned, because they know that there is no substitute for what they missed."

"Are you satisfied, Fitz?"

He put his volume of the Roman Empire on the table. "Clara, dear, we were speaking in general terms." He smiled at her. "I imagine that you, as a realist, feel whether I am satisfied better than I can tell you."

"Still I like to hear it," she answered. "I suppose the way a miser likes to count his money."

For a second he stared at the fire. His look was sad. Then he stood up, smiling, and kissed her on top of the head. He sat down and fell to reading his book again.

But for the most part he was cheerful. Spring came and there were drives with Norah up the river. Levi was now, of course, superfluous. She borrowed the buggy from her father and took great pains in teaching Fitz to drive. There was pleasure in his incompetence and in her skill. Unlike most men, most husbands at least, she imagined, he was not resentful; he took her teaching with amusement, but also with interest. He had no particular feeling for horses, even for Norah, but mechanically he was deft, and a ready learner. Norah soon went well for him but without great sympathy. They would go flying along the river road between the river and the bright green fields of spring. When they passed the watering trough where he had driven her with Alexander, he always raised his hat. One morning—it was Decoration Day—they dared the covered bridge. After all forebodings, Norah faced the darkness and the thunder, the sudden flashes of light and the narrow glimpses, through cracks, of the river far below, with equanimity. On the other shore, they turned upstream between short hills, green with winter oats. They ate their picnic lunch at the top of a long pasture field above the river. Behind them Norah, tied to a buggy wheel, jiggled her feed bag for the last grain of oats. Below them ran the river. And between two islands they could see the River Street houses, diminutive yet sharp and clear in the bright spring air, like the houses of a cardboard town. The faint pulse of bands came across the water, and moving slowly in front of the cardboard houses, they could see the glint of the fire engines and the red flash of the Epworth League Zouaves.

When summer came, she went with the other wives to the Indian Warm Springs. The old wooden hotel was breathlessly located in a densely wooded pocket. The food was indifferent; the proprietor congenitally hostile to the human race, and the famed waters slightly nauseating. But it had always been the place where people went in the summer, and its shortcomings were actually its assets—they supplied a field of conversation to ladies marooned alone throughout the week. And for Clara herself, there was the added thrill of being, as a married woman, entitled to live in a hotel without a chaperon. Her summer stay was almost over before it dawned on her that at the Indian Warm Springs, there was actually little that one could do with this new-found freedom. In the meantime, with the other men, Fitz came up on the cars each Saturday. There were card parties, croquet tournaments, cotillions; and she was once again the envy of the world of women. He moved among them like a prince, she told herself. His words, his clothes, his gestures made her proud. She must not be a silly, or an ingrate. Surely for her good fortune, the night was not too much to give him.

Yet, when the last breakfast of weak coffee, tepid cakes, and watered maple syrup had been eaten, and she was back in her little house again, after the glow of her first return to her own home, old thoughts—or the memory of old thoughts—besieged her. He was everything to her, and she—she thought she had the right to say it—was everything to him. Why, then, was he not more warmly grateful? Why, then, with all his candor, was he not wholly candid? What was the fastness into which, only at times, but unmistakably, he seemed withdrawn?

XV

In her nightgown she leaned far out the window; the October morning frost was in the air and in the yellowing trees. Her nightgown, as she leaned, stretched taut across her breasts. Below her she could see him putting on his hat. The front door had just closed, she had sprung up from her warm nest and her warm dream. His slim dark figure moved away, straight, easy, beautiful. Could she keep from calling shamelessly? But then he turned, looked up. His eyes were dark, his teeth were white against his face, ruddy in the sharp fall air. She felt herself cave in; she pressed herself against the window-sill. Her bare arm went out to him. His hat was off; he stood there, holding it between his hands, unsmiling, like a man transfixed. She wanted to run, to fly, the wind of her speed pressing her nightgown flat against her body; to run, to fly until her body pressed itself to his. She was shameless. She would not care. His face was there turned up to hers.

Like a man waking, he put his hat on uncertainly. Abruptly, he walked down the street. She strained to follow him. At the corner he looked back, stopped. Was he coming back to take

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her to himself again? Impossible. And just then Senator Beaver emerged from his house and greeted Fitz-Greene with a heavy morning salutation. He raised his hat to the Senator and was gone hurriedly. She threw herself into the warm tumbled bed and lay there shaking. The room was strange and far away. She was alone and shaking in the warmth where he had lain.

Outside the sky was pure and cool. Beside the window the maple leaves were yellow, and through the paling locust leaves across the street she could see the river, blue with the cool and solemn blueness of the sky. Below her, invisible feet tamped lightly on the sidewalk, a double team drove by, travelling quite fast in the crisp morning air. Steadiness returned, languor, and, underneath, a deep unbroken glow. So this was what it was meant to be. This was the true god. There was nothing that she would not do for him; no act of violence or of daring. If he would wish it, she would run after him in her nightgown down the street and throw ecstatic arms about him to the stupefaction of the burghers. She would be glad and proud.

A delicate light trembled and moved lightly on the ceiling; the soft reflection of the maple leaves. The sun must be quite high by now. Let it rise. She would stay here and drain this moment to the last.

What had suddenly come to her to enlighten and transport her? He had been away to Philadelphia for several days. But then, he had been away to Philadelphia often before. Yet this time he had been gone longer and when he came back, there was something pitiful about him. All his warmth and tenderness were there and more than ever an eagerness to please. But under all lay a hint of loneliness, almost of despair. Back of the gay and charming front stood a lost child, unyielding, but haunted by visions of some obscure abyss. Suddenly, profound, ungovernable pity had stirred her. And he had answered to her stirring. And she, in a swiftly mounting, inconceivable moment, had been translated in chariots of fire. Instantly; rapt, whirled, carried away. To a new world. She would never be the same again. Today, this morning, as she lay here, she was irrevocably changed, she was as different from yesterday as steel from iron.

However much in pity she might have begun, all that was changed, too. She may have thought of him as a child, and so she had, first as a brutal child, then a spoiled child, last night as a lonely child. But she never would think of him so again. His necessity had become hers. She ached to receive him, enfold him, to take all that he was, all that he meant, all recollected moments of her dream, deep into her to crown and bless them and make them hers forever.

At a thought, she stirred abruptly beneath the covers. Would this now mean a baby? How could she be so incredibly ignorant? Should she consult a doctor? Oh, no! That would never do. She would look too foolish. A married woman who knew nothing. But would it be wrong to wish that there might be no baby—not yet? Before, during the summer, as her fondness—she could only call it fondness now—for Fitz-Greene grew, she had begun to wish for one. She had supposed, vaguely, that babies ought to come. She could not visualize them. She had no specific longing for them, but a desire had begun to form within her, almost, she supposed, as a baby would be formed, that some day all that Fitz-Greene meant—and what precisely he had meant before last night, it was hard to remember; it was like trying, after you had once seen a place and found it different, to remember how you had imagined it looked before—however, the desire had formed that some day all that Fitz-Greene meant might put forth blossom and fruit, might symbolize itself and perpetuate itself perhaps forever. But last night, itself, was fruit and flower and symbol. And it would perpetuate itself in her mind, and in his, too; she could read it in his eyes.

A changed look had lain there. He had nestled to her and slept. But he was no child now, no child of any sort. It seemed that all this time she had been entertaining an angel unawares.

Into her consciousness the room began to drift: the yellow chrysanthemums of the wall-paper, the dome of St. Mark's in Venice above the square where pigeons fed, the twinkle of brass knobs about the fireplace and of silver on the bureau in front of the tall mirror beside the Della Robbia. The Aurelians in their wide straw hats and stand-up collars eyed her in a well-bred cluster. Let them look, she did not care. They belonged to another world; they had no meaning for her. Even Fitz, standing among them in the Aurelian hat-band and wide four-in-hand, was, there, a stranger. He was not her Fitz. Her Fitz was some one that no one but she would ever guess or know.

And what of him this time, this long time, it almost seemed, since they had been married? For her, these moments with him that had just passed had been a revelation. But for him? She began to see it now. It was something that he had long hoped for in vain, hoped for almost despairingly, almost with bitterness. She began to see it now. What a ninny, what a worthless stick she had been; what a prig, ignorant, supercilious, and conceited. She had looked on herself, in her passivity, as conferring an inestimable boon upon him. And she had looked on him, at worst almost with hatred, at most with tolerance, as unworthy of that boon. And all the time, desolate, baffled, but patient, he had been waiting and hoping for that moment, to him inexplicably delayed, when she would be able to see and feel and seize their common joy. In those perilous, those high and desperate first days when in innocence and ignorance which was considered the exquisite prerogative of nice young girls, her dreams, her silly dreams, had trembled on the abyss of nameless fears, of bloody threats, of dangers, of vague yet anguished horrors of impending mutilation, had he not comforted her mind and, indeed, her frightened coward's body? She looked out at the river. If there were nothing else, surely a woman could worship a man for that. Surely a woman was lucky above all others to find a man so. There must be many other kinds of men.

What she had blamed him for so bitterly then, or later learned to tolerate with condescension, was but a faint yet uncontrollable reflection in his eyes of her own unguessed lack. Poor Fitz! Poor Fitz! All her life long, she would make it up to him.

She would start now. She must rouse herself. She smiled. She would give him the best lunch when he came home from the office, the best lunch that a man ever had.

There was a gentle tapping at the door. "Come in," she said. There was a

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gentle clink of china; the door swung open. Christobel stood there with the tray; above the tray her face was fiery.

"I got some breakfast."

"Why, Christobel, that would be fine," she said. "You make me feel like a baby. You know, I have never had breakfast in bed in my life, except when I was sick."

Christobel checked a shy, swift smile. Still very red, she tramped hastily from the room.

"Christobel," she called out, "do you think we might have brook trout for lunch?"

Christobel's receding voice came down the narrow corridor. "Yes, ma'am, I ordered them."

The third instalment of "The Dark Shore" will appear in the July SCRIBNER'S.

LAUGHTER OUT OF THE GROUND

By Robin Lampson

THEY say that the body completely changes every seven years—
The delicate eye, the intricate brain and nerve, the volatile blood, the friable flesh and bone,
Are every atom replaced; that the child of seven, no less than the ancient
Dead at seventy-seven, has given a body back to the dusty ribs of the mother,
The maternal earth. (And yet, though we suffer each day an imponderable
Minute portion of death, we never or seldom get used to dying,
For the daily impalpable touch of the lover is nothing compared to the last
Cataclysmic caress, the kiss of extinction, the climacteric of death!)

Did I not hear quiet deep laughter out of the ground
When I spoke of "the peace of burial, the stillness of dust"?
Did not the loam-laden soil at the roots of the grass deride me?—
"O complex and ponderous, you are the dull one, the laggard, the feeble, the dying!
Here is the flame, the fire, and the quickening!
Purblind and but feebly sentient you go tottering down to the gulf of unbeing;
But here, where the seed is planted and the root is thrust, is eternal lightning and thunder;
Here the cells crack and exultantly cry as they flash into being and flame into life.
Here the arrows of the rain strike down to the heart of death, and the lips of the sunlight
Kiss quickening into the loam, and the seasons rip perpetual plunder from the quickened dust!"
What then will it avail me to encase the final relic of carcass
In metal or glass, cement or granite, when already four times, nearly a fifth,
The man that was me has re-entered the dust, rejoined the gaseous air,
And dripped into the streams of the earth and the waves of the sea?
Are there not already nearly five of me blowing and flowing about the earth?
Am I not long familiar with mortality, have I not always felt the hourly
Tellurian tug at my cells, like the lunar pull on the blood of a woman?
Is not the fruit of this vine flesh of my flesh, the trunk of this tree bone of my bone?
Do I not tread daily upon the dust of myself with neither disdain nor devotion?

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HEYDAY IN A VANISHED WORLD Continued from page 416

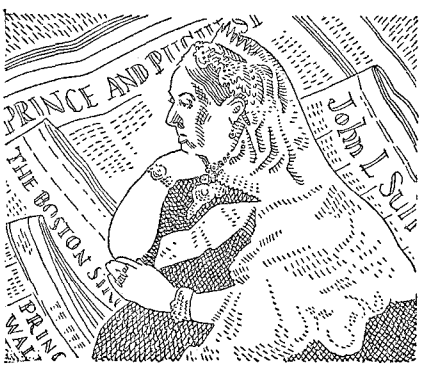
from end to end was resounding with my account of the meeting between the Prince and the Pugilist, or rather as a matter of fact with the comment and the echoes which the story had provoked. The explanation of what had occurred is a wholly unmoral story and I only feel justified in telling it because I am sure my readers will regard it as merely a freak exception that proves the general soundness of our traditional standards of conduct. In our city rooms we were always told that the "early bird catches the worm," and in France Calmette of the *Figaro,* who was everywhere at once, used to insist "Les absents ont toujours tort." With us of course this great truth had been translated to read "It's Johnny on the spot who gets the story."

Now in this instance, as often before, Brisbane was the early bird and he was Johnny on the spot, while I was lost in the dim distance, but as the historic scene drew to a close Sir Francis Knollys had stepped up to him, as he was parting with John, and said,

"This is a hands-across-the-seas meeting, and we are here, not as Englishmen and Americans, but as devotees of the noble science of self-defense. But the presence here of H. R. H. today would not be pleasing to a fanatical, though a very small minority of his subjects, and so he has expressed the hope that nothing be said about it in the papers."

"Of course not," answered John. "We met as gentlemen and there will not come a peep from me, or from Brisbane either." And Brisbane, noble fellow, assented, though he afterward admitted that a cold chill came over his heart. He had fondly hoped this would be his greatest story, and in all probability it would have been but for the pledge, also binding him, that John, the big fellow, had given without thought of the irreparable damage he was inflicting on the chronicles of our day and generation.

In these happy days there was little or no come-back or control to the cables we sent to the bright new world across the Atlantic. The only duly accredited correspondent of the London press over there resided in Philadelphia, and he confined his activities to mailed prophecies in regard to the cotton crop and full accounts of Mr. G. W. Childs's croquet parties. Indeed, when I recall the impunity which we enjoyed I am surprised at the moderation we generally displayed. And so it was quite natural, and in any event it was the fact, that two long weeks had elapsed before the people of England had the slightest inkling of the great



historic event that had taken place in London right under their noses, and the way the news did come demonstrated that my guardian angel was still keeping watch over my fortunes.

However, one afternoon I picked up *The Pall Mall Gazette* and there on the first page, under the heading "The Prince and the Pugilist," was my yarn reproduced word for word, but credited to *The Chicago Tribune!* It was some time before I learned the mechanism of what seemed at first a direct interposition of Providence. This great Chicago newspaper at the time did not have an office in London, while we were established in a most conspicuous one on Cockspur Street, with great glass windows and a blatant sign facing directly on Trafalgar Square, where so many unemployed and mischief-makers gathered every morning and every night. It was another two weeks before my news editor in New York learned of this angelic interposition on my behalf and most certainly he did not learn it through me. I was more than willing that, in the circumstances, our Chicago contemporary should have both the credit and the discredit—for there was plenty of that showered on the article, too; but not so the news editor, though I was at great pains to explain to him in cabled language, necessarily veiled, how inadvisable it was for us and particularly for me, to advance our undoubted claim to authorship. When he learned through the exchange editor that all the papers in the United Kingdom and many throughout the British Empire had also credited the article to *The Tribune,* he became absolutely frantic. He immediately cabled that this was grand larceny on an international scale, and instructed me to get in touch with W. T. Stead, the great editor of *The Pall Mall,* to deliver a firm remonstrance and demand a restatement of the facts.

Here was indeed a dilemma. I was more than satisfied with the present situation. In those days we did not sign cables, and so my personal interest did not come into play. All the newspaper men—and all others were of course negligible—knew that I had written the story from the copious data furnished me by the sporting editor. They also knew, as I did, that while at the time we were without an organized syndicate, the story had been sold to some sixty papers in the United States, including *The Chicago Tribune,* for considerable sums. Unfortunately for the paper, but most fortunately for me, in this hasty wire transaction, nothing had been said as to the credit due the paper or its London representative. It was doubtless taken for granted that the right thing would be done. It would of course have been advantageous to me, on the other side of the Atlantic, if it had been done, but I could not ignore the fact that I was personally in London, and that *The Morning Post* and *The Westminster Gazette* and many other loyal sheets were saying unpleasant things about the article, and the words "fantastic, dastardly," and even "scurrilous" were not omitted.

I cabled New York with the emphatic request to let the matter slide. My argument was that quite a bunch of money had been gathered in by the sale of the article, and that as its publication was by no means generally approved in England, it would be wise "to take the cash and let the credit go," even if it went to *The Chicago Tribune.* Back, however, came stern orders to see Mr. Stead and, as soon as possible, to deliver the cabled remonstrance. The meeting was quickly ar-

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ranged by Henry Norman, I think then of *The Pall Mall* staff, in whose footsteps in the Far East I was soon to follow, and he also advised Stead that I personally was not strongly in favor of my paper's position.

I had seen Mr. Stead several times before, both in America and in London, but never in such a merry mood as the one in which I found him now. Always he had been frightfully serious, fighting for the Lord and some good, grave cause. But now his eyes twinkled merrily, and it was only with difficulty that he kept the straight face becoming an Olympian editor.

"You have done the decent and self-respecting people of Britain a great, a very great favor, in describing so faithfully—what has occurred," he began. "You are deserving of great praise, and I would be the last to deny it to you, but we editors, as you know, must be careful, we must walk circumspectly, and have things down in black and white. Of course, I do not doubt for a moment but what you wrote the excellent article which our exchange editor picked up and lifted from the front page of *The Chicago Tribune,* where it was published under the caption 'By cable to *The Tribune* from London.' Now if Mr. Bennett—no, certainly not, the news editor will write me that you are the author and that permission was given *The Tribune* merely to republish it, why I will make amends in the handsomest way I can—and gladly."

This message went forward promptly to New York with my personal expression of opinion attached, that, in case Stead's offer was accepted, I had better be transferred to another post, away from London, as far away, indeed, as possible. I never heard anything further on the subject. Possibly my personal appeal moved the editor, probably he was convinced that Mr. Bennett would not abandon his hard and fast rule of refusing personal credit to any of his men or even of allowing their names to be printed in the paper. But most probably the good news editor was now being harassed by some other matter of greater moment, and let my cable slide into the wastepaper basket. While my incognito was never unveiled in the public prints, I was, I think, too closely involved in the prairie fire of controversy which now swept through the British press and the Non-Conformist churches, to allow me to pose even for a moment as an unprejudiced observer. As to what happened, at least an inkling is given in an editorial of *The New York Tribune* (January 8, 1888), under the caption "Sullivan and the Prince." It reads:

> The pulpits of His Royal Highness's own realm have taken the matter up and Non-Conformist preachers hold up the heir to the Empire on which the sun never sets to public contumely for associating with prize-fighters. His royal mother is said to have administered a severe chastisement to her hopeful offspring by penny post. Times have changed indeed when a royal personage cannot seek any low society he chooses without being ridiculed by the papers and pummeled from the pulpits.
>
> It is, however, specifically denied that Sullivan promised to see that the Prince was "treated right" if he came to Boston. We trust Sullivan's simple nature will not be wounded by the present attitude of the Prince. He has been celebrated as a Greek in marble. A Boston poet has declared he had perfected "the vague inchoate thing" known as the round blow and "completed its expression in art."

There now followed many long weeks of anxious watchful waiting, of midday and midnight drives from London down to the Windsor Forest to ascertain if, as rumored in Chicago, Sullivan had strained a tendon in his left leg or dislocated his right thumb, and later to investigate the report that John had gone off on a "bat" and that his trainer had thrown up the sponge! At last I squelched that disgraceful invention with an urgent message from the training quarters sent at triple rates and then all America from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate drew a long deep breath of relief.

But except in great vital moments such as these I now kept in the background. Why should I fash myself with such a guardian angel working overtime in my behalf? Besides, a great authority on the fighting game had now arrived from Boston and as he shared with me all the responsibility I had hitherto shouldered alone, every now and then I could take a few hours off and shoot over a cable about the European powder mine, or the Cockpit of the Balkans. These were winged words in those days however halting they may sound today and I—well, I chose to think that I had invented them.

With all the articles and arrangements for the world championship fight with Charley Mitchell signed and sealed in London one might have thought, and we did indeed expect, that the fight would be pulled off almost immediately—and in France. Nothing, we Americans contended, could be gained by delay and of course the danger of police interference increased with every hour. Tentatively it had been agreed that the ring should be staked out on an island in the Seine near Vernon but this was soon abandoned for the two-fold reason, or pretext, I am not sure which, that the island was flooded by the prevailing high water and that police boats had been seen near there.

But, once in France, Pony Moore vetoed all plans and explained that Mitchell had been seasick during the Channel crossing, and as a result was greatly weakened. About the seasickness there had been no camouflage. It had been quite open and disgustingly above-board. But of course we of the American contingent chose to regard it as a more or less specious pretext. Many of us indeed at this time thought that Mitchell would never enter the ring and that he and his backers were playing for further delay and the possible police interference. And that the police did not interfere can only be explained by the undoubted fact that they did not want to. The vagrant horde of uncouth sporting men, wandering around for days in northern France and swooping down upon the clean little villages of Picardy like a swarm of devouring locusts, yelling and quarrelling in a language which no Frenchman and very few Englishmen could understand, was a patent undeniable fact. Of course the police did not know where it was planned to bring off the fight, and this they did not discover until too late for interference, for the best of reasons, because the managers of the affair did not know themselves. In the long series of dreary rainy days it seemed impossible to reach a decision on this question or to the—for us—equally vital one of how many spectators were to be admitted to the fight.

During those hectic days wandering around in northern France, looking for a suitable place to pull off the fight, we entered into strange associations and out of it all there came, for me at least, one firm friendship. That was with Billy Porter, the Manhattan bank robber. With the exception perhaps of Dick Canfield, classical scholar and honest gambler, I have never met any one to whom I was more closely drawn

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on a short acquaintance. Perhaps his background dazzled me, for while many men have robbed banks, there was generally something sneaking and clandestine about their exploits. Not so, decidedly not so, with regard to Billy Porter's feat. He acted in an open and bold way. It seems that his arrangements for looting the Broadway institution, though carefully thought out, at the last moment failed to click. The night watchman had been chloroformed without much ado, but the key or the combination to the great safe didn't work. Porter's chicken-hearted confederate, whose name I disdain to record on the tablets of history, said: "Billy, the jig is up."

"Not at all," answered this heroic fellow, not easily turned from his purpose. "I thought this might happen, and I have got something up my sleeve."

"What might that be?"

"A dynamite bomb."

Aghast, the craven crept up the stairs and left Billy all alone in the great vault (at least, this is the way the story was told to me). Apparently knowing that the destructive force of dynamite ascends and goes in the direction of the greatest resistance, Porter lay flat on the floor of the vault and with all the force he could muster, threw the bomb against the safe door that had resisted keys and the open-sesame combination. When the smoke cleared away, and the litter finished falling, Porter found the safe yawning open, took what he wanted and made off. Since then, by all reports he had been living the life of a country gentleman at a leased château of many historic memories near Meaux. He raced a few horses and gambled a little from time to time; otherwise his life was blameless and entirely uneventful, and whether they penetrated his incognito or not, he was never molested by the police and, as it seemed to me, was very highly regarded in all sporting circles.

Certainly, even after listening to these stories, I did not share, at first, the hero-worship of my associates on this sporting tour. At first I hated to share a room with Billy, and this happened twice. But soon his port and manner banished all such prejudice. He dressed soberly, his bearing was modest and reserved, his language was well chosen. Certainly he proved to be, in these surroundings and in the midst of a hundred or so international rogues, a very exceptional being and a most reliable companion.

Brisbane and I before we left London had celebrated a gentleman's agreement. We were to be helpful allies until the ringside was reached and the fight began, then each man was to go it alone. We were confident that

Sullivan would not desert us, but in the last hectic moments he might forget us, so we had concluded it was wise to maintain valuable contacts in the English camp. In carrying out this plan I had been paired for several days with the Birmingham Chicken. He really was Birmingham Chicken II, as his father had been the first to bear and to fight under that honored name. Chicken Junior, or the Younger, had been a famous middleweight champion in his day too, but on a memorable occasion Jem Smith, when he first emerged from St. Luke's Parish in the East End of London, had put him to sleep. When at home the Chicken kept a "pub"; abroad when I came to consort with him he drank only three-starred brandy, though he called it a "sissy" drink and was always descanting upon the glories that had now departed from his line and the strong waters he and his forbears had drunk in the good old days.

I would have preferred the close companionship of almost any one to that of the Birmingham Chicken. He had not changed his clothes since leaving England, and except for brandy, no liquid had come in contact with his body for the same period. After I had been his roommate for several nights, I tried to change off, but the Fates were against me. "The Chicken" was very "strong" with Pony Moore. He would never be left behind at the critical moment. This last night was the most terrible of all for suddenly the joy of living departed from the Chicken and he decided to kill himself. Only my restraining arm prevented him from throwing himself out the window or burning his face "off" in the fire. Day had come before the paroxysm subsided and he went to sleep.

An hour later Brisbane, Patterson, the favorite rubber, and I accompanied the champion to the famous Amiens Cathedral and John was entranced.

"What would you say these plug-uglies are?" he inquired, pointing to the Kings in Judah, the saints, apostles and doubtless the sinners too, who in sculptured marble looked down upon us from the walls of the mediæval shrine. Even in those days, before the war to end war had come with all its horrors, these images had been roughly used by the hand of time and by the desecrating touch of vandal invaders, but little did I foresee that here, within sound of these consecrated precincts, the armies of the world would close in a death grapple, that here, thirty years later, the fate of the world was to be decided, and I would be there to see and to hear.

"Why, John, they are the images of famous saints and great Crusaders that the people of France and all Christendom hold in proud remembrance."

For once John did not entirely agree with his beloved Brisbane.

"No," he said. "I guess they are the great bruisers of long ago, men who fought their way up with their fists——"

Brisbane suggested that it was quite possible that both explanations were correct, but John was not a man to remain for long marooned in an historic backwater. Coming right up to the moment, he said, "I think we'll fight today. I told my men to let Pony Moore have everything he asked for, but not another day of delay."

"I hope you have planned the fight, John," said Brisbane. "Mitchell can box, you know."

"Yes, I know, I'll let the lad box for a round or two, then I'll put him to sleep. Then I'll pull off Pony Moore's painted whiskers, and then in a couple of hours, we'll all be back in Paree. You boys will be sittin' in my box at the Follies Begum or what you call it, and we'll be pelting the birdies with looueys."

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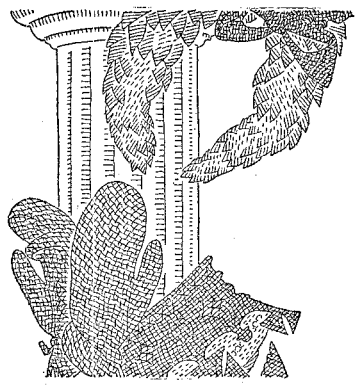
When we came back from the Cathedral, everything was stirring and everybody was agog. Something decisive was apparently on foot. The great men had at last ironed out all the difficulties and if the weather held up and a fairly dry place could be found (it had been raining almost constantly for a week) the fight was to come off that afternoon. In carrying out a plot which had been hatched on the other side of the Atlantic and which cost the paper a pretty penny, in fact many thousands of dollars, I rushed down to the telegraph office and sent off a cipher message to the manager of the French Cable Company in Brest. He was to clear the cable from three-thirty. Any commercial messages of any kind were simply to be spiked and await their turn. The news for which the world had waited so long could not be delayed much longer, and it was to have the right-of-way. And indeed for four long hours the cables were silent and untold millions waited before the blank bulletin boards all over the United States. But who would have thought that Charley Mitchell could stand up to John, or even evade his strong right arm for more than five minutes?

While I was away on this vital errand, a great many things had happened. On my return the one that struck me most painfully was the fact that those who had hung around had pre-empted all the cabs that were in town, and there were none left over for late comers. Brisbane had one, of course, and with the chivalrous friendship which he always maintained even in these trying days that developed so many paltry meannesses in others, said, "I have a place for you, Bonsal."

But I really couldn't do it. I could not stomach that, hardened newspaperman as I was. Here I had just perfected an arrangement, to be sure contrived on the other side of the water, which would cover poor Brisbane with confusion. He was about to be beaten out of his boots, and the generous fellow was actually offering me a leg-up! I recalled almost tearfully the Christmas dinner we had enjoyed together when, as cub reporters, we sat in at Sandy Spencer's and ate crullers and drank our coffee. No, I could not now accept a lift from Brisbane. That would put me outside of the pale. So I gave him a mysterious wink and said, "Thanks, old man, but I'll toddle along with these fellows," and I pointed to the Birmingham Chicken and to Billy Porter, the Manhattan bank robber.

"Toddling along" was no empty figure of speech, but fortunately the road that we pursued went uphill and down dale so continuously that we had little difficulty in keeping up with the cara-



van of cabs that now strung out before us, going exactly where no one knew, but to the ringside it was hoped. As we passed the baronial hall of one of the Rothschilds, there appeared a groom upon a very dashing thoroughbred, and leading another colt by a long halter, a half-broken "hot-blood," as they say in France. Because of the sleepless night I had spent and the nervous energy I had expended in preventing the "Chicken" from throwing himself into the fireplace, I was extremely tired and now unfortunately for me the moment for clear-headed action and sustained effort had come. I wished that I was fresher, for I knew that after spending so much money in monopolizing and pre-empting all the cables of one of the companies, my paper would demand magnificent results. The groom was a merry gray-eyed lad, and I didn't have to start our conversation. "For the love of Saint Patrick," he began, "what are all you fellows doing streaking along the Creil road in the mud?"

"Well, I'll tell you, we are going to the greatest prize-fight that has ever been staged: John L. and Mitchell."

"Murther, I would like to see that."

"I can arrange it, but you'll have to let me mount the led horse."

"I'll risk it," he answered. "You're sure you can get me in?"

In a moment I was on the led horse, and generously offered to take Billy Porter pickaback. That was the least I could do. But he preferred to stay on the ground.

Soon I was riding bareback behind the carriages that contained Pony Moore and the rest of the principals and managers of the long-delayed affair. There was no fear now of missing the great event, but my mount was only half-broken, and the halter gave me but poor control. I could afford to take no chances, and soon I had a Machiavellian thought. I began to throw myself around on the horse's back. I chose to sit him, to use old Bill Byrd the trainer's favorite description, of a poor rider, "like a bag of sour apples." And soon the groom was looking at me fearfully. "I won't fall off," I said reassuringly.

"I ain't afeard of that," answered the honest fellow. "But I'm afeard you'll hurt his back and then—murther! what wouldn't McGinnis the trainer do to me!"

"Well, if you feel that way, I'll swap," and in a moment I had his well-broken nag between my knees and was seated in a comfortable saddle. This was my good day.

In the drizzling rain the ring was quickly and, as it turned out, not very wisely chosen. It was far from level and sloped down to a stream, and even before the fight began there were already several deep mudholes and quagmires in it. However, as every one was now at last for haste, no criticism was made, and soon the space was staked off and the champions were in their corners. John, stripped to the waist, wore star-spangled tights with several Irish harps embroidered upon them. And now, for the first time perhaps, I realized what Mitchell and his crafty father-in-law, Pony Moore, had doubtless known from the first. I realized what a very big place a twenty-four foot ring is and how difficult it might prove to corner in it an evasive and swift-footed adversary, especially if his leg-work is better than yours, and this superiority of the little fellow was quickly revealed and was emphasized with each succeeding round.

I have been at some pains to secure a copy of the costly, if not golden, words with which I described what now took place. Costly I say advisedly, because my paper had to pay double "urgent" rates for the waiting time as

(*Continued on page* 15)

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WANTED---

Junior Safety Volunteers!

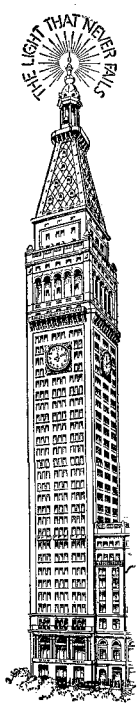
"Oh, dad, here's something I want to do."

WOULD you like to be a Junior Safety Volunteer and have a booklet with pictures in it showing how you can help to prevent accidents? Your booklet will have a place on it for your name.

Of course you are smart enough to take care of yourself on the street, and you surely know how to keep an eye on kids who forget to look where they are going —especially the little ones.

If you save someone from being killed or having his bones broken you will remember it as long as you live. And you will be on the lookout for just such a chance.

More than a thousand children a month are killed by accident in our country and more than a hundred thousand are hurt—many of them seriously—in spite of all that has been done by fathers and mothers, teachers and traffic officers to keep boys and girls from being injured.



The Metropolitan hopes that when Junior Safety Volunteers are on the alert, all over the country, there will be a very different story to tell about accidents next month and the months to follow.

Print your name and address on the coupon and be one of the first Junior Safety Volunteers in your neighborhood. While being careful about yourself you can do a grand job looking after schoolmates, or possibly grown people who will not know so much about accidents as you will after you get your free booklet. Who will be the first to volunteer?

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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BEHIND THE SCENES

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

Paul Hutchinson, author of "The Collapse of Pacifism," who spent many years editing the Methodist publications in China and incidentally learning a lot about international and interracial feeling, is now managing editor of *The Christian Century* and a well-known contributor to newspapers and magazines. His "White Man's Exit" appeared in the April issue of SCRIBNER'S.

James Boyd was born in Dauphin County, Pa., and he writes with the poignant vividness and special sense of reality lent only by childhood memory, when he describes in "The Dark Shore" the scenes and life in the little Pennsylvania town beside the river. He graduated from Princeton in 1910 and also studied at Trinity College, Cambridge University. He saw active service at St. Mihiel and the 1st and 2d Meuse-Argonne offensives during the War and now lives in Southern Pines, N. C., with his wife and two children. In this second instalment of his novel one of the stirring climaxes of the story is reached.

Max Nomad is the pen-name of a political emigrant from pre-war Europe who has been either a sympathetic observer of or an active participant in the extreme left-wing revolutionary movements in Poland, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, Russia, England, France, Italy, and Turkey before the War, and in the United States since the War. He has been in turn typesetter, linotype operator, translator, metal worker, smuggler, teacher of languages, journalist, and editor. He is the author of *Rebels and Renegades,* and has just returned to this country after an extensive trip through Europe, where he studied the latest developments in the socialist, communist, anarchist, and syndicalist movements as well as the various manifestations of the rising fascist tide.

Before **Stephen Bonsal** was twenty-five he had been to the ends of the earth and had represented *The New York Herald* in Europe, Asia, and Africa. After a tour of duty in southeastern Europe of more than three years (1888–91) he returned to America and was examined before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate as to the racial wars and religious feuds in Macedonia. At that hearing he hazarded the prophecy for which he received nothing but ridicule, that the conditions he described, if not taken in hand, would bring about an European war and that America would be involved. Mr. Bonsal was Colonel House's assistant throughout the armistice and the peace negotiations, and, for some months after the treaty was signed, on the Mandates Commission sitting in London under the League of Nations. From 1884 to 1906 he was on the staff of *The Herald,* except for an interval of four years when by appointment of President Cleveland (1893–97) he served as Chargé d'Affaires and Secretary of Legation in Madrid and Tokio. Later he represented *The New York Times* in the first Russian revolution in 1906 and in Mexico in 1910. In 1915 with Hindenburg's army on the east front he wrote for *Collier's Weekly.* "Heyday in a Vanished World" gives pictures of some of the events of those momentous years.

Barbara Webster, who writes "The Old Dragon," started out to be a painter, going so far as to leave Wellesley after two years to go to the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. There she won a travelling scholarship and lived abroad for two years. Somewhere along the way, however, she began to find writing more absorbing and with that and a husband, a two-year-old son and an antique farmhouse outside Paoli, Pa., she has rather deserted painting. Her husband is Edward Stenton.

P. A. Knowlton, who writes "Politicians, Teachers, and Schoolbooks," is equally well equipped to talk from the school-teacher's point of view. After finishing graduate work at the University of Wisconsin in 1908 he served as a supervising principal in Fairbanks, Alaska, then as high-school instructor in California and Michigan, and finally as a member of the faculty of Leland Stanford Jr. University. In 1916 he joined the Macmillan Company and is now one of its directors. He has published in

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recent years several articles interpreting the schoolbook industry to the educational profession and pointing out the effect upon the publisher of the rapidly changing demands upon him made by the teaching profession. In 1931 Mr. Knowlton served on a committee of educators and publishers appointed by one of the professional educational bodies with the idea of securing a better correlation between the efforts of the two groups. His present article points out some of the difficulties in this field.

George Biddle is first of all, of course, a painter, lithographer, and designer in his own right. He has held one-man shows in most American cities and also in Rome, Paris, Vienna, and Mexico City. The list of museums which include his pictures in their collections reads like a young artist's dream and includes the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art and the Public Library in New York; the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; the Boston Museum; Chicago Art Institute; California Palace of Legion of Honor, Kaiser Freiderichs Museum, Berlin; Academia d'arte Moderna, Venice, etc. He painted the large mural panel on agriculture for the Century of Progress. Naturally he is intensely interested in the P. W. A. In connection with it he has had correspondence with President Roosevelt, and with Ickes, Tugwell, and others in Washington urging that the younger artists of America be given the government's co-operation in expressing in living monuments the social ideals which they are conscious of now as they never have been before.

Robin Lampson, grandson of a California miner, newspaper reporter at minus nineteen, graduate of Stamford, member (at twenty-two) of the Quaker Relief Mission in the famine area of Russia, lecturer at Moscow (in Russian) on English literature, is now among the unemployed in California.

VANISHED WORLD

(Continued from page 456)

well as the extra rate for the hours of actual transmission. But this historic document has disappeared from *The Herald's* "morgue," where such things are, or were, treasured for a season, and my researches in the files of at least three public libraries resulted in learning that this important page had been frankly torn out by library thieves. I was taking to my afflicted soul what comfort there was in the

ALICE IS RIGHT!

"Well," said Alice, smoothing her pinafore. "It seems that the family is having quite an argument about going to Europe this year."

"You can't go," said the Mad Hatter smugly. "Exchange rates are up and that lets you down."

"That's silly," said Alice. "Things don't cost any more in Europe."

"Pounds, francs, liras," snapped the Mad Hatter. "All those things cost more."

"But I don't want those things," exclaimed Alice disgustedly. "I don't want to know how much a pound costs, but how much a room-and-bath costs in England . . . not how much a lira is, but how much train fare I have to pay from Naples to Rome."

• • •

We agree with Alice, for if you add together all the real items, the total cost of a trip to Europe will be still less than living and travel on any comparable scale anywhere in the world! The facts are that Cunard steamship rates are down 30%, railroad rates abroad average 30% less, hotel costs are down 36% according to country. If you wish you may buy your complete European Tour in American Dollars before you start and also get the advantage of these reductions.

As an example, a 30-day tour of Europe, crossing via Cunard Cabin Service, today will cost you 23% less than in 1926, President Roosevelt's "Year of Normalcy."

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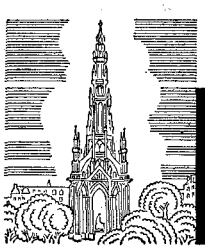

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VANISHED WORLD

thought that these men who committed a felony to secure the narrative for their personal archives must have thought highly of my account, and I was foolish enough to make a suggestion along this line to the gentleman who was in charge of the last depleted file-room I visited. "I wouldn't say that," he adjured me. "No notable event is safe, but mostly they rob us of the marriage and death notices." So that was that.

So I must, and likewise my readers, be content with what I can recall at this distant day of the dreary affair. I did not like the looks of John as he stepped into the ring. In fact his appearance had worried me for several weeks. The champion was not as young as he had been; he had lived high, and it seemed to me he had been trained down too fine. Several times indeed he had admitted that he really never had had an idea of what training was until they began working him out and working him in at the famous training quarters near Windsor. As he stepped into the ring, I realized, as never before, that John's face was white and drawn and that his under-pinnings seemed slender, not up to the gigantic torso they had to support. But all misgivings vanished when the signal was given, and with a roar John went after the slim, audacious, ruddy-faced English boy.

"Come on, Charley, knock me down again," were our champion's words. This challenge recalled the fact that several years before in Madison Square Garden, by a lucky left-hander, aided by another circumstance which I shall not even touch upon, Mitchell had knocked our champion down. Mitchell had not forgotten it, in fact, in frequent newspaper interviews, rather unwisely, he had plumed himself upon being the only man who up to that time had knocked the champion down. Of course, John had another story, that Mitchell's blow had nothing to do with his fall. "I simply got my legs crossed," was Sullivan's version of the incident; but it rankled.

Despite this invitation, Mitchell did not come on. Very wisely, he kept away, sparring beautifully, and John's blows were falling short. And as they fell short, the champion burst out into leonine roars of disappointment. Mitchell was smiling and wore an air of confidence which surely he could not have felt. Quick on his feet, he always kept on the higher ground of the sloping ring, and these tactics equal-

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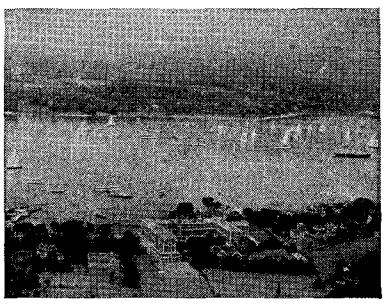
ized the advantage that otherwise Sullivan would have had because of his greater height.

Around the ringside were clustered some sixty men, all that survived of the three hundred who had started from London or joined up with the gang at Calais. They were a wildly partisan bunch, about equally divided in their allegiance. Hardened as I had become from my close association with them, I still blush as I recall the suggestions they made and the advice they gave the fighters. Certainly nothing was left unsaid to make the affair as brutal and as disgusting as possible. To be sure, the fighters seemed to like it and they replied in kind with prophecies and promises which they no doubt expected to realize.

By the fourth round John had got into his stride; to the uproarious delight of the American contingent he got by with a left-hander on Mitchell's chin which lifted him about six inches off the ground. The youngster fell back with his eyes closed, but the rain-drenched ground was as soft now as a feather bed and almost before the count began he was on his feet again but with a puzzled look in his dazed eyes. Now he fought more warily even than before. Whenever he got a chance he clinched and when he clinched he would always spike John's feet, that were soon red with blood, blood which Mitchell's "Sorry, John" did not wipe away. Twice he was warned for this misconduct and once for an undeniable blow below the belt. Certainly the boy was not fighting fair, but then did David fight fair when he met the giant Goliath? I had come to the fight in the hope of seeing Mitchell promptly spanked, but now and again I could not refuse him, though I grudged it, a certain sort of admiration. In the seventh, eighth, and ninth rounds, in quick succession, John sent Mitchell to grass and once it looked as though the Englishman would take the count. But he didn't, and was soon on his nimble feet again. Then the rain turned into a mixture of snow and hail, and Mitchell manœuvred so cleverly that these unfriendly and blinding elements were always beating into John's face, and soon the ring was about six inches deep in mud and muck and snow and ice. And then suddenly things stopped coming John's way. Often missing he was taking a lot out of himself by unproductive lunges. Often he was tricked into a wrong lead by his dancing antagonist and almost invariably from now on when John did land with a tremendous wallop there was nothing there but thin air.

By the tenth round, I had lost much of the confident spirit with which I came to the ringside. True, with the exception of the bleeding lip Sullivan's face was unmarked, but it was gray and at times the champion seemed winded and his blows were ever falling shorter, his reach seemed to be at least six inches less than it was when the fight began. On the other hand, Mitchell's face was practically unrec-



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COFFEE AND YOUR NERVES

•

Many a man who keeps going on his nerves . . . who rouses headachy and fagged out from a restless night, says: "Coffee is my life-saver."

But his doctor would say: "Coffee is probably a heavy contributor to your run-down condition. Give it up, or you may crack up."

Hard to believe? Then consider these figures: Government and insurance statistics estimate there are 21,000,000 people in the U. S. who suffer from nervous disorders, heart trouble, high blood pressure, excess uric acid . . . ailments that are definitely aggravated by the caffeine found in ordinary coffee.

Brain-workers affected

And notice this: These 21,000,000 people are largely from the more prosperous walks of life . . . business executives, professional men . . . *brain-workers nearly all!*

How does caffeine work its harm? By driving nerves and heart. By constant over-stimulation. By disturbing sleep needed to rebuild strength. Thus, it aggravates conditions that are often as dangerous as diseases for which you would seek immediate medical attention . . . conditions which may take you months, or years, to correct.

Avoid the drug, caffeine

Must you give up the fragrant hot coffee that makes breakfast so pleasant? . . . closes dinner so happily? *Not at all!* Simply switch to Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag, superb blend of Brazilian and Colombian coffees, but with 97% of the caffeine removed. Can't over-excite nerves! Can't drive your heart! Can't disturb sleep!

"*Kaffee-Hag Coffee has been a wonderful help to my husband and me,*" writes Mrs. Stella Flowers, 875 So. High St., Columbus, Ohio. "*We were both very nervous; but since we have been using Kaffee-Hag, we have had wonderful relief and can see a great improvement in ourselves. We would not go back to drinking any other kind of coffee.*"

Enjoy a delicious coffee . . . that's safe

Kellogg's new million-dollar process removes 97% of the bitter, harmful caffeine . . . but leaves all of coffee's natural flavor intact, actually reveals a new *mellowness*. You can make this coffee *strong* . . . bring out all its rich flavor . . . without developing a hint of bitterness! Mrs. Joseph Kirschner of 234 Dale St., Grand Rapids, Mich. writes: "*I think it actually improves the flavor to have the caffeine removed.*"

Drink Kaffee-Hag Coffee for *three weeks*. Test its benefits. Notice how you relax, sleep, get back your *natural* strength and well-being. Buy Kaffee-Hag at your grocer's, or clip the coupon right here and send it with 15c for a generous sample can.

• • •

Kaffee-Hag Coffee comes ground, or in the bean. It is vacuum packed. Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send 15c for generous can

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Please send me a can of Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee (97% caffeine-free) and booklet. I enclose 15c in stamps. (Only one sample to a family)
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ARCHITECTURE is a strictly professional journal for the architect, who by means of his plans and specifications is the buyer of materials, products, and services, and more often than not—and unbeknown to the manufacturer—is his champion and representative. That this consistently professional viewpoint is approved by the architects of America is attested by the unequalled stability of its number of subscribers during the years 1930–1933.

So ARCHITECTURE is of, by, and for the outstanding architects of America and many foreign countries. Its sole editorial appeal is to the men who plan and specify for the building needs of America and other parts of the world —be the need that of a few hundreds of dollars or fifty millions of dollars.

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ognizable, his eyes were half closed, one ear had swollen to the size of a sausage, but his breathing was regular and free, and his marvellous quickstep almost as jaunty and cocksure as it had been at the beginning. As the Birmingham Chicken explained, "Charley's leaving John's mug alone, but he is playing a tattoo on his slats."

In the fourteenth round or thereabouts, the fighting that had been fast and furious slowed up; both men were apparently deep in thought, meditating a change of tactics. At this moment Brisbane left his perch and came over to where I sat my providential horse. My feet covered with snow and mud were almost frozen and I was warming them against the flanks of my mount. He called my attention to the fact which I had noticed too, John's hair, so black as he entered the ring, had turned gray, or was it the snow that had begun to fall? This was the question, and frankly Brisbane wanted to know what I thought about it, how I was going to handle this development.

"I think his hair has turned gray, but——"

"I think so too," said Brisbane, "but the question is—can we afford to say it?"

"Exactly," I answered. "Would any one believe us?"

"Would any one believe us?" repeated Brisbane, and then, "I don't think they'd believe you if you said it."

"And I don't think they would believe you if you said it," I retorted.

"Then let's cut it out." And with this unholy agreement we separated not to meet again for many a long day. How true it is that fact is often so much more incredible than fiction that the historian dare not venture to tell it. I do not know whether we were right or whether we were wrong in agreeing to this suppression, but I am sure we were wise. I only know that when months later I saw Sullivan again he was gray as a badger.

From the twentieth to the thirtieth round, while my competent technical associate was busy keeping a tally of the blows given and those that failed to reach their destination, I would have been quite idle had I confined myself to my allotted task. It looked as though as a descriptive writer I had drawn a blank, and then suddenly human interest did develop, surging right out of this mud-soaked, snow-covered ring, in which the barbaric scene was enacted. From the very beginning the

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fighters had responded with equal brutality to the bestial exhortations of their friends and backers.

"Knock Charley's head off," they would yell, or "Flatten out some more his pug nose," the Americans would shout, and John would generally reply, "Watch me do it." Mitchell's friends would roar, "That's right, Charley, slug him in the slats, that's where you'll get the big boy," and Mitchell would answer, "Here goes."

And then there occurred a complete transformation. From out of the bleeding mouth of one of the victims of the show there came the halting words, I think they were from Mitchell, "I'll bet they wouldn't talk that way if they were in our shoes."

"You can bet your life they wouldn't," answered John, and then suddenly after having acted like wild beasts for several hours, something like a human relation was established between the fighters, though they continued to hit each other as hard as they could.

It seemed to me that the dreary and disgusting exhibition went on for weeks. As a matter of fact, it lasted exactly three hours and eleven minutes. After the thirtieth round there was not a suggestion of science or yet of sportsmanship in the encounter. Sullivan seemed to be fighting in a dream. Now and again a shiver came over him that you could almost hear. Was it the icy wind or the prospect of defeat that made his blood run cold? I do not know, but the possibility of defeat was now apparent to every eye and could not have been concealed from John. How did it end? Well, many stories have been told, and there is much gossip about secret arrangements between the seconds, but I only know what I saw. Both men were stopped, only hobbling lamely after each other and grinning horribly. Then suddenly I saw Baldock, Mitchell's second, rush into the ring and shout, "Shake hands. It is a draw—make it a draw." Mitchell threw his arms about the big fellow's neck and began to sob convulsively. I don't know if there was an arrangement or how and by whom it was arranged, but if it was an arranged decision it was strictly in accordance with the facts. It was a draw because Sullivan had too much pluck to admit defeat and Mitchell was by no means strong enough to win. Mitchell of course soon looked radiant, as radiant as a man can look whose face has been beaten into a perfect semblance of a raw beefsteak. And well he might look radiant, for the draw was a victory for him. We Americans all crowded around John and spoke consoling words, but he did not hear them. He seemed as deaf as an adder. And perhaps it was better so, for in our corner there was one traitor, the stout red-haired Irish boy whom John had picked up in Liverpool and who had travelled with him everywhere for months acting most faithfully and obsequiously the rôle of a perambulating or portable chair. Sad to relate he turned yellow now and instead of falling on all fours as was his custom and whispering to our tottering champion, "Have a seat, John," he broke out into a frightful stream of profanity and then, "Champion of the wurld you'd be," he shouted and bursting out into ribald laughter he added, "There be boys in Oireland could break him in two with but a slap of the bare hand—and me getting sway-back these long months for the loikes of him!" Patterson, the rubber, beat him up and expelled this Judas from the faithful group.

On the larger scene there arose a great uproar now and some free-for-all fights between the rum- and water-soaked spectators. It was all about the bets that had been so recklessly made during the days of delay and tedious waiting. But this did not concern me. The only thing I saw was a certain bulletin board in far-away New York that had been blank of the long-awaited news for so many hours. We were mounted and edging away from the ringside toward the wood road when suddenly the Irish groom whispered in the patois he had picked up, *"Sergots!"* There was no doubt about it; over the hill less than a hundred yards away some fifty blue-coated gendarmes were coming toward us fast in extended skirmish order. We changed our course and were cantering down the narrow road in the reverse direction when suddenly we ran into another gang of blue-coated gendarmes. There was no way to avoid them, apparently the whole countryside was swarming with police. Some of those to whom we were now very unwillingly drawing near carried old-fashioned sabres and the officer in front brandished a pistol. It might well have been a lethal weapon but certainly it was not of modern make. He shouted *"Halte-la"* and my friend and guide answered in wonderful Irish stable-boy French. His glib explanation that we were only exercising "Mooser Ler Baroon's horses" got by and, as the officer shouted to us *"Passez alors,"* we certainly stood not on the order of

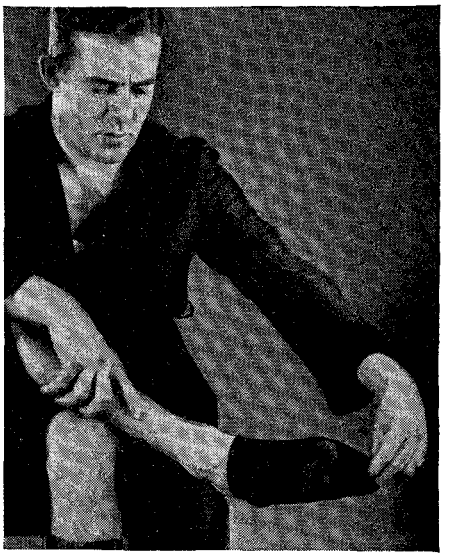
He blamed

PERSPIRATION

for those CLAMMY SOCKS...

But the real cause was

ATHLETE'S FOOT



MILLIONS of people who think they suffer from nothing more than perspiring feet will do well to take a look at the flesh between their toes tonight.

Does it feel moist and sticky? Are there white, seeping blisters? Or does the skin look red, angry, with itching? Is it scaly, peeling, cracked open and raw? Any one of these danger signals warns that more is wrong than merely perspiration.

For chances are you have a case of Athlete's Foot, and in the flesh between your toes there lurk billions of tiny, repulsive fungi—digging and boring, breeding and giving off sticky seepings.

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If your feet perspire, play safe and examine your toes for the danger signals. At the slightest sign of infection, begin the *immediate application of cooling, soothing* Absorbine Jr. morning and night. Because of its superior ability to kill the fungi, a sufficient quantity of Absorbine Jr. for each application costs only a fraction of a cent.

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"As Necessary as Electric Illumination"

Mr. Saltzman, of the Café Loyale, is a very original and spontaneous person, as his letter shows.

CAFÉ LOYALE

521 Fifth Avenue
New York

January 12, 1934.

Mr. John H. Livingston, Jr.
Fifth Avenue Bus Advertising
425 Fifth Avenue, New York City

My dear Mr. Livingston:

To you I humbly bow.

You have put the finishing touches to our huge success.

To know you is a privilege in itself.

The Fifth Avenue business man whose doors your coaches pass, and who does not advertise in them, to my mind simply draws the shades down on his show windows on the world's greatest thoroughfare.

I am more than extremely grateful to you and hope to be able to reciprocate when the opportunity should present itself.

Very sincerely yours,
L. H. Saltzman.

P.S. As long as we are in business on Fifth Avenue or thereabouts, we shall advertise in your coaches, in our mind as necessary as electric illumination.

our going. Once around the bend in the road we put our mounts on their mettle and in ten minutes our mad pace had brought us to the station at Creil and we drew up our now excited colts under the church tower which I was not to see, or not to notice again, until twenty-six years later when I saw it spread out flat on the *Place* destroyed by a German shell. After our departure, principals, seconds and spectators alike were surrounded by the police and for some hours were lodged in Senlis jail. Cash bail was furnished and after a date had been set for a hearing all went on to Paris. Here in the Café at the Gare du Nord, as though he had not had enough fighting for one day, Sullivan got into a row and had to furnish some more bail. The next day the crowd disintegrated and crossed the Channel to England in small groups. The cash bail was forfeited cheerfully and so apparently the desired ends of justice were attained.

From Creil I had only had time to send a flash to the paper before the express from Brussels came rumbling along. In Paris, an hour later, I sat many hours on a three-legged stool in the telegraph office at the Bourse telling the story for which the world in breathless suspense had waited so long. Then a hasty midnight supper and I was in bed enjoying the first care-free sleep that had been my lot in a fortnight. For always I and the other historians of the memorable event had been haunted by the fear that for some reason, or for no reason at all, under cover of darkness the managers of the fight would give us the slip.

But soon I suffered a rude awakening. There before me stood trembling with anxiety and with beads of cold perspiration on his brow the telegrapher from the Bourse with whom I had transacted my business. In those days the French government took no chances and made us pay in cash the tolls on our despatches at least as far as the cable station. In the transfer of a bundle of Bank of France bills and the return of change the poor fellow asserted he had robbed himself of exactly one thousand francs, "my salary for four months," he added pathetically. I examined my purse, found that his claim was probably correct, adjusted the difference and, greatly relieved, threw myself on my bed again. I had had a great scare. On sight of the telegrapher I had feared he had come to announce that the cable was down and all communication with America interrupted. Again I was aroused and a blue telegram was thrust in. Kind words from the news editor. The story had scored a great beat. The cable company had done wonders, something approaching instantaneous transmission. And then "What has become of X? His story died away at the thirtieth round. We had to fake the rest from your human interest story."

What had become of X? I had not the remotest idea. I recalled seeing him about the fortieth round—a man who could not believe what his eyes beheld but, after all, that could wait. X would turn up and I turned to sleep again chuckling at the thought of what a time those desk men must have had evolving a technical round by round yarn from my human interest narrative. "Serves them right," I concluded savagely. "It is very seldom those duffers get the short end of it."

Then another uproar at my door which I should have "forbidden" once the moderately complimentary telegram was received (why had they dragged in the cable company?). I opened and there was another blue telegram. I tore it open and saw it was from the news editor. Could that fellow not let me have a little sleep? I read "Emperor William dead. Expect you cover funeral Berlin. All crowned heads of Europe will be there. Cable arrival—take first train."

The light of a dull March morning was coming in my windows as, in a dream, walking in my long postponed sleep, I packed my bags, hastened down stairs to the courtyard and by the greatest good luck and by a scant minute caught the eight o'clock train for Cologne. There were no sleeper and no dining car. All day weary-eyed and hungry I looked out upon the rain-swept fields of northern France. What a busy week it had been. The end of two eras had strangely synchronized. John was no longer the world champion but simply a pugilist who had been stopped and now the octogenarian Emperor was gone and a career that stretched from Waterloo to Sedan was closed. Bismarck the man of blood and iron would disappear, Von Moltke would probably retire to his farm in Silesia—no more would the obsequious Berliners in rain or shine, by hail or snow gather in hundreds in Unter den Linden and await so patiently the moment when the white-faced War Lord would graciously smile down from the palace window at his loyal lieges.

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Books for your Library

(Continued from page 10)

niques could be applied by rapidly converting peace-time industries to war-time tasks. Engelbrecht and Hanighen see this most clearly, but Mr. Seldes is more in the muckraking tradition and slurs it.

J. G. Lockhart's book crowds in here because the author recognizes a very important point frequently overlooked: the war-makers are also the peace-makers and the faults of peace treaties are often attributable to that circumstance. In a series of coruscating character studies of Talleyrand, Metternich, Czar Alexander, and Castlereagh, Lockhart illumines the Congress of Vienna, the most important historical analogue of Versailles. For good measure he adds studies of Pitt, Canning and Wilberforce, thus, as far as England is concerned, providing the background and aftermath of the Congress. It is my suggestion that the book be read and pondered in connection with Harold Nicolson's superb *Peacemaking, 1919*. "On the stage of Europe," Mr. Lockhart writes, "the climax of war is the making of peace." To which may be added, the climax of peace is the making of war.

C. Hartley Grattan.

Private Worlds. By Phyllis Bottome. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

This novel, working out in both good and bad prose the relationships of several leading psychiatrists at a sanitarium, is at first glance a little hard to take. For one thing, the choice of materials seems unhappy: it irritates you to have to attend the triumphant discovery, all in the analytic jargon, of such human feelings as have been the stock in trade of the wise novelist these many years. What is more intrinsic, there is everywhere manifest a tendency toward the cheap makeshifts that pass for writing in the rental library trade: Under stress people get up and stand by windows; under no stress at all they look at each other with icy contempt or cold disgust, or there is hard anger in their fiery brown eyes. Dialogue is often indicated adverbially ("Alec aggravatingly asked . . ." "Jane jeered gently . . ."); exclamation points stud every page and platitudes come up like thunder. Yet as you get into the book these literary howlers serve only to point the fact that, quite in spite of them, a human and believable and well-considered story is managed here. Once the rather labored *décor* has been laid down, you begin to see figures emerging—rather large figures, especially as to the male characters, though Macgregor is always something of a schoolboy—and getting mixed up in a quadrangle of emotions that, compounded of friendship, passion, jealousy, and the temporary unbalance of one mind, seems anything but hackneyed and nails the attention. *Private Worlds* (its title derives from the extreme egocentrism that makes inmates inmates) rings finally to me like an honest and competent attempt to get the hands on something quite apart from royalties—which, since it touches and seems real at the same time, is about all that could be asked.

Otis C. Ferguson.

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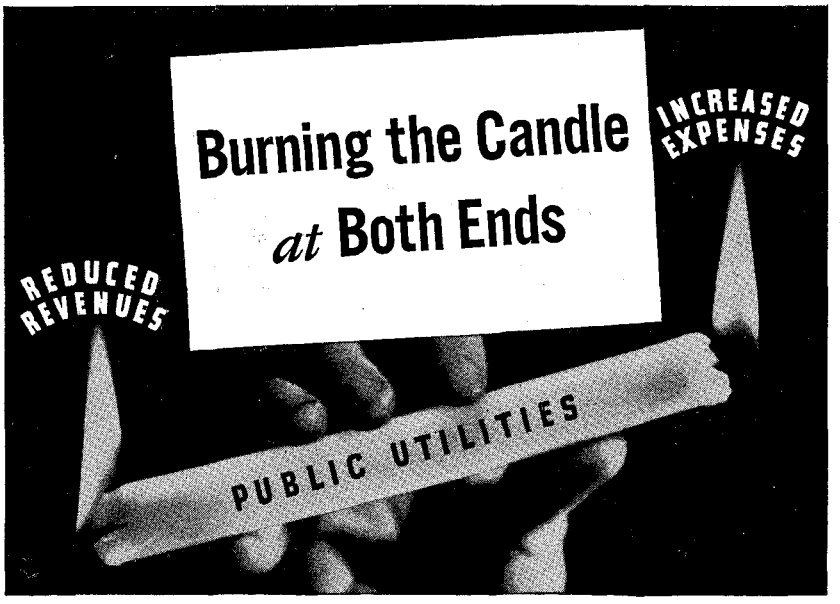

Rate reductions reduce revenues. Expenses are increasing due to NRA, higher taxes, and the cost of government investigations. Continuation of this trend will make it difficult to earn even operating expenses and taxes.

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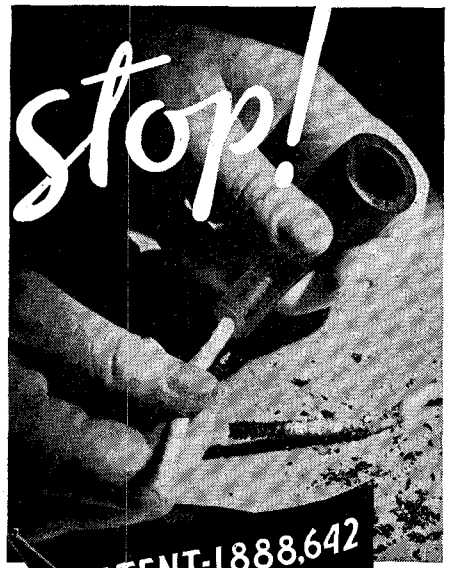

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Books for your Library

THREE NOVELISTS EXPLORE THE SOUTH

THIS GREEN THICKET WORLD. By Howell Vines. Little, Brown. $2.50.

JONAH'S GOURD VINE. By Zora Neale Hurston. Lippincott. $2.

OUR BED IS GREEN. By Clyde Wilson. Ballou. $2.

There can be no end to the discovery of America at the hands of modern novelists. Especially will this seem true to any one who reads the three novels listed at the head of this review; for while all are about the south, they are as unlike as if they had been written about the people of three different nations.

In *This Green Thicket World,* Howell Vines gives an immensely detailed picture of teeming life in the luxurious green river-country of Alabama, which is inhabited by white people so primitive in their mentality and interests that they are scarcely distinguishable in personality from the birds, beasts, and fish on which they prey. Two things separate these men from the beasts: their partial and superstitious assimilation of the teachings of the Bible, and their not entirely credible preoccupation with the beauty of their surroundings. For the rest, they hunt, play, eat, mate, and die almost completely unaware of anything but their thicket world which sustains and protects them, giving them a little privacy for their innumerable amorous adventures, and swallowing them up in the end.

Beside this primitive world, the Florida Negro society described by the talented young Negro author Zora Neale Thurston, in her novel, *Jonah's Gourd Vine,* looks like a complicated civilization. Miss Hurston writes the story of the towering John Pearson, who had the gift of preaching but could not let women alone. Her story is brutal, pathetic, haunting, and at the same time it has a gay and sunny quality which makes it a truer record of her people than anything I have seen so far. There is nothing apologetic in her treatment of her race. With skill and discernment she gives the Negroes to you as they are, recording their special kind of humor, their pathos, their ambitions and renunciations. About the only flaw in the short, well-wrought narrative is the author's tendency in her spelling out of Negro dialect to indicate unnecessarily a faint difference in sound. This makes for slow reading, but is a small fault in an excellent book.

More skillful, more finished than either of the foregoing books, is Clyde Wilson's simple and sensitive novel of North Carolina mountain folk, called *Our Bed Is Green.* It narrates the story of a mountain feud, and opens with a dramatic scene in which the adults on both sides of the "feuding" families have been killed off, leaving their children sworn to stop the fighting, but with the traditional hatred living in their blood. What becomes of these children, as they grow up in their moonshining background, and become involved in an inevitable Romeo and Juliet situation, forms the main part of a most interesting and characteristic study of the mountain whites, by a man who knows them well.

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OPPOSITE WALDORF-ASTORIA
Special Summer Rates beginning June 1st
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Excellent Restaurant with Cocktail Lounge
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WE GIVE YOU THE HOTELS

Dining Outdoors on the Sidewalks of New York

●East-side, west-side, top-side but always outside, the hotels all around the town are planning their menus for the summer. From the sidewalk café at the St. Moritz, to the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf, from the Chatham Walk to the café at the Brevoort and back again, you can eat and drink to your heart's content without putting your head under anything more substantial than a striped umbrella. This summer New York is going to dine, as well as drink, in the open.

ASTOR

The Astor Roof—the largest roof garden in the world—will be ready the first week in June. It is open on three sides, has lots of terrace room and is open for dinner and supper —with dancing. Supper is served entirely out of doors. Don't try to get in before 6 P.M.

BILTMORE

The Cascades will open June 1st. Not open to the sky but open on four sides. Open from luncheon through dinner and supper. Paul Whiteman plays for dancing at the two latter.

BREVOORT

Sidewalk Café on Fifth Avenue. See life from behind a privet hedge.

CHATHAM

Chatham Walk opened May 1st. Long porch covered with awning goes the whole length of the Vanderbilt Avenue side of the building. In the private street tables under umbrellas and a service bar keep things lively. Candles at night but no music.

DELMONICO

The Delmonico Roof Restaurant thirty-two stories up opened the first week in May. Four sides wide open. Orchestra and dancing during dinner and supper. Restaurant open for everything including breakfast.

MADISON

The Madison Roof is entirely open to the sky so probably won't be usable till around Decoration Day. Don't be afraid of rainy weather, though. Awnings are lowered and who doesn't like the sound of rain on the roof. String music, no dancing. From 5 P.M. to 10 P.M. only wines and liquors served. After ten, supper.

PARK CENTRAL

The Cocoanut Grove and the Tic Toc Club are open now. Weather permitting the skylight of the Tic Toc Club slides back and leaves your table open to the stars. Terraces encircle the entire Cocoanut Grove and let in every breeze that blows. Dancing for dinner and supper. Charles Barnett in the Cocoanut Grove, Bud Fisher in the Tic Toc Club.

The Chatham Walk on Vanderbilt Avenue.

PARK LANE

In the middle of May the Park Lane Gardens opened with a flourish. An outdoor restaurant and café from 48th to 49th St. on the private street Park Lane. Open for luncheon and dinner with dancing. These private street cafés are festive places.

PENNSYLVANIA

The Roof Garden, twenty-two stories above the street, opens June 4th. An outside terrace runs the full length of the room and makes the place seem wide open. Excellent spot for viewing sunsets and the Hudson. Open from noon through dinner and supper. Music and dancing for all but luncheon.

PIERRE

Pierre Roof with Jack Denny's orchestra opened May 3rd. Covered, but two balconies offer a cool breeze and a splendid view to boot. Dancing during dinner and supper.

ST. MORITZ

Sky Gardens, surrounded by wide terraces, now open. Leon Belasco's two orchestras play for dinner and supper dancing. A new bar called the *Pottinière* (they tell me it means "gossip room") offers possibilities. A sidewalk café on the Central Park South corner steals its stuff from the Café de la Paix. Chess, checkers, dominoes, and newspapers from all parts of the world are intended to keep you there all afternoon.

ST. REGIS

The St. Regis Roof with Vincent Lopez for dinner and supper dancing, is open from noon on.

WALDORF-ASTORIA

The Starlight Roof with the New Palm Bar—two of the nicest places there are, I am tempted to add. Opened May 8th with Madriguera and Cugat in as good form as ever for dinner and supper dancing. The roof rolls back and you can have luncheon, tea, dinner, and supper with nothing but the sky above you.

●If you don't care about the sky as long as you're cool, there are several fine air-cooled spots in town. The Italian Garden at the Ambassador will open June 1st with palm trees, with iced table of buffet at one end of the room, with fresh white flowers in tall white urns, with Jeno Bartal's orchestra for dinner and supper dancing.

The Persian Room at the Plaza where Emil Coleman's orchestra plays for dinner and supper dancing is also air-cooled. It is open for luncheon and cocktails besides. The Barclay Café is a cooled and charmed spot.

K. G. J.

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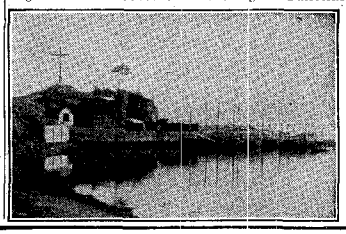

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MEXICO

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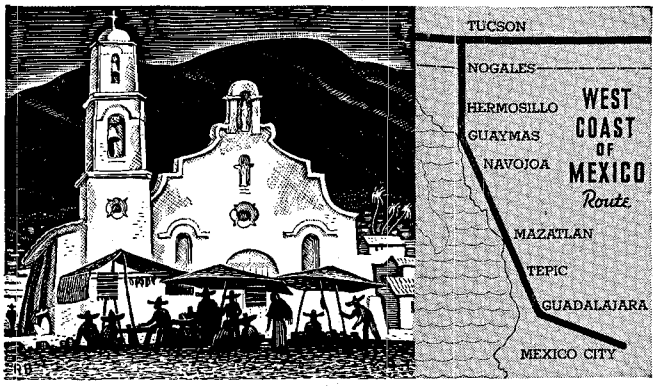

The rate of exchange in Mexico averages about 3½ pesos to the dollar. You walk into a *cambio de moneda* (money changer) with $100. You walk out with more than 350 pesos, and in Mexico a peso looks just as big as a dollar does here.

Rail fares are low. For example, the round-trip Chicago to Mexico City, one way via the West Coast, is only $94.80, from New Orleans $80.30. Pullman charges have been reduced.

Our West Coast Route passes through a part of Mexico but recently opened up to tourist travel. Colorful crowds come out to meet every train. The way is dotted with picturesque little towns. You'll want to stop-over at Mazatlan and Guadalajara.

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